

THE INVISIBLE UNEMPLOYED:

How six jobless families
live in a deep distress
that looks like prosperity

THE RICH COME OUT OF HIDING

WE ADOPTED A NEGRO CHILD

MACLEAN'S

COVER BY FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE
Calgary's Dinosaur Gardens

NOVEMBER 19, 1960

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

15 CENTS





IN QUEBEC / THE WAY TO THE BRIGHT LIGHTS IS HIGHWAY 2

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What two Canadian groups are doing to wage peace

WHAT CAN CANADIANS DO to help work for peace? Two very different organizations have tried to answer that question this year, by two very different methods. One has had a great deal of publicity; the other almost none. Each in its own way has achieved considerable success, and each has far broader ambitions for the future. Here's a report on how they're doing and where they want to go from here.

1: The workers — our youngest ambassadors

The organization that hasn't had the publicity started in France. In Canada, where its world headquarters are now located, it is backing a "peace corps" of young Canadians. Under its sponsorship, 15 people are now working abroad. If an appeal to Ottawa for funds is granted, scores more will soon be sent.

The organization behind this "peace corps" is called the World Foundation

Against Hunger and Misery. It was started in Europe four years ago by Abbé Pierre, the "ragpicker priest" of Paris. In 1959, headquarters was moved to Montreal, partly to bring together its fund-raising activities in North America and partly because of the lack of groups in Canada dedicated to sending volunteer workers to other countries.

With the move to Canada, a 31-year-old Montrealese named Jean-Claude Arès came home — as secretary-general. Arès had been a mining economist until 1954, when he heard Abbé Pierre speak on a trip to Canada.

Arès quit his job and flew to Paris. For a year he collected and sold junk to help the Abbé finance his housing schemes. In 1955, the Abbé linked his "research and action for development" group with two similar organizations operating in France and Brazil. The WFAHM was created by the three groups. Arès became secretary-general in 1956.

Shortly after the Montreal office opened, the Foundation published a French language book by Abbé Pierre. Montrealers bought 17,000 copies. In the book, Abbé Pierre asked young people to give up a year of their lives in the service of others. More than 100 came to Arès' Montreal office.

"We found that about a quarter of them were good prospects," Arès says. "The others were either too young—we had some 15-year-olds—or lacked the skills needed by underdeveloped countries."

The 15 who have gone so far range in age from 20 to 33. Four of them are helping to rebuild the slums of Buenos Aires. A two-man team is driving through remote areas of Brazil teaching suspicious villagers to manufacture and use low-cost protein flours. In Morocco and the West African nations of Senegal, Togo, and Dahomey, French-speaking Canadians are training natives to take care of projects for agricultural

and social improvements. More than half these volunteers are recent university graduates. The others include a high-school teacher, an engineer, an accountant, an economist and a nurse, all of whom left steady jobs to spend a year with the foundation.

"This spirit of individual sacrifice is what the world needs," says Arès. The foundation has also been the recipient of some corporate sacrifice. Thirty-five companies and banks in Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver have responded to Arès' pleas with \$500 each. A real-estate broker from Montreal left \$100,000 in his will. A French contractor in Beirut early this year mailed a whopping \$1,500,000 to finance Foundation projects in Lebanon.

But it's on its appeal to the Canadian government for funds that the foundation has pinned its highest hopes—that, and a continued response from young Canadians willing to work.—PETER DESBARATS

2: The women — our most insistent voice

The organization that has had the publicity is the Voice of Women, a "movement" (the term its members prefer) dedicated to a "world-wide mobilization of women across the board" that plans to petition the United Nations to declare a World Peace Year and call a "summit conference of the world's leading women."

One of the reasons VoW has been well publicized is its membership. The movement started after the summit collapse last May, when Lotta Dempsey, in her Toronto Star column, called on women to organize. Mrs. Dempsey was asked to discuss her idea with Rabbi Abraham Feinberg, who is chairman of the Toronto Committee for Disarmament and pretty well publicized himself; Mrs. Helen Tucker, who is corresponding secretary for the committee and president of UNICEF in Canada; and Josephine Davis, wife of TV performer Fred Davis and an earlier and successful champion of such causes as refugee relief.

Jo Davis was elected to propose the formation of the women's movement at a disarmament rally in Toronto's Massey Hall last June. By July 28, the Voice of Women was officially organized. Its



VICE-PRESIDENT JO DAVIS

first act was to send a delegation to Ottawa to find out if associating with peace labeled VoW as Communist (no, said External Affairs Minister Green) and to ask advice from leaders of all major political parties. John Diefenbaker spoke to them twice. This first burst of activity attracted front-page headlines for the movement—enough to get Jo Davis on the CBC's (and Fred Davis's) Front Page Challenge this fall.

All this publicity has, thus far, netted VoW 500 paid-up (\$2) members and a mailing list of 4,000 for its irregular newsletter.

Just what the Voice of Women plans to do eventually depends on whom you talk to. Everyone seems agreed about holding a women's summit conference. But Helen Tucker, VoW's president, is in favor of having that conference set forth concrete proposals such as a freeze on nuclear weapons and a ban on all nuclear tests, while the vice-president Jo Davis, says, "I don't consider the technical side of disarmament to be women's function. I would like to see the essential qualities of women—patience, tolerance, perseverance—brought to bear in international councils."

When will the movement spread from Canada? When it gets strong enough, say the organizers, and when that will be is when the VoW has from 5,000 to 10,000 members, depending, again, on whom you ask.

For now, VoW is open to any woman (the movement stresses its lack of racial, religious and political qualifications) who has \$2. There's a "group development kit," containing instructions on how to organize into clubs of 10.

A few members are dropping out—calling the movement's plans too vague



PRESIDENT HELEN TUCKER

and idealistic—but they're outnumbered by new subscribers. Meanwhile, at least one VoW worker is boosting the movement and one of her favorite causes simultaneously: Mrs. Vilma Eicholz, an Oakville, Ont., housewife, VoW's officer for international correspondence (foreign language), is busily tape-recording VoW's declaration of principles in Esperanto and sending the tapes around the world.

A rising academic TV star / New weapons against burns, measles

SCIENTIST TO WATCH (ON TELEVISION):

Dr. Donald Ivey, a University of Toronto physicist who was one half of Two for Physics, last summer's surprise CBC success. This year, Ivey is host on a program called The Nature of Things, which will surprise the CBC if it doesn't succeed. Program organizer David Walker says much of the secret of both shows has been Ivey's ability to make science come alive. "I feel some responsibility," says Ivey. One program researcher calls Ivey the best scientific-method actor in the business.

COMPLAINTS TO OR ABOUT DOCTORS have been facilitated — sought, in fact — by the Peterborough, Ont., Medical Society, and similar groups across the country are watching the experiment with an eye to doing the same thing. Most local medical societies have grievance committees, but not all

grieved patients know about them. The PMS, after lengthy debate (some doctors felt it would encourage unnecessary complaints) took newspaper ads and wrote to local unions and manufacturers, announcing that all grievances could be filed through the civic hospital. So far, the plan has brought forth only a couple of complaints — but most Peterborough doctors are pleased with the rip they've made in the gauze curtain.

THE PRAIRIE COP'S BUFFALO COAT looks like the next sacrifice to the march of progress. Officers who have to wear them have complained for years that the coats were too bulky to be convenient, but no one's yet made a lighter material that's as warm. (Even the "thermo-wear" used by Arctic troops wouldn't keep out the cold on Winnipeg streets.) But now, says Winnipeg Chief Robert Taft, "we

feel we're on the verge of a breakthrough, with a combination of Terylene and wool."

NEWEST CURE FOR BURNS: other burns — or at least with a serum taken from convalescent burns. It's a Russian invention, revealed at a recent international congress on research. It works, apparently, because burns produce specific toxins and trigger the production of specific antibodies.

A VACCINE FOR MEASLES probably isn't far away. Half a dozen research centres are working toward it and at least one drug firm — Parke Davis — is close to putting one on the market. One vaccine, developed by Dr. John Enders and a team of researchers from Harvard and Boston's Hospital for Sick Children, should, depending on tests, be ready for public use by 1962 at the latest.

BACKSTAGE

AT BONN with Peter C. Newman

New Germany's old leader and his possible successor



In a land where you wait eighteen months to get a Mercedes, there are few burning election issues. Mainly, it will be a personality contest between Adenauer and Brandt.

A PROFOUND SOCIAL REVOLUTION seems at long last to be transforming the character of the German people. In the process, Konrad Adenauer is becoming less vital, even superfluous, to the maintenance of the Western Alliance.

The patriarchal figure of Adenauer was vital as long as most Germans did not feel part of a free society. As long, that is, as the German thought of himself merely as a functional cog in his world. But during a recent tour of West Germany I found that the incredible prosperity of the past year has altered this national characteristic. The German is discovering his version of democracy through a ferocious appetite for material comforts. The impersonal dedication he once squandered on nationalistic experiments has been mobilized for his personal improvement.

For the first time the average German is learning to recognize his well-being as a creation of his own. He has acquired a Yankee stubbornness that will not allow any politician of the future to rob him easily of his hard-won gains. Adenauer thus seems to have outlived much of his usefulness.

The current West German economic expansion surpasses anything seen in any period of prosperity in Canadian history and probably every other business boom since England's industrial revolution. Individual incomes have doubled in five years. Sales of television sets are multiplying at thirteen percent every four weeks, and there's an eighteen-month waiting period for a new Mercedes. So many cars crowd the streets that municipal bylaws now allow parking on the sidewalk, and so many Germans are unaccustomed to owning a car that they're killing themselves at the rate of forty a day in traffic accidents. The Rhine carries six times the traffic of the St. Lawrence Seaway. German businessmen write up their sales orders in special office compartments of express trains.

The Germans' enjoyment of prosperity is not pleasant to watch but its intensity is helping to mellow the influences of nazism. It's easy enough to document

that the men and women who are running Germany today include many of Hitler's followers but there are a great many more who were the starving cave dwellers, the shivering prisoners of war and the rape victims of 1945. It is the remembrance of this despair rather than the brief triumphs under Hitler that creates the political mood in these boom days.

This material redemption has changed German politics drastically. Every postwar election in Germany to date has been primarily a vote for or against Adenauer. The next campaign, already gathering force although voting won't take place until September 1961, will be a personality contest between the 84-year-old chancellor, for the Christian Democrats, and Willy Brandt, the peppery 46-year-old mayor of West Berlin, for the Social Democrats.

Brandt has discarded most of the socialist party's traditional anti-clerical and anti-militaristic loyalties. He supports much of Adenauer's external affairs policy and even agrees with nearly all Economic Minister Ludwig Erhard's views on the functions of private and public capital. "We will not do anything different," Brandt has promised, "but we will do everything better." The main surviving difference between the two parties is in the voters that support them. Adenauer, surely one of the western world's most adroit politicians, has the solid backing of the country's millionaire industrialists at the same time as the loyalty of the dour German peasants and a good sector of the labor vote. Most of the socialist strength comes from the unions and the anti-Catholic vote, although Brandt has been collecting a significant number of pledges in the middle-class districts and among the intellectuals. While the socialists have abandoned their former support of neutralism and now actively back Germany's allegiance to NATO, they have stopped short of approving the nuclear rearmament policy of the Adenauer government. This will be the central issue of the coming campaign.

But even with their vigorous new leadership, the socialists have far to go. In the 1957 election they

trailed the Christian Democrats by more than five million votes. Despite the many signs of a genuine revival of German socialism, nearly half the political experts I interviewed agreed that Adenauer would win the next election. One man close to Brandt told me that the Berlin mayor would be quite happy if the results forced a coalition cabinet; Brandt doesn't expect to gain power till 1965. The Christian Democrats plan to stand on their record in next year's campaign. "We won't attack Brandt personally," I was told by one of Adenauer's lieutenants in Bonn, "but don't be too astonished if we stress the magnificent job Herr Brandt has done in Berlin and hint that he should stay there." Here the Christian Democrat spokesman was pointing a finger at a weakness of Brandt's federal candidacy — he has no strong successor in Berlin.

Although the same thing was being predicted before the last election, it now seems a safe guess that this time Adenauer really will retire before the end of his term. Ludwig Erhard, the deputy chancellor and the country's economic wizard, is no longer considered *der Alte's* natural heir. Erhard, nicknamed *der Gummi Löwe* (the Rubber Lion) after he refused last year to stand up to Adenauer when the old man at first proposed and then called off his move to the ceremonial presidency, has been replaced in Bonn leadership speculation by Franz Etzel, the colorless minister of finance and former vice-president of the European Steel and Coal Community. Etzel believes in Adenauer's emphasis on giving German affairs European focus while Erhard regards most German problems from a world view.

The only domestic election issue that affects Canada is the battle over Adenauer's agricultural policy. The chancellor has blocked the entry of German agriculture into the Common Market to prevent the resultant slashing of grain prices in Germany, now the continent's highest. That helps the Christian Democrats to keep the agricultural vote but the socialists are demanding lower food prices for the consumers, also a politically advantageous line. If Adenauer persists, French farmers may expand their grain crops to take advantage of the high German prices. France, if it used all its potential farmland, could make the Common Market area self-sufficient in some kinds of wheat, badly disrupting Canadian sales.

Germany's liveliest topic of conversation is unemployment, but the problem isn't like Canada's; the difficulty in Germany is that there just aren't enough unemployed. Industry is expanding so quickly that every man seeking work can choose from at least five openings. At last count, only 0.6 percent of the labor force was registered as seeking a change of work and there are 535,000 unfilled jobs. To relieve some of the pressure, about 300,000 workers have already been imported from Greece, Spain and Italy, and more are being recruited. Ads for skilled help are being placed by German manufacturers in Canadian ethnic papers, some offering to pay return passage with a three-year contract.

Canadian labor leaders who still claim that increased immigration creates a run on scarce jobs should study the German record. Since the end of World War II thirteen million refugees have poured into West Germany from Soviet-occupied territories. Instead of taking jobs away, this influx has stimulated the increase in consumer demand that has now brought a higher living standard. Industrial recruiting teams compete like country-fair hawkers at the Berlin camps for the refugees, who continue to escape from Communist Germany at the rate of six hundred a day.

During my visit to one of these camps I chatted with half a dozen refugees who had just escaped that morning through East Berlin. Triumphs of dirty elegance, they gestured excitedly about their prospects and discussed what they'd buy with their first pay cheques. The modern German version of the democratic process had begun. ★

BACKGROUND

The thriving and illegal racket of bail-for-a-price

A MAN CHARGED with a crime can, in at least two Canadian cities, buy his freedom on bail until his case comes to trial. He has only to get in touch with a professional bondsman and agree to pay him for putting up bail. Both the bondsman and the man getting bail are breaking the law — the bondsman in receiving money for his services and the man receiving bail in paying him. They could both go to jail for two years.

Not surprisingly, this practice is most prevalent in Toronto and Montreal. Every criminal lawyer questioned, in a brief and informal poll, admitted it was going on. In Montreal, buying bail is as easy as going to jail.

To prove how easy it is in Toronto to raise bail-at-a-price I went to the crowded corridor outside the City Hall magistrate's court and introduced myself to a bondsman whose name had been mentioned by several Toronto lawyers — a man whose wide, florid tie, greasy fedora and gravel voice made him easy to pick out of the crowd. He took me outside to a busy street corner and agreed to provide \$500 bail for a "friend"

whose name I had invented. The bondsman asked for no identification. I was to pay him \$50 in advance.

That's lower than the bondsman's standard rate of interest, I was told later by a 21-year-old man facing a charge of auto theft. He had paid 15 percent of his bail for three weeks. If a man is out longer than three weeks, he explained, the rates go even higher.

Can an accused man buy bail anywhere in Canada? No; bail-at-a-price is sold only in Montreal, Toronto and, sporadically, Vancouver. In towns and even a city as large as Winnipeg, officials are able to keep a closer check on people who are continually putting up bail.

In the cities where it does happen, this is how the system works: The day after a man is arrested he is taken to magistrate's court and arraigned — that is, formally charged. Unless he pleads guilty, his case is remanded for trial and the magistrate sets bail.

The prisoner is returned to jail. If he hasn't a property deed or the cash for bail, he starts looking for a bondsman. Sometimes he will have been approached

while waiting in the City Hall "cage" to be arraigned, but in most cases he gets the name of a bondsman from other prisoners.

A friend or relative approaches the bondsman, who comes to the jail and puts up the bail in cash. Often the money comes from respectable citizens who use the bondsman as a front for a profitable small-loan business. The bondsman takes his fee in advance.

What kind of people pay for bail? According to one Toronto lawyer, they are members of "the grey world" — petty thieves, dope addicts and people in trouble for the first time. Professional racketeers and prostitutes are usually able to raise their own bail.

What can be done about the situation? Most lawyers seem to feel the amount of money demanded for bail should be more realistic. "The law is hard on the poor," said Joe C. Goldenberg, a Toronto lawyer. "Often a lawyer will allow a case that should go to a higher court to go to an overcrowded magistrate's court because he doesn't want to leave a client in jail for two months." — DAVID LEWIS STEIN

The debts of 1960: fewer, poorer, but still with us

THE TORONTO GARRISON OF ARTILLERY announced earlier this year that it would no longer "bring out" the city's debutantes at its annual ball, thereby ending 13 years of tradition and causing consternation among almost nobody. Being a deb had been slowly slipping out of fashion in Toronto for a dozen years; last year the number of girls (or fond mothers of girls) who thought the honor worth the trouble and expense had dwindled to an even dozen.

But, perhaps surprisingly, the exit of the coming-out ball in Toronto is *not* the swan song of one of Society's oldest and most hallowed rites. Seven Canadian cities still hold deb balls in one form or another, and in at least one, Halifax, enrollment is growing.

If there is a trend, and a poll of Canadian social editors indicates there is, it is this:

More so every year, the modern deb has less glamour, a smaller bank account and a shorter pedigree than her predecessors. In Toronto last year, the most successful private coming-out party was given for a debutante whose father was a subway conductor.

Before World War II, when 40 or 50 girls came out together and there was a party for them almost every week, being a deb was a full-time job. Today's debts

are almost all working girls or university students.

Now, depending on where she lives, virtually any Canadian girl can become a debutante. She'll have to give her own coming-out party in Ottawa, Toronto or Winnipeg, but farther west, where military garrisons sponsor formal balls ("good for morale"), it becomes easier. In Calgary and Edmonton invitations to garrison balls go to all private-school students and to daughters of prominent (but not necessarily "old") families. In Vancouver and Victoria, any World War II officer can invite his daughter to one of the military balls. The easiest cities to be a deb in are Halifax and Quebec, where the charity organizations sponsoring the balls send invitations that cut across all social classes. Only Montreal still holds "rehearsals" to screen girls for the proper background.

There will probably always be debutantes. Florists, caterers and dressmakers appreciate the midwinter spurt they give to business and society writers look on the formal balls as social highlights and a last defense against rock 'n' roll. "The debutante season," said Mrs. Anna Mader, women's editor of the Halifax Mail-Star, "is a good idea for teaching proper behavior to young people." —SHIRLEY MAIR



FOOTNOTES

About ethics: Earlier this fall a woman in Edmonton spotted a sign on a dentist's door: "O'Neill's Filling Station." She thought it worth sending along to us. We thought it worth publishing, and did, in *Parade*, Sept. 24. Shortly after that, the dentist, Dr. A. J. O'Neill, who works in Edmonton's McLeod building, received a letter on the stationery of the Alberta Dental Association and signed by the ADA's registrar. "A complaint has been received," the letter said, "... that there is a sign on your door with your name and occupation but, also, in a sort of banner in script, the words 'O'Neill's Filling Station.' May I point out to you that this violates the provisions on discipline contained in the Dental Association Act relating to professional ethics and 'unbecoming, improper or unprofessional conduct' and, also, is in opposition to the by-laws of our Association regulating the ethics of the profession. It would be appreciated if this office could have an immediate assurance from you that the offending part of this sign has been removed..." Dr. O'Neill, who says the sign's been up for two years and that it gives his patients a psychological lift, did not bother to reply. In October, he received a notice from the firm of Kane, Hurlburt and Kane, barristers and solicitors, in the matter of the Dental Association Act, being chapter 82 of the Revised Statutes of Alberta, 1955. And in the matter of complaint against Dr. Ambrose J. O'Neill. "TAKE NOTICE," said the notice, "that it is the intention of the Discipline Committee appointed by the Board of Directors of the Alberta Dental Association pursuant to the Dental Association Act, to meet at the offices of the Association... the 28th day of October, A.D., 1960... to enquire into and ascertain the facts of

matters of complaint against you... It is charged that you... were guilty of unbecoming, improper and unprofessional conduct in displaying or permitting to be displayed at the entrance to your professional premises... a sign in connection with your profession containing the following words: 'O'Neill's Filling Station,' the said sign being displayed at the date hereof." The notice gave Dr. O'Neill further notice that he was entitled to counsel and could be tried in absentia if he wasn't at the hearing.

About men's fashions: matching vests are back — so strongly that some Toronto law firms are urging their younger partners to wear them, to look older. But the non-matching tartan or checked waistcoats that were in a couple of years ago are now out.

About our national food: It's apple pie, and that's official. Since 1954, the Canadian Restaurant Association has

been sponsoring a cooking contest, with classes for most kinds of traditional (meaning mostly European) dishes. For 1961, the CRA will sponsor its first real Canadian contest: for apple pie.

About smokers: Are they more accident-prone than people who don't? A British survey of factory workers has indicated they are — by as much as 27% — and they're absent more often too. How come? The doctor who conducted the survey leaves two explanations open: Either 1) smoking "impairs muscular co-ordination" or 2) men who are constitutionally inclined to smoke are also constitutionally prone to accidents.

About those hardy seamen: Oh yeah? "Sailor Joe" Simmonds, a professional tattoo artist, says he can't use a needle on the tars any more and has to use the new, painless brush method, or "they'd jump out of the window."

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: WHY WE'RE AGAINST CANADA BEARING NUCLEAR ARMS

IF CANADA REFUSES to arm her troops with nuclear weapons, will that be unilateral disarmament? Will it mean leaving the free world helpless, at the mercy of a rocket-rattling Soviet Union?

Peyton Lyon argues (Page 10) that it can mean nothing else — unless Canadians take the “shabby attitude” of relying on the U. S. for nuclear defenses that we are too self-righteous, and incidentally too stingy, to provide for ourselves. This is a strong point, indeed the crucial point of the argument, but we believe it rests upon a misconception.

A Canadian rejection of nuclear weapons would not be disarmament, because Canada has no nuclear arms. Neither would it be unilateral. The smaller allies of the Soviet Union have no nuclear arms either, and are most unlikely to have any. The Russians would not dare give nuclear weapons even to the Czechs, still less to the Poles or the Hungarians, least of all to the East Germans.

So far, then, we are even. The balance of terror is maintained by weapons of ultimate destruction, held by the major nuclear powers, which constitute “the deterrent”. Each giant is deterred from rash action by the knowledge that the others, if sufficiently provoked, could blow up the entire world.

Into this precarious equilibrium, a new factor is now being introduced — the so-called “tactical” nuclear weapons. Once these are fully deployed, we shall have for the first time a confrontation of nuclear forces in actual contact with each other.

In our opinion this will create a situation of unprecedented danger.

Almost any other danger can be dealt with, has been dealt with in one or another of the “brush fire wars” that have plagued us since 1945. But the one thing on which everyone seems agreed is that one nuclear attack, of any dimensions at all, will inevitably lead to another, on a scale that will grow until the great powers are throwing H-bombs at each other. No one in the world has yet conceived a way of drawing a line between small and large nuclear weapons — the only known line is the one that rules out nuclear attacks altogether.

It seems to us, therefore, that, when the smaller allies bear nuclear arms, the danger of a nuclear outbreak is multiplied and the chances of keeping a border clash down to “brush-fire” proportions become very small. In our view the solution to this deadly problem is the one we have been following all along — nuclear disengagement. Let the great powers continue to threaten each other with their deterrents, but let the other forces on each side bear only conventional arms, lest they loose the pebble that starts a world-destroying avalanche.

That's one part of the case for refusing nuclear weapons. The other is related, but different — it is the only thing a small nation can do to express its horror of nuclear war, and to make the great powers pause. At the moment, the most terrifying thing in the world is the degree to which all military planners take nuclear war for granted. Somehow we have to shock them out of that deadly complacency. This seems to us the best way to set about it.

MAILBAG: Are we raising “organization children”? / John Witchell's war against war



HEAR! HEAR! to ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN and his *Lost Lore of Childhood* (Oct. 22). Being of a childish nature myself and not too far removed from the age of innocence, I have always felt a little saddened at the passing of *Dare Base* and *Run Sheep Run*. On a recent trip to my boyhood home in a small Alberta community I was astonished to see the adults out working and sweating in the sun to prepare a ball diamond for the little leaguers, while the teams stood around leaning on their Louisville Sluggers watching their dads run out of breath. I pointed out to an old school chum still living there that in our day the children fixed their own field and probably enjoyed themselves a great deal more. My home-town Babbitt's only reply was to tell me we must move with the times . . . Any day now I expect to see a book entitled “the organization child.” — ALEX M. G. BURTON, EDMONTON.

Financial aid for one African student

I read with interest the report of the work of George Mweigi (*Journey to Education, Background*, Oct. 22). I thought you might like to know that Mweigi has just received one of the Canada Council non-resident scholarships. These awards are granted each year to enable students from other countries to do postgraduate work at a Canadian university. Altogether, three

students from Africa were among the 78 non-resident scholarship winners announced just recently . . . — NEIL CARSON, THE CANADA COUNCIL, OTTAWA.

Neutrality for Canada? Let's vote on it

It gave me great pleasure to read the article by John B. Witchell. One man CAN do something to ward off nuclear war (For the Sake of Argument, Oct. 8). A few Witchells could prevent war completely. Everyone I talk to is in complete agreement with the contents of the article. How can a government be so completely indifferent to the sentiments of the masses and still stay in power? — FRANK BENNET, BURLINGTON, ONT.

✓ . . . The people of Canada should be asked to vote on whether they wish to be neutral or subservient to the policy-makers at Washington; on whether they want to have hundreds of millions of their dollars wasted on infantile defense measures; on whether they wish to recognize Red China or not, and on every other grave issue. — MISS E. MCRAE, NORTH SURREY, B.C.

✓ . . . A lucid way of expressing the fact that a person's desire for peace should not be synonymous with communism. — MRS. JAMES LESLIE, VALLEYVIEW, ALTA.

✓ . . . The sanest piece of writing I have come across in a long, long time. My stomach has been so badly upset over Robert Thomas Allen's sludge about why Canada should stop hating the United States and walk right into Uncle Sam's arms, that it was wonderful to read Witchell's piece and get my liking for my meals back. — MRS. E. RYAN, PICKERING, ONT.

Bordeaux Jail and the press of Quebec

You are to be congratulated on publishing *A Sane Man's Three Years in a Prison Madhouse* (Oct. 22) on Bordeaux Jail and its conditions. It is shameful indeed that newspapers like our *Montreal Star*, *Gazette* and *La Presse* go along merrily reporting

what is wrong with the outside world but do not have the stuff to report on such sad conditions in their own domain. — A. L. PANGBORN, DORVAL, QUE.

How old were the relics at Sheguianda?

I have just read *How man first came to North America* (Sept. 24) by Franklin Russell. In spite of the usual journalistic exuberance which indiscriminately mixes fact with fiction in popular articles of this sort, the article is interesting and contains quite a number of facts. [Yet] . . . a rather irresponsible statement was made regarding one of our Fellows, archaeologist Thomas E. Lee: the statement that he found “ancient human relics” which he estimated were “100,000 years old” and that he “received no support for his views and the full report was never published.” These statements are blatant falsehoods. [Lee] did not find any “human relics”; he did not claim “100,000 years” for anything; he claimed “about 7,000” though he did later publish the statements of three eminent authorities assigning a date of “30,000 or more years” to the site. As for not having published “fully” on the site, few, if any, archaeological sites have ever been “fully” published. Lee did publish an excellent archaeological report on the Sheguianda site . . . — CARL B. COMPTON, DENTON, TEXAS.

✓ . . . The remarks about Tom Lee's work seem to me to be mischievous, if not worse. I do not recall that Tom Lee ever put a date of 100,000 years on his work. I would have been happy if he did, for some of the stone work parallels early work elsewhere for which I have a high time estimate. Tom was much too careful to jump to an easy agreement. Instead he stuck by a conservative dating that was backed by authorities of top standing. — GEORGE F. CARTER, BALTIMORE, MD.

✓ . . . the paragraph . . . is almost totally false. — THOMAS E. LEE, OTTAWA.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 89



Live it UP by living DOWN

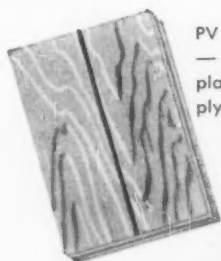
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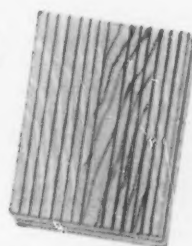
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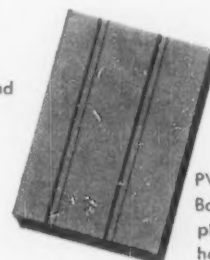
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THE COVER

Young Calgarians, including the pair making snowmen, are blasé about the concrete brutes that dot St. George's Island Park, reports painter Franklin Arbuckle. The life-size dinosaurs are scrawled with such vital data as Connie Loves Mel and Harold Loves Claudette.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE

CREDITS are listed left to right, top to bottom: 10, Zuber / 15-17, Selwyn Pullan / 18, 19, Beverley Rockett / 20, Ray Webster / 22, 23, Sam Tata / 24, 25, Rosemary Gilliat / 26, WKBW-TV, Bruce R. Young / 27, Tom Davenport / 28, 29, Paul Rockett / 31-33, Sam Tata / 91, Victoria Provincial Archives.

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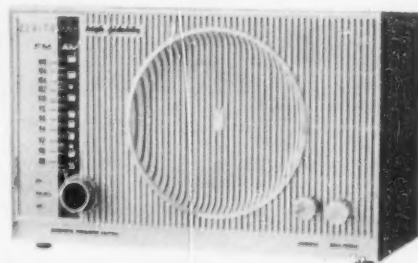
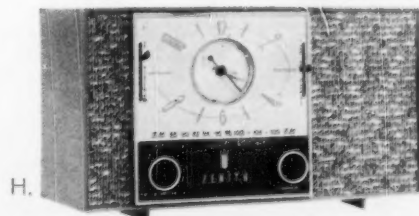
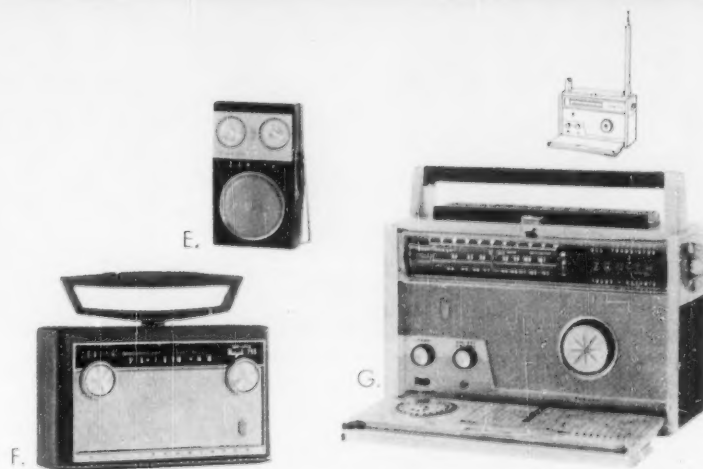
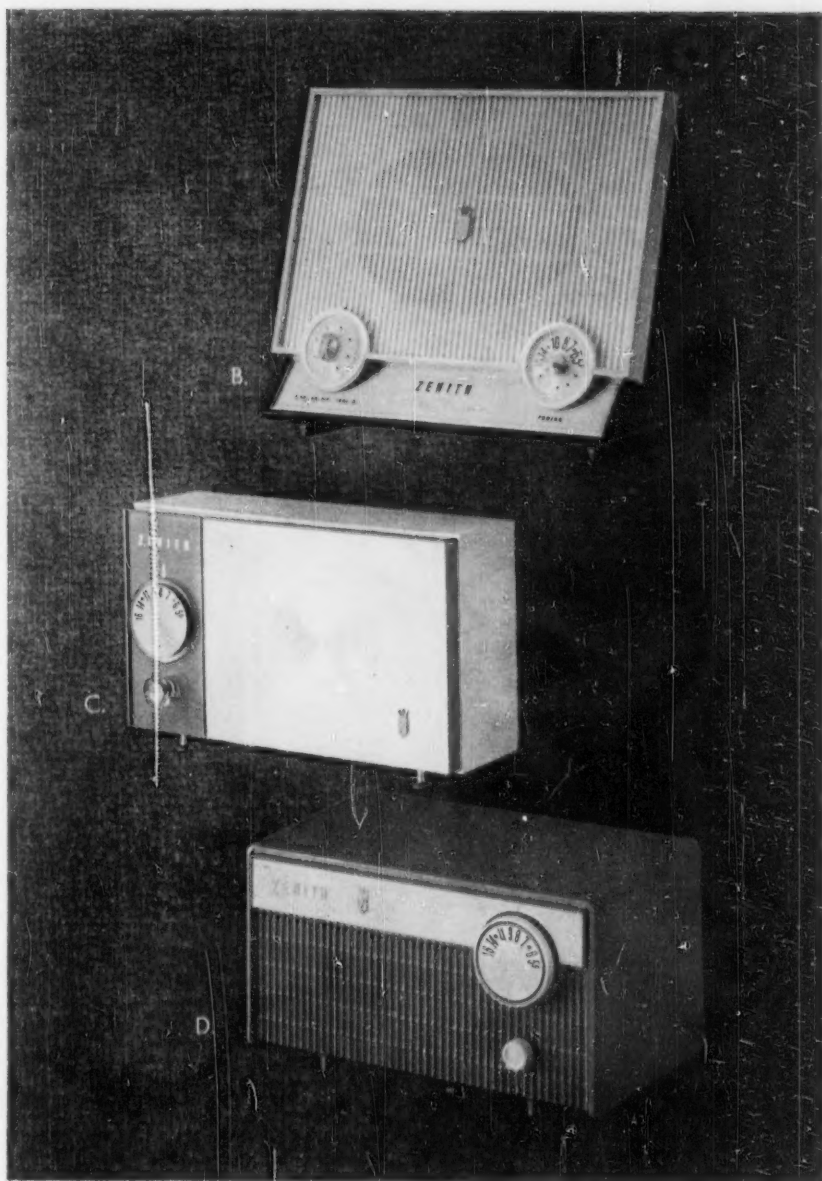
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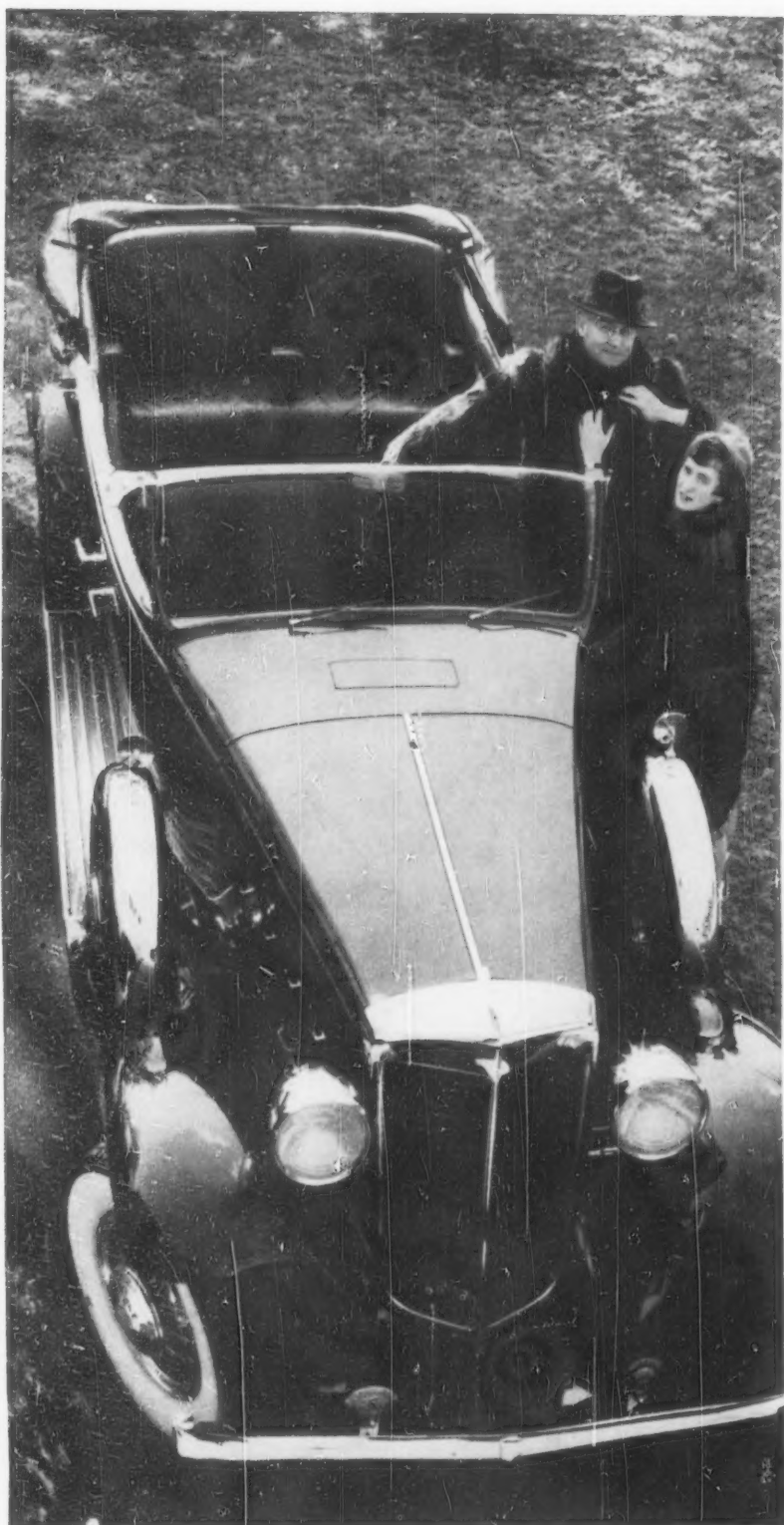
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For the sake of argument



PEYTON V. LYON CONTENTS

We need more "nuclear powers" —and better Soviet espionage

We can and must do something to reduce the risk of nuclear war. The most promising measures, however, are seldom the most obvious or popular.

For example, one useful step would now be to add to the number of countries with the independent capacity to employ nuclear weapons. Another would be to extend greatly — and unilaterally if need be — Soviet facilities to observe our defense preparations; we must be certain that Communist espionage is effective.

Let me begin my explanation with several general observations:

- I do not believe that the Kremlin would necessarily exploit any military advantage in order to extend its domain. However, we must take into account the significant possibility that it might seek to do so. We dare not provoke the Soviet Union by our weakness.

- Even if it were feasible, it is not essential to maintain an exact balance of military strength; it is important, however, that we be able — and appear resolved — to retaliate with so much force that no potential aggressor could expect an attack to prove a paying proposition.

- At the same time, we must convince the Russians that they need not fear attack by us. In the light of their history, the ring of Western bases surrounding them, and frequent, ill-advised outbursts by the Pentagon brass, the Russians' anxiety is understandable. They could conceivably conclude that they must perpetuate the arms race, and perhaps launch a preventive war, even while preferring to pursue their aims by non-military means.

Our policy must therefore be to persuade the Soviet side of two things: it can expect no gain from military pressure; and, because it need not fear attack, it can safely negotiate with us a sweeping disarmament pact. Any steps toward unilateral disarmament by the West

are shortsighted because they reduce the Kremlin's incentive to disarm by fostering hopes that its aims could be accomplished through superiority in military force.

Measures of unilateral disarmament might even increase the chances of war. Would we prefer to accept Soviet domination rather than resist with inferior strength or run the risk of nuclear destruction? Considering our traditions, it is at least as likely that at some unpredictable stage we would elect to fight back, regardless of consequence. Any initial surrender, or display of irresolution, would have served simply to lure the aggressor on to his destruction — and ours. Unilateralism is clearly no answer to the problem.

Some would accept this argument for conventional but not nuclear weapons. The editor of Maclean's appears to have held this position when he wrote: "We believe that though some things justify war, nothing can justify nuclear war with its threat to the survival of the whole human race; that nuclear war can be and must be prevented, and that the first step toward preventing it is to stop planning to wage it."

A unilateral refusal to contemplate the possibility of nuclear war, which this fallacious conclusion appears to support, is emphatically not the way to avoid such a war.

Maclean's (and here it is joined by many other Canadians) seems to miss the central point about the nuclear deterrent, which is that its first function is to deter war itself. It can serve this function if — and only if — potential aggressors believe there is a real prospect that the defenders will use nuclear weapons. Unless insane, no one could then expect to gain by initiating war, and would almost certainly not do so. "Credibility" is thus the very essence of the nuclear deterrent. Like religion, it must be believed if it is to do its job.

Unfortunately, the nuclear deterrent in American hands has already lost much. CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

DR. LYON IS A PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO



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U.S. REPORT

BY IAN SCLANDERS

The doctors are incurable when they try politics

WASHINGTON — For men who are admired and respected as individuals, doctors as a group are singularly unfortunate in their public relations. There has lately been a striking example of this in the United States, where, long before the voters went to the polls November 8, it became apparent that whoever won, the medical profession would lose. Indeed, it had already lost. What it lost, by politicking that set its own interests high above the wishes or needs of the people, was prestige it could ill afford to spare.

In the election campaign the various medical bodies, from the American Medical Association down to the hundreds of county medical societies, participated more actively, perhaps, than in any previous campaign. All their efforts were directed against one thing — the establishment of an effective form of compulsory health insurance that would benefit the aged.

And, more than ever before, medicine appeared in the public eye as a profession with more concern for its bankroll than for the public.

The spokesmen for U.S. doctors — like the spokesmen of doctors in other countries — nearly always goof when they wade into political waters. This time their performance was worse than usual. The AMA, and its state and county junior partners in organized medicine, inadvertently drew for many Americans a picture of the nation's 225,000 physicians and surgeons, whose average income is estimated at somewhere around \$20,000 a year, trying to extract the last drop of blood from more than 16,000,000 U.S. citizens who have passed the age of sixty-five, three fifths of whom have incomes of less than \$1,000 a year. The medical politicians harped on the fact that a lot of these elderly citizens own their homes, have bank savings, and are protected by voluntary insurance plans to which they have subscribed. This, of course, is quite true, but it didn't seem to make much of an impression. The politicking of the AMA even drew a letter of protest half a column long from Dr. T. E. Mattingly, of Washington, which appeared on the editorial page of the Washington Post. But, while Dr. Mattingly was writing to the Post, other doctors were writing to New York Medicine, a medical-

society publication that had initiated a special letters page and invited them to say why they would vote for whom. Most of their answers were predictable. John Kennedy had introduced a health insurance bill in the Senate in January.

Actually, this bill was one of several introduced in Congress since the 1930s by members of both political parties. All these provided health insurance benefits only for the aged, not the kind of hospital insurance and other benefits for everybody that we have in Canada, but, in spite of this major qualification, they wound up on the rocks, at least partly because of organized medicine's strong lobby.

This same lobby, when Salk vaccine came out, managed to block the federal government's plans to underwrite a mass inoculation of schoolchildren against polio, such as we had in Canada. Most polio shots were administered by private physicians — for a fee, naturally. I asked the AMA headquarters in Washington about this policy and was told: "We're willing to give free time to children whose parents can't afford to pay, but can see no reason why those who can afford to do so shouldn't pay or why the government should intervene."

This is the inflexible basic policy of the AMA — anybody who can pay must pay, right down to his last copper, and, at all costs, the government must be kept away from the doctor business. So far, organized medicine has succeeded in maintaining this policy. The U.S., for instance, doesn't have the kind of free TB treatment Canada has, under government sponsorship, and the AMA has opposed congressional moves to vote federal funds for medical education. The argument of congressmen, or certain of them, is that more medical students must be trained to ease an acute shortage of physicians. The AMA says: "There is no shortage now but there are defects in distribution. There may be too few doctors in one place and too many in another." It adds that the tendency is for doctors to gravitate to city rather than rural practices.

There may be lots of doctors in cities, but I've talked to people who have had difficulty finding them, particularly if they required a house call by a doctor at night. Rightly or

CONTINUED ON PAGE 80



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THE INVISIBLE UNEMPLOYED

The jobless families of 1960 still look like everybody else—trapped on a high plateau of living standards, but desperate for means to keep themselves there. Here's an intimate report on the real distress of the unemployment that looks like prosperity

BY RAY GARDNER



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SELWYN PULLAN

JOHN LAFLECHE, a thirty-year-old father of three children and soon to be the father of a fourth, was on his annual vacation and preparing to move to a new \$105-a-month apartment when he became one of the three hundred and twenty-seven thousand Canadians who are now unemployed.

John was one of five hundred workers caught in a lay-off at a Vancouver plywood manufacturing plant where, until this summer, fifteen hundred men had been employed, and where he had worked for two years. There was, he says, no warning. One day in July, four days before the end of his holidays, a woman office worker telephoned from the plant and told him he had been laid off temporarily. No one, least of all John, knows how long temporarily may be.

Like the rest of the New Unemployed, LaFleche doesn't look at all like the bread-liner who has become the symbol of the Great Depression. His clothes are not ragged, his pretty wife is still neatly dressed and his children still look well fed, and they still live in the fairly handsome new apartment (they moved in anyway, having nowhere else to go). He and his fellow jobseekers have not changed the appearance of Canada at all, even in cities like Vancouver where unemployment is double the national average. This has led some people to wonder whether there is a real unemployment problem at all in Canada today, whether the unemployed are actually suffering hardship.

To find out, I have spent the last four weeks visiting unemployed families in Vancouver. I found them extremely proud and shy, in some cases so ashamed of their status (or lack of it) that I had to promise I wouldn't use their real names. Not one is starving, or likely to starve; a few have family incomes that to some Canadians—the fishermen of Newfoundland or the farmers of northern New Brunswick, for instance—may sound fairly adequate. But anyone who thinks that 1960-style unemployment isn't real, and its victims are in no serious distress, ought to go and talk to a man who has no job. Most of the jobless families I am reporting on I visited in their homes, so that I might

see as well as hear what unemployment in a day of general prosperity means to them.

A plumber, a man more articulate than most, told me, "You get a terrible feeling of being alone, outside of things. You go downtown and everything is as busy as it's always been. There are as many cars on the streets as ever. As many people in the stores. But you don't feel you're part of it. It's passing you by. For you life's at a standstill. And so, eventually, you go home, depressed, and at home you feel trapped."

When I repeated this description to another man, a carpenter who is about to lose his home, and asked what he thought of it, he snapped, "To hell with that! I'll tell you how it makes me feel: fighting mad! Let them try to put me on the street!"

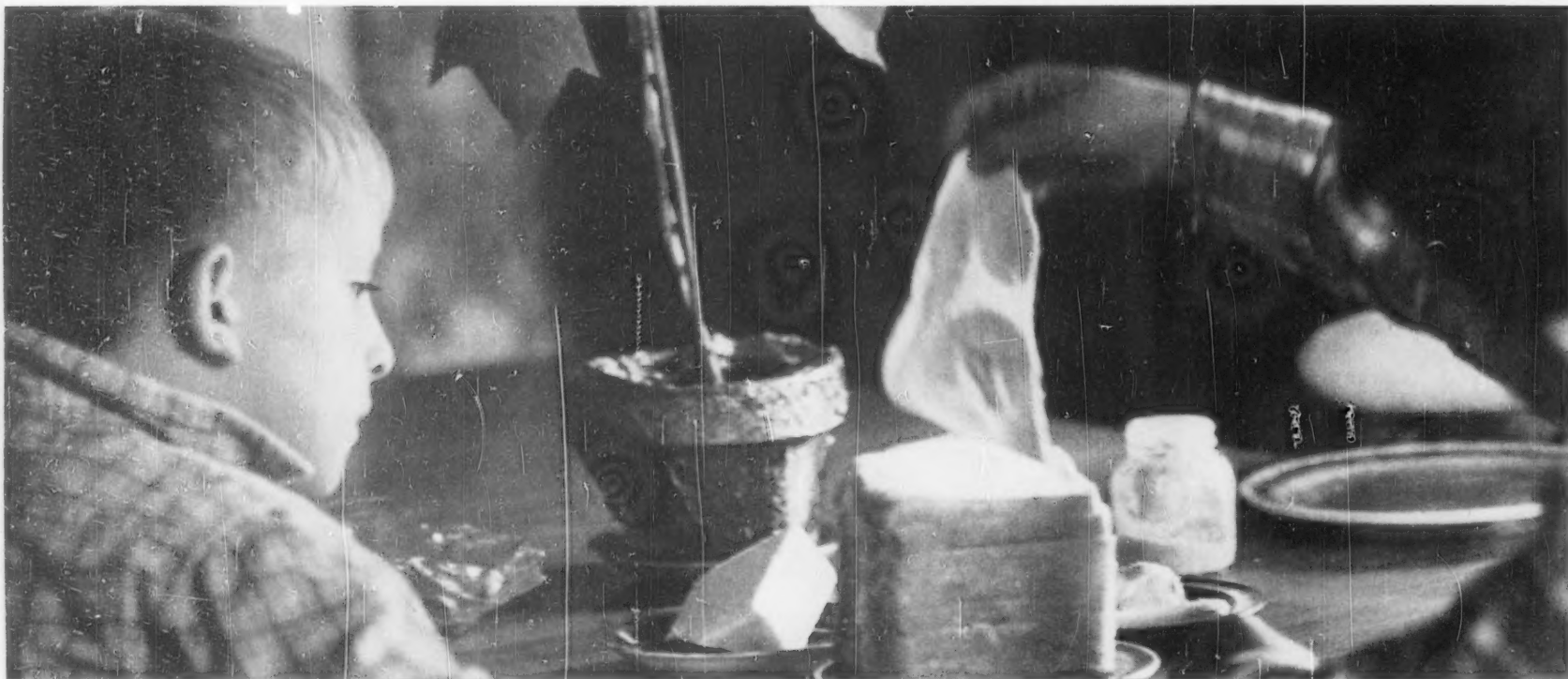
A young mother, who for months has known the frustration of trying to keep house and feed herself, her husband, and two children on thirty-three dollars a week from unemployment insurance, exclaimed: "Boy, by the time I'm through this, if I ever see another piece of hamburger I'll cry!"

Men in their fifties and sixties I found to be hurt and bitter. "Today the boss wants a twenty-year-old man with forty years' experience," was a common saying among them. A fifty-three-year-old steamfitter suggested, "Why don't they shoot us old men? Digging graves for us would make jobs for the younger men." A house painter, a highly cultured man who at one time played the violin in the Vancouver symphony and whose hobby is archaeology, said, "The government should see there is work and if a man won't work let him starve."

Those with some experience of poverty seemed best able to roll with the punches. At least this was so with one young father of two children who told me, "My dad was a terrible alcoholic. When I was twelve I sold papers from three to six and I set pins in a bowling alley from seven till midnight. I learned long ago not to worry. But my wife, she's from a respectable family

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

THE INVISIBLE UNEMPLOYED continued



and she can't stop worrying. When I was a kid, I'd get dog bones from the butcher for nothing. My mother would throw them in a saucepan of water, toss in an onion, and we'd have soup. That's one trick I taught my wife. But dog bones cost a dime now."

Then, cynically, he added, "It costs more to be poor nowadays."

John LaFleche, the unemployed plywood worker, neither protests nor complains about what has happened to him. In spite of his own considerable problems, he recently answered a plea for volunteers to work with children afflicted by cerebral palsy. "There's lots of people worse off than us," he said. "Those poor kids — some of them can't even walk."

A dark, slightly built and obviously gentle man, John deferred most of my questions to his wife. Marie LaFleche is a petite, attractive, and forceful woman of thirty. She and John were married in 1952, shortly after he returned from army service in the Korean War. They have three boys, aged seven, six, and fourteen months, and their fourth child is expected toward the end of November.

Until he was taken on at the plywood plant in August 1958, John had worked in industries that are highly susceptible to seasonal or economic shutdowns — a common experience in British Columbia where so large a part of the labor force is engaged either in construction or in logging, fishing, or mining. One unemployed logger told me he had lost one job in February when the camp closed because of snow, landed another one in June, and lost it in July because of the fire season.

"Whatever we made in the summer, we lost in the winter. We could never get a penny ahead," said Mrs. LaFleche. "When we got the plywood job, we thought we had a sure thing, at last."

The job paid \$1.96 an hour for day work and \$2.02 for afternoon shift. John showed me what he said was a fairly typical pay cheque for two weeks' work, including some overtime: \$172 gross, \$142 take-home. The deductions

included a fifty-cent donation to charity and fourteen dollars in savings.

The savings deduction was something new and was intended to go toward a down payment on a house. "We were looking forward to the spring when the furniture would be paid for," Mrs. LaFleche explained. "Then we planned to increase our savings. We counted on an income-tax refund, too. By fall we might have had enough to put down on a house."

These plans fell apart four days before the end of John's vacation and four days before the family was to move into a new apartment. When John got the telephone call telling him he had been laid off, he tried to soften the blow for Marie by telling her the layoff was to last only three weeks.

"But when he couldn't sleep at nights I knew something was fishy," she recalled. "I hated to do it but I finally phoned the plant and got the truth."

The rent of \$105 a month now seemed astronomical when matched against their income of thirty-three dollars a week from unemployment insurance. But they had paid a month's rent, so they moved in. It is a small apartment, with two bedrooms, but it is brand new and Marie LaFleche describes it as "the nicest place we've lived in."

Quickly the family fell into debt. "By the time school started," said Mrs. LaFleche, "I was desperate. I didn't know where to turn. At night I nearly went out of my mind. I began to wonder, 'Will I have to put my children in a foster home?'"

She turned eventually to a Catholic welfare agency and was told the family could claim social assistance from the city. Within two days they received their first cheque.

They are paid \$25.60 a month in social assistance, plus a prenatal grant of five dollars. (The usual payment to a family of five is \$168.60, but unemployment insurance — in LaFleche's case, \$143 — is deducted from this.) In addition, they receive eighteen dollars a month in federal family allowances. Thus their total monthly income is \$186.60. This leaves them with only \$81.60 after the rent is paid



They're unemployed, but there's still enough money for essentials. The family at the far left can afford bread and even sliced ham, but they rarely have a roast. The man rolling his own is preparing for the moment when his tailor-mades (on the table at right) run out. And the jobless man below, as quick to check the help-wanted ads as men out of work have always been, can still afford to have the paper delivered to his door.

— if they pay it. They were, in fact, facing their first crisis over the rent at the time of my visit.

"I know \$105 seems a high rent," Mrs. LaFleche said, "but we'll have to stay here at least until the baby's born. Then where will we go — with four children? I'm not fussy but the places you get for seventy-five or eighty aren't livable. I just won't be driven into a slum. Not with my children."

The payments of twenty-one dollars a month on their furniture are simply beyond them. Already they are two months in arrears. "John did go to see about getting them cut," Mrs. LaFleche said, "but he felt so humiliated he was flustered and agreed to pay twenty a month. He's going to go back."

The milkman no longer calls at the LaFleche apartment. "He cut us off when we owed five dollars," Marie LaFleche said quietly. "Now we're using powdered milk. It's cheaper."

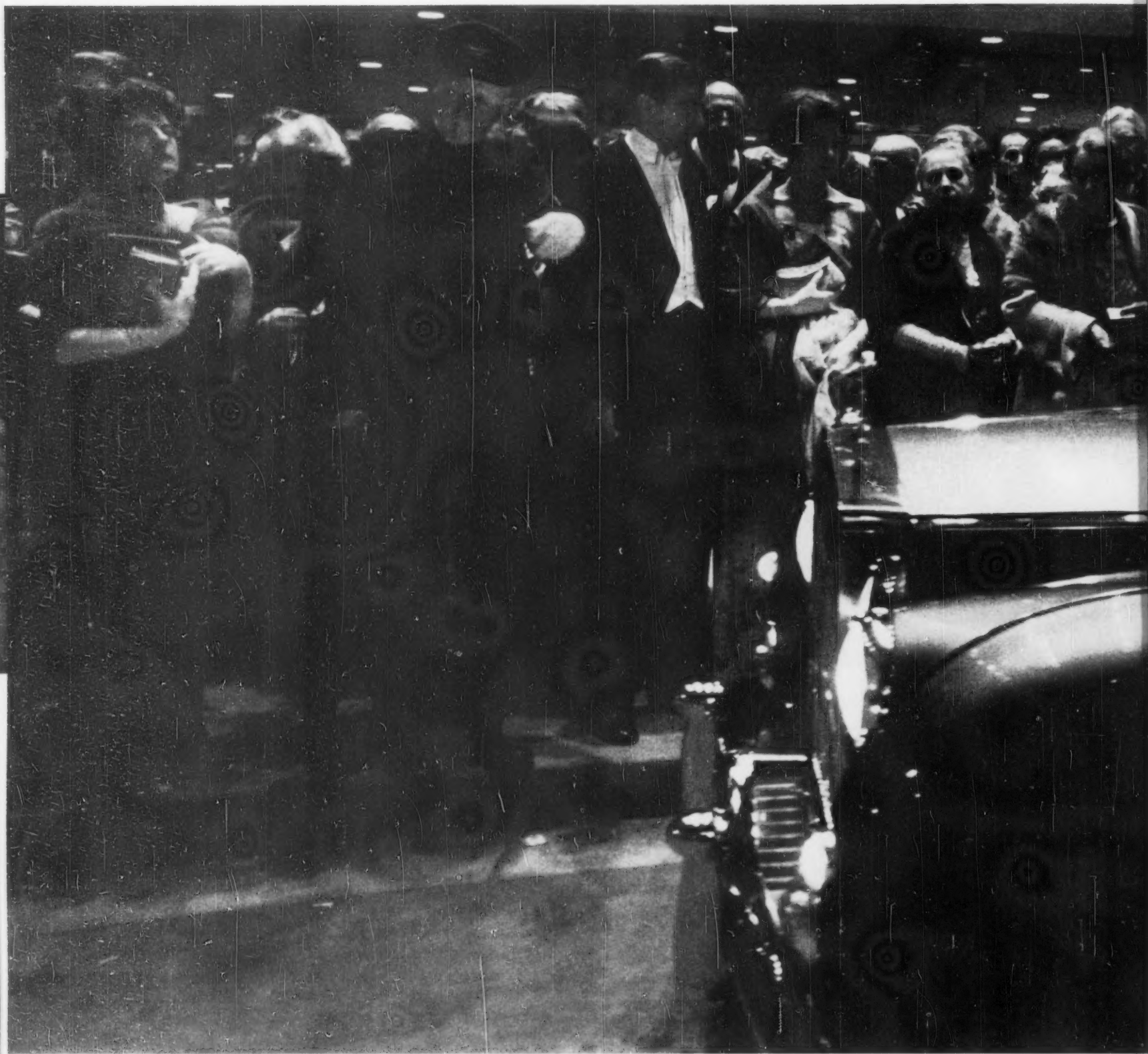
"What are you going to do?" I asked, and it struck me as a fatuous question. John and Marie LaFleche both shrugged. Then John said, "I look for work every day. Maybe I'll find a job. Maybe the plywood plant will call me back. That's what I'm really counting on. But I don't know. I really don't know."

A few nights later I sat before an open fire in the mahogany-lined living room of a fifteen-thousand-dollar house with Carl Anderson, an unemployed carpenter, and his wife, Esther, reading a letter, which said: "Please be advised that unless payments are brought up-to-date on this matter at once we will commence a foreclosure action within thirty days. . . ."

"That," said Carl, "is from the people who hold the second mortgage. The people with the first mortgage sent the sheriff with a summons."

Carl, who is twenty-nine, and Esther, twenty-three, have three girls, the eldest four. They bought their home in August 1959, paying \$1,500 down and assuming mortgage payments of \$98 and \$15 a month. CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

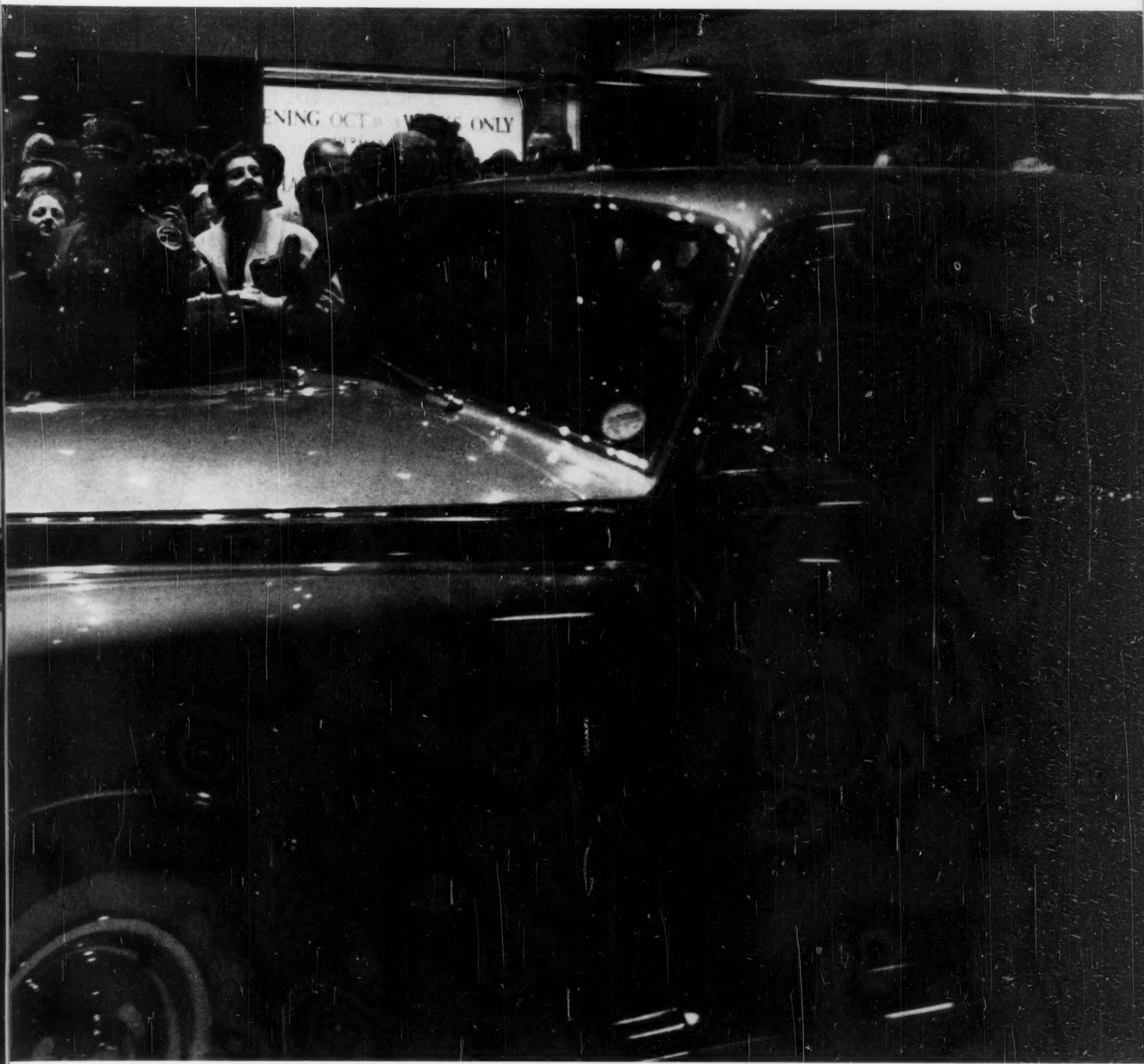




Chauffeured, jeweled, silk-hatted socialites rolled out to the opening of the O'Keefe Centre for the Performing Arts in Toronto last month for the most ostentatious first night ever seen in Canada. At home, they left geegaws like Old Masters and illuminated split-level swimming pools.

The rich are coming out of hiding

These are the men who make their money fast and spend it faster: They'll pay a million for a private plane, blow a party of friends to a week in London just to watch a horse race, or fly a Chinese meal from Montreal to Miami. A new look at the new rich by HERBERT C. MANNING



PHOTOGRAPH BY BEVERLEY ROCKETT

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, although thousands of Canadians could barely get by on Depression earnings, public relief or the help of kind relatives, scores of others — more fortunate or clever — still lived in opulence and splendor. They took care, however, to conceal or camouflage their wealth and talked about it, if at all, behind their hands, to close friends. Ostentatious money, when so many had so little, was unfashionable. All this is changing in a dramatic way that must cause such impeccable rich as the McLaughlins and Eatons to blush behind their jeweled fans.

Remember the Flush Years? Well, they don't compare with today. In Montreal, Leo Dandurand, the owner of the quietly elegant Café Martin and one of the country's best-qualified commentators on the rich, can recall only two truly big spenders of the Thirties and early Forties. Both were Latin-American émigrés. One was General Gerardo Machado,

a former president of Cuba who fled with his family, a handful of followers and fifty million dollars looted from the Cuban treasury to three fifty-dollar-a-day Montreal hotel suites and an almost steady round of banquets he threw himself. The other was Simón Patiño, who is said to have made four hundred million dollars out of Bolivian tin mines and who, Dandurand remembers, tipped the policeman in front of Café Martin fifty dollars and a waiter a hundred dollars every time he dined there.

"There were a couple of others who were wealthy and not reluctant to show it," says Dandurand, "But you could not compare that with today's spending. Now almost everyone who comes through the door seems to have a lot of money."

Dandurand's Mountain Street café,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71



IT'S TELEPATHY THAT BRINGS LASSIE HOME

Scientists now think that unlike birds, which have some kind of built-in navigation system, homing pets come in on a beam of love

BY FRANK CROFT

SUNDAY-SUPPLEMENT readers are regularly regaled with the Lassie-come-home story, with only names and details changed.

Recently there was the saga of Smokey, a German shepherd born and raised in Campbellford, Ontario. He was driven at night to a farm at Maple, a hundred miles away. In less than a week, tired but happy, Smokey was scratching at the back door of his old home.

Then there was Bobbie, a collie, who was taken on a motor trip from Oregon and disappeared during a stop in Indiana. Six months later Bobbie was back home, having traveled three thousand miles through several cities and towns, across a desert and over the Rockies.

Cat lovers cherish the story of Clementine. She was given to a neighbor in Dunkirk, New York, when her owners moved to Denver. Clementine waited only long enough to bear and wean a litter of kittens, then set out to find her owners. Five months — and heaven knows how many adventures — later, Clementine caught up with them in Colorado.

But for every pet whose faithfulness, plus an uncanny sense of direction, wins space in the newspapers, a dozen owners have to pay their way into the lost-and-found ads because their dumb mutts can't find their way home from the corner store.

Not long ago the owner of Gin, a hound, advertised in the Toronto papers and haunted the Humane Society's kennels for a week without picking up a trace of Gin. Two days later the traditionally keen-nosed hound was found three blocks from home, dirty, hungry, and just plain lost.

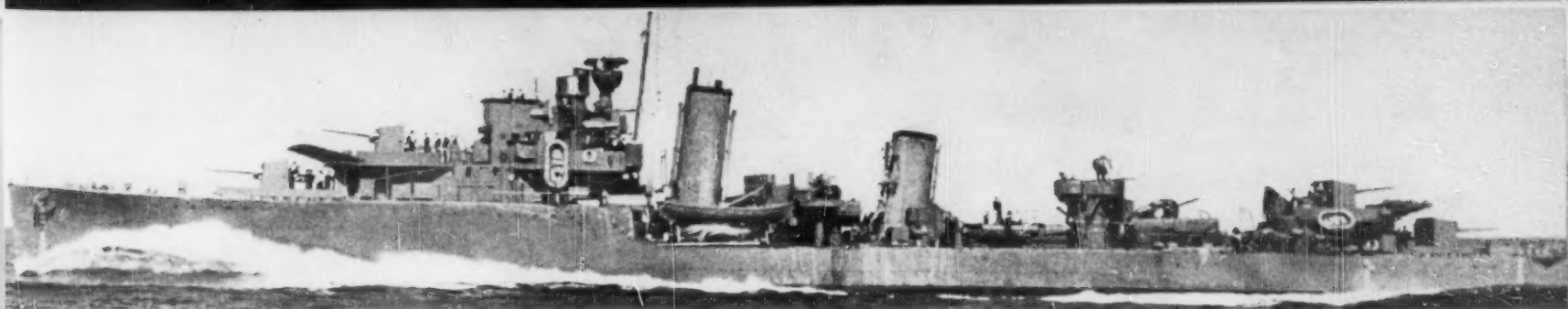
The mistaken belief that all dogs have an uncanny homing instinct nearly cost the life of Emiu, an Eskimo hunter. Emiu, who usually did his own navigating and used his dogs only to drag a sled, was assured by members of a Canadian government expedition that dogs were superior pathfinders. The next time Emiu was caught in a blizzard he gave his dogs their heads. He was found far off the trail — just in time to be saved from freezing to death.

Why do some animals rate headlines for sagacity and enterprise while others can't be trusted beyond their own front gates? The owners of the hapless ones would heatedly deny that their pets were less loyal and devoted than heroes like Smokey. Cecil Hyndman, who makes a hobby of studying the intelligence of birds and animals at his wildlife farm near Victoria, B.C., believes there is a dual explanation: some animals are smarter than others, and, more important, some people have a greater ability to communicate with animals than others.

This theory of communication is one of two serious scientific studies of animal behavior now being carried out at universities in Britain and the United States. At Duke University, in North Carolina, where extra-sensory perception (mental telepathy to the layman) has long been a major study project, Dr. J. G. Pratt and his associates are working on the theory that the "travel instinct" demonstrated by dogs like Smokey and Bobbie may be based on telepathy. In over-simplified form, Dr. Pratt suggests that a dog's ability to make long journeys to destinations previously unfamiliar to him may be due to a combination: an animal with especially well-attuned ability to receive telepathic thought, and a master with an unusual ability to project his feelings of concern over his pet's absence.

Also at Duke, Karlis Osis, who works on a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86



Harry George DeWolf, a Nova Scotian who here tells his own story of a strange adventure at sea, joined the Royal Canadian Navy in 1918. Early in World War II he took command of the Canadian destroyer St. Laurent (above). In 1956 he became Chief of the Naval Staff, and he retired in 1960.

HMCS St. Laurent's race to rescue the enemy

In July 1940 a German U-boat sank the British liner *Arandora Star*, dumping 2,000 men into the North Atlantic. By an irony of war, 1,600 of them were German and Italian prisoners. The Canadian destroyer *St. Laurent* picked up 861 enemy survivors in a rescue that has no equal in the annals of the sea

UNTIL JULY 2, 1940, I had never met the enemy personally. All I knew about him was that he could fly bombers, sail U-boats and drive tanks with deadly efficiency. Then, quite unexpectedly, I was confronted in the Atlantic by large numbers of the enemy — all crying for help.

They were anything but arrogant representatives of a victorious master race; instead, they were rather an abject, miserable-looking lot, scattered about the ocean and half-dead from shock and exposure.

I was commanding the destroyer *St. Laurent* at the time and our rescue that day of 861 German and Italian prisoners and their British guards is probably a unique experience for so small a ship.

But what made it so bizarre was that through an ironic reversal of fortune these enemy aliens and prisoners of war, on their way to Canada from Britain in the liner *Arandora Star*, had been torpedoed by the most widely acclaimed U-boat ace in Germany.

I signalled to an RAF flying CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

A Maclean's Flashback by Vice-Admiral Harry G. DeWolf as told to Terence Robertson

Survivors from the *Arandora Star* were fed as they disembarked from the Canadian destroyer at the Scottish port of Greenock. The men in battledress are British guards.





Montrealer Hank Huycke (right) cuddles his son, Ricky. The Huyckes' two daughters (left), Candy and Gaye, liked their adopted brother right away.

WE ADOPTED A NEGRO

So far the Huyckes and their colored son, Ricky, have found bigotry less common than good will, but there are warning signs of harsher ordeals yet to come. This is Joy Huycke's story of the pleasures and pains of mothering a child of mixed blood

as told to Anne MacDermot

LAST MAY, Hank and I adopted a Negro son. And we have been answering questions ever since. Or trying to. We're not tilting at any windmills. We wanted a baby boy and we've got one. Hank adores Ricky and so do I of course and so do our own two girls. But everyone who adopts a child of mixed race goes into it blindfolded and so all of us who have done it agree that we'll just have to learn as we go along. I think we have one thing in common — we believe that every child has the right to a home — and that was how we came to get Ricky.

We had been thinking about adopting for some time. I have two little girls and had them by Caesarean. Gaye is eight and Candace — Candy for short — is just turning six. My husband naturally wanted a boy and so did I, but we'd never got round to entering our names with the agency. As you know, there is a shortage of children available for adoption in Montreal, Protestant children that is, and five homes waiting for every child that comes up for adoption. Protestants aren't allowed to adopt Roman Catholic children.

And then we heard about the Open Door Society. They are a group of people in Montreal who have

adopted children of mixed race and are encouraging others to do the same. I read about them first and the article said that homes can be found for children who are blind, spastic, or badly retarded, but homes are hard to find for those with mixed blood. The Open Door was trying to find homes for them. Shortly after that we saw some of these couples on TV. And that was when we began thinking about it ourselves.

I saw that one of the families lived quite near here, in Pointe Claire. I phoned and spoke to Cynthia Cowan and she asked me to come round to see her. She is English and her husband is a chemical engineer, like mine. The Cowans have one son of their own, Nigel, and they had adopted two other children, Bobby, who is three, and Kathy, just two. The adopted children are both part Negro.

I came home and talked things over with Hank and we finally decided to attend a meeting at the Children's Service Centre. Muriel McCrea is in charge there and she is a wonderful person. In 35 years she says she has seen adoption go up from 13 in her first year to 536 last year. Those are white children. But in the other

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54



At first, says Mrs. Huycke (left), Ricky was an unhappy child. He was a listless feeder. Now he seems secure, and gulps down his food merrily.





Weekend on Baffin Island

Telek is the only luxury resort under the midnight sun: a cluster of heated tents where you can eat seal steak you shot yourself from an outboard canoe, hook into an Arctic char, and earn—like the writer Kalunakotak—an Eskimo name to take home with you

BY MCKENZIE PORTER

Photographs by Rosemary Gilliatt



8 AM: Eskimo cook Kananginuk and his fiancée, Makitok, prepare breakfast at Telek for Porter.

10 AM: Porter opens fire on a seal from a boat manned by men of the West Baffin Island Eskimo Co-operative. The Eskimos got the two seals shot by the party.



1 PM: A Telek Eskimo, Kuyli, and Porter match the attitude of the figure carved from black stone, a rarity in that it's a nude.



4 PM: For 25 percent less than he'd pay in the city, Porter bought a soapstone figure from a summer assistant at the Eskimo Art Centre at Cape Dorset.

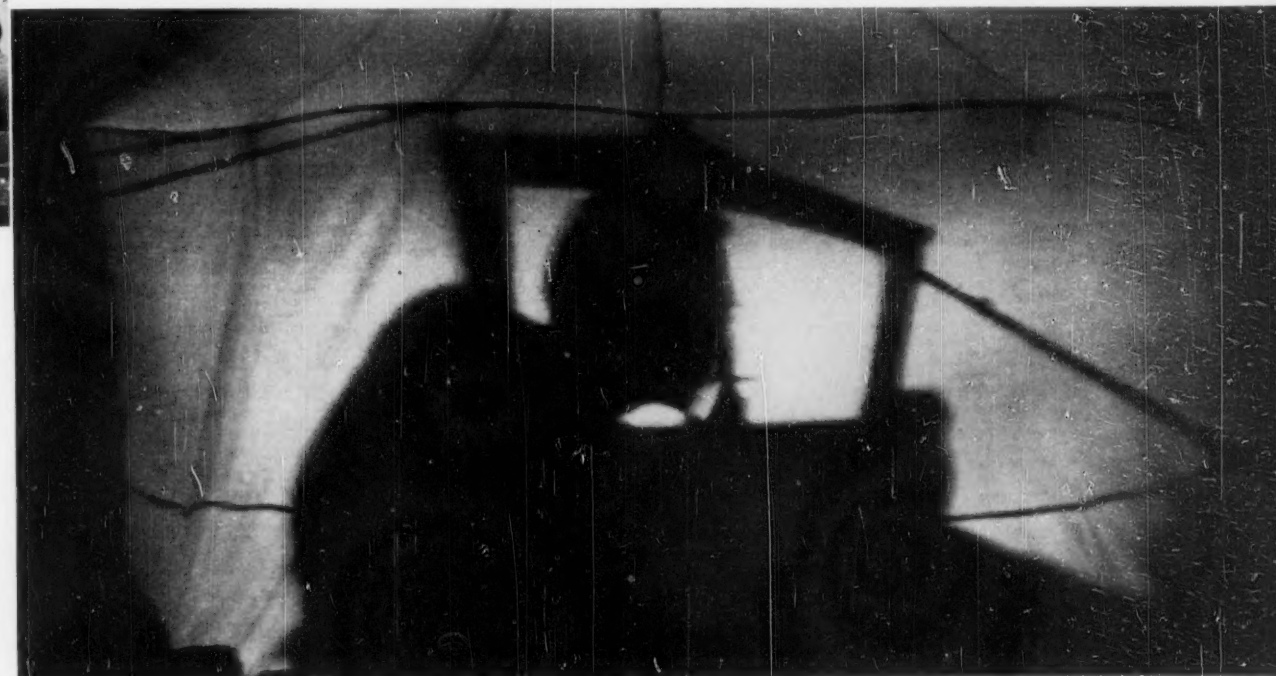


6 PM: One of the Eskimo cooks, Kananginuk, serves Porter and another journalist, Sid Lathom. At right is Ann Allatt, a New Yorker who, with her husband, is spending a year at Telek.



7:30 PM: Porter had no luck casting (at left) for Arctic char near the Telek camp, but in a nearby river he caught three weighing a total of sixteen pounds.

10 PM: Porter's sleeping tent (right) was tall enough for him to stand upright in. The tent was floored in caribou moss and contained a stove and a washstand.



TOWARD THE END of August I set off timidly for a long weekend at Telek, the first tourist resort in Canada owned and operated by Eskimos. I feared that the promised amusements might degenerate into a battle for survival against cold, hunger and charging polar bears. But I returned convinced that within a few years thousands of Canadians and Americans who are even bigger softies than I am will be booking Arctic vacations.

Although Telek is only a hundred and fifty miles south of the Arctic Circle, I rarely shivered. While I lived under canvas, I enjoyed comfort, elbow-room, cleanliness and good food. Invigorated by sea air and moved by majestic scenery, I exulted in the thrills of seal hunting and Arctic char fishing. I bought Eskimo carvings and prints directly from some of the most famous and talented artists north of sixty. A memorable felicity lay in the absence of radio, newspapers, television and telephones, and the feeling of deliverance from such headline-hunting bores as Lumumba, Miss America and the members of the Toronto City Council.

Telek is still far over the rim of civilization. It stands near Cape Dorset on the southwest tip of Baffin Island, NWT. When the resort opened in 1959 it had a bumper season of twenty male and female guests. But last summer it attracted only two visitors. Jim Houston, regional administrator at Cape Dorset for the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources, advised the Eskimo owners that the slump might be due to a lack of publicity. So, at Houston's suggestion, the Eskimos invited three other journalists and myself to try out Telek's attractions and write about them. The others, Sid Lathom of True magazine, Rosemary Gilliatt, an Ottawa photographer, and Barbara Hind, a Halifax Chronicle-Herald reporter, agreed with me at the end of the trip that Telek deserves a plug.

Telek belongs to the West Baffin Island Eskimo Co-operative, an organization designed to increase the incomes of some four hundred Arctic natives who live largely on the animals they kill. But through the WBIEC the Cape Dorset Eskimos also pool and sell fox furs, Arctic char, carvings, prints and handicrafts. At the end of last summer the WBIEC had more than twenty-five thousand dollars in its bank account. Now it is trying to increase that reserve by building up a tourist business at Telek.

We Telek-bound tourists left Montreal in a temperature of ninety degrees. The stewardess of the Nordair DC-4 told us to expect about thirty degrees on disembarkation. So, toward the end of the flight, we changed into Arctic clothing. Around midnight, after six and a half hours of

Clipped from behind in a tight turn at Harewood Acres, Ted Pope's Triumph TR-3 spins out of control, flips and kills its driver.



THE FATAL FASCINATION



Peter Ryan (at wheel) and co-driver Roger Penske, get checkered flag and trophy for winning Sundown Grand Prix at Harewood Acres, Ont., in Ryan's \$13,000 Porsche RS-60.



NOF CAR RACING

FOR THOSE WHO FIND DEATH alluring, an attitude that Freud believed is a dominant instinct in all mankind, the world now provides three sports that offer the penalty of a splendid exit for the slightest mistake. They are bullfighting, mountain climbing and car racing — and the most violent and bloody of the three is racing.

In the past three years, fifteen ace drivers have been charred, broken and crushed to death on European courses alone. Pursuing the ecstasy of the ultimate thrill to be derived from the ultimate risk, they ran out of track.

One of Canada's most promising drivers, former Canadian ski champion Peter Ryan of Mont Tremblant, Quebec, once remarked, "You live in a higher way during a race. Everything is duller afterward." He is now embarrassed that he is quoted, in explaining his switch from skiing to car racing, as saying, "In skiing, all that can happen is that you break your leg."

In Canada, where racing is a noisy child only ten years old, Harewood race circuit in southern Ontario last summer took its first life, that of a Toronto CBC television producer named Ted Pope. In the year it lasted, Pope's tragic romance with racing encompassed all the stages of the sport's Canadian history: he began by owning a sports car because he admired its jaunty appearance; next he drove in the clocked paper chases called rallies; finally he sat at the wheel of a racing car under a summer sky, with pennants and crowd a horizontal blur and the harsh, lusting roar of engines around him.

Ted Pope's death came at a time when Canadian sports-car racing is moving from the relatively safe, flat abandoned-airport tracks to courses that will be both faster and more hazardous. British Columbia already has built an elaborate track, Westwood, outside Vancouver, which attracts thirty thousand people. Ontario will open Mosport Park, sixty miles northeast of Toronto, in the spring. Eventually, it is hoped that a Canadian Grand Prix will be held at one of them, with the world's best drivers competing in the naked-wheeled pellet-bodied Grand Prix Formula One cars, which one driver explained are as difficult to handle on a dry paved road as an ordinary car is on glare ice.

As the sport grows, Canadian drivers are improving and the fastest one to date is twenty-year-old Peter Ryan. "If he lives," one authority observed matter-of-factly, "he will be good enough to race with the best in Europe."

Ryan is too impatient to wait a few years to find out if he can race with the best. This autumn he entered a race in California where he knew ten crack drivers would have cars identical to his. "I'm going to learn whether I can drive or not, if I have anything under pressure," he said. "If it turns out that I come in tenth, I'll just walk away from racing." He came in third.

Ryan is a big blond boy, lightly larded with baby fat, who has driven his thirteen-thousand-dollar Porsche RS-60 (purchased for him by a wealthy mother) to the Canadian championship in its class. In filthy tennis

Ryan at 20 is considered Canada's most promising driver — "if he lives that long." He explains his technique to driver Ludwig Heimrath and spectators,

The last and most popular of the blood sports is now taking hold in Canada. This is a report on what draws men to racing: not speed alone, but the certainty that if they spill blood it will be their own

By June Callwood

sneakers and rumpled clothing, his appearance is in contrast with the militarily precise Porsche mechanics, murmuring tersely in German, who wear the Porsche racing team costume of spotless coveralls.

When he encounters adults come to stare at the wicked lines of the low-crouching Porsche, Ryan displays the deference of a boy raised in an elite boarding school, which he was. With his contemporaries, he is sometimes brashly tactless. In a race, he is a cool madman. "He risks more than other drivers," said an official. "It is the biggest thrill you can get out of life, the biggest in the world," Ryan has observed.

Racing drivers the world over display a passion for their craft somewhere between heroism and lunacy. One of the immortals, Dr. Giuseppe Farina, survived nearly fifty crashes and always returned, fresh from casts, skin grafts and suturing, to drive even faster, lounging loosely in the cockpit while going three miles a minute.

Stirling Moss, considered the world's greatest living driver, broke his back and both legs last June in a racing accident and, though he had to be lifted into his car, was driving again within three months. He once finished a race with blood streaming from a cut in his eyeball, that he had endured for twenty laps.

A few years ago Sergio Mantovani, then twenty-five, asked to have the track at Modena, Italy, closed while he drove around it in lonely fury, at a speed that approached the lap record. He had just emerged from hospital, where a mangled leg had been removed following a crash during a race in Turin. He requested privacy, he explained, because he knew he would weep if he found he couldn't drive one-legged.

Moss once wrote: "There you are, sitting at the wheel of your car with the engine humming rhythmically and well. . . . CONTINUED ON PAGE 63





"Our volume is about \$50,000,000 a year," crows John Fienberg, seen beside his Regency Acres subdivision. "A million-dollar deal is nothing to raise a lot of hoopla about."

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The biggest little man in low-cost housing



John Fienberg modestly admits that he builds more houses for less money than anybody else in Canada. Here's how he puts them up, at \$11,415 each, and sells them off, at the top of his voice

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

JOHN D. FIENBERG, a tough-talking, cigar-smoking, watchful little man in immaculate tailoring, is chairman of Consolidated Building Corporation Ltd., a Toronto firm that claims to be, and probably is, Canada's biggest builder of low-cost houses. Since 1955, the corporation has developed subdivisions in the Toronto area at Ajax (Made for Mothers, reads one advertisement), Whitby (Yes, Dear, Your Dreams Will Come True), Scarboro (Be Kind and Wise to You and Yours), Richmond Hill (Go North, Young Man), Oakville (Further West and Still the Best), Beaumonde Heights (Ask Mrs. Wheeler — a reference to a satisfied Fienberg householder), Etobicoke (You Will Not Have to Spend One Cent More to Make Your Home a Castle), and Aurora (See the Roses of Regency Acres Bloom in the Cheeks of the Children).

Fienberg acts on the principle that if you get five thousand people out to a subdivision you're bound to sell houses to two hundred and fifty of them, and he hasn't yet run out of ideas for getting them there. Once Consolidated announced that it would build a house in twenty-four hours. The project started with a salute by six twelve-inch mortars fired by an army sergeant-major in uniform; it proceeded to the accompaniment of a brass band playing the William Tell Overture, with one of the members of Consolidated Building Corporation standing on a platform, in a spotlight, directing the operations of a hundred and forty-five workmen in baseball uniforms. The director would indicate a few bricks here, some two-by-fours there, like a conductor calling for woodwinds.

Again, when George Pearkes, the minister of national defense, suggested a do-it-yourself fallout shelter, Consolidated promptly began noisily doing it itself at its Beaumonde Heights subdivision. At Regency Acres in Aurora, Consolidated built a family fallout shelter and put a Toronto Telegram reporter and his wife in it for a week. Amid the solemn and portentous newspaper releases and headlines that read NO REFUGE FROM PERILS OF MIND; DESPONDENCY, DEPRESSION IN DARK, and SHELTER LEAKS AIR — A BRUSH WITH DEATH, the name of Consolidated Building Corporation (and its principal product, Regency Homes) kept appearing like a hotdog vendor at a summit conference.

Fienberg is a familiar figure in Toronto news columns and is frequently caught by the camera in the midst of stirring events, making deadpan, quotable statements such as "High-priced houses are a glut on the market," or perhaps standing beside a building in some old established area in Toronto, nattily dressed and smoking a cigar, over some such cutline as "John Fienberg strikes the first blow for huge new reconstruction project." If there's no picture of him striking the second blow, it's because Fienberg is by then busy on some other project just as newsworthy.

On one occasion he let it be known to the newspapers that he was dickering for mortgage money with the House of Rothschild which, according to the Toronto Star, planned to invest \$500,000,000 in Canadian real estate. A Globe and Mail editor, de-

ciding that Fienberg was appearing in the newspapers too often for coincidence, telephoned Rothschild officials in England. They said they'd never heard of Fienberg. When I mentioned this to Bill Hagon, Fienberg's publicity man and his greatest admirer, Hagon politely pulled the rug out from under me by saying, "That's quite possible." He went on to point out that not everybody in the House of Rothschild knew what Fienberg did, or, for that matter, what everyone else in the House of Rothschild did.

One time, musing on how to bring the bloom to the cheeks of more children, Fienberg called Hagon and asked him: "What would happen if I got myself accused of being a Communist, with a pipeline right to Moscow?"

Hagon told him that it would do just what Fienberg thought it would do — sell a lot of houses — but advised against it. This was a somewhat surprising bit of advice coming from Hagon, a thin, bland, friendly man with a precise garden-party English accent, who has himself reached the public relations man's state of Nirvana where reality and the press release are virtually indistinguishable.

One of Fienberg's most memorable sorties into public life was his announcement, early in 1958, that Consolidated Building Corporation was going to buy the Maple Leaf hockey team and rechristen it the Regency Rockets. The effect in certain quarters of Toronto was as if somebody in Ottawa had suddenly decided to let the Royal Canadian Mounted Police sell Frostee Freeze. There was such a commotion among Leaf fans that Conn Smythe vehemently denied that the Leafs were up for sale or ever had been. Fienberg's reaction was a disarming admission that he wanted to buy the team for publicity purposes, along with which he calmly squirted more oil on the fire: "Unless we can change the name, we wouldn't want the Leafs if they were given to us." His present attitude about the whole incident is one of Olympian unconcern, tinged with mild disappointment in Smythe's son Stafford, with whom he claims he made a deal. "Our volume is about \$50,000,000 a year," Fienberg states around his cigar. "A million-dollar deal is nothing to raise a lot of hoopla about."

Conn Smythe remains grim and silent about the whole thing. "It's a dead issue as far as I'm concerned. It was a publicity gag from beginning to end. Anything I say would just be more publicity for them."

What must be disconcerting to those who doubt the authenticity of much of Fienberg's publicity is the fact that Fienberg does build good houses and give good value. Consolidated Building Corporation's subdivisions are housing developments and no mistake; the twenty-four different designs look just like twenty-four different designs in a housing development. But in my own opinion and, I think, in Fienberg's, this will always and necessarily be the case. But the houses (Consolidated has built 6,000) are roomy and good looking, can be bought for \$949 down (\$11,415 full price), and carry for \$68 monthly payments. Regency homeowners show them with something more than satisfaction and feel that they got the best buy possible after, in many cases, a year

or more of searching the suburbs for a place to live.

I interviewed Fienberg in his huge, broadloomed office in his ten-story building on Toronto's Avenue Road, next door to his hotel, Regency Towers. He was ready to fly to New York. His briefcase was on the floor beside his chair and everything was orderly in his great expanse of office. Fienberg had a secretary bring me coffee. At first he answered questions like a man who, if not exactly misrepresented, has had too much of one side of his character played up. He cut the end off his cigar, drew on it gingerly, watching me sideways as if I'd just given it to him and he half expected it to explode. A couple of times he excused himself, stepped behind his huge bare desk and spoke over the phone in a low careful voice, holding the phone close to his chest. When showing me papers and photographs to illustrate what he was saying he reminded me of someone very skilled at card tricks. He chose his words slowly, deliberately and with hesitation, often with very formal results.

"I—feel—that—you—have—been—a—victim—of—unfair—reading—matter," he said once. At another point he said, "This raises real fury within me."

The first time I began to feel that he was relaxing a bit was when I asked him what he had to say about the monotony and uniformity of the modern low-cost housing development. His voice began to come with more volume.

"A low-cost housing development is monotonous because of savings in cost. It's easy to pretty up houses. It's also easy to pretty up the cost. It's nothing to spend \$2,000 to \$5,000 on the outside of a house. Nothing at all. I can build a bathroom for \$500. Look at the amount of money going into a garage. You build a garage and put a heater in there to put your garden equipment in. We build a carport. But I hear six times a day — why don't we build garages? The reason why is there's a lack of interest in using garages. The women won't even lift the damned door to start with. They won't shut the door when they do put the car in. My own wife blocks the driveway."

Fienberg's voice moved up another notch when I asked him about the small lots that the houses of today's developments are built on.

"I agree that the house would look better on a hundred-foot lot. Every house should be on an acre of ground. As far as I'm concerned you can have a hundred acres. Who the hell is going to pay for it? Mr. Allen, a writer, likes a hundred-foot lot. Can Mr. Allen, a writer, afford a hundred-foot lot? It's all right for Mr. Architect. Each of these architects likes to have each one of these subdivisions as an edifice to himself. And it would be an edifice, too. I can't market a house with all this jam on it. The day the architect starts buying the houses, we'll worry about what they want. In the meantime, I am not excited," Fienberg hollered, "because our customers aren't excited. We'd have a utopia here if we could all buy the kind of houses the architect thinks we should buy. But even inclusive of Russia there is a question of economics, whether you're paying in potatoes or dollars."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

A medical diagnosis of the links between alcohol and sex

Dr. Giorgio Lolli examines the reasons behind
the increasing use of alcohol among women,
and sets out an unconventional new view
of the sometimes constructive role alcohol
plays in relations between the sexes

with Sidney Katz

Q. Is alcohol a growing problem among women?

A. Yes. More women are drinking than ever before. In Canada more than six women out of ten are drinking today; in the U. S. not quite half the adult women drink. Along with the increase in moderate drinking among women, there also seems to be a rise in the number of excessive drinkers. There is now one female alcoholic to every five male addicts. In the future, I think this difference will be narrowed.

Q. Why do you think so?

A. There are a number of reasons. Perhaps one of the most important is that women are under stress because they're badly confused about their role in society. While North American women enjoy greater freedom than women anywhere else in the world, the men often have a rather distorted view of what constitutes equality of the sexes. They're willing to accept women as equals if women are willing, to a large extent, to act as men in disguise. This becomes most apparent if you examine the situation in some offices or institutions where men and women work side by side — some women tend to adopt a man's way of thinking. On the other hand, among all-female staffs I have noticed that women tend to remain feminine and maternal.

The drinking habits of contemporary North American women reflect the shock resulting from freedom very swiftly acquired, the confusion between masculine and feminine roles, and a tendency to assume masculine attitudes in order to compete successfully with men. The road from slavery to freedom is a painful one. And, for women, alcohol may relieve the discomfort temporarily.

Q. Are male and female alcoholics alike?

A. I've noticed a number of significant differences. It generally takes a man ten or fifteen years of serious drinking to become an addict. A woman is more likely to travel the road from moderate to excessive drinking in a few years. For many women the menopause is a period of depression, and they sometimes seek relief in

drink. Again, from time immemorial, women have used alcohol to alleviate the pain of menstruation.

Women are more prone than men to link their serious drinking with a crucial event in their lives — a surgical operation, a miscarriage, a divorce, loss of a job or an unhappy love affair. It's the other way around with men. Their troubles — the loss of a job or poor health — more often seem to have been a *result* of drinking.

I've also noticed that many female addicts were first taught how to drink by a husband who was a heavy drinker. The woman is at first confident that she can handle the situation by drinking with her husband — a solution that leads to her downfall. On the other hand, not many men married to alcoholic wives will drink with them.

Female alcoholics are more readily condemned and ostracized than their male counterparts. Inebriation also represents a greater personal threat to a woman. Deprived of her judgment, she loses one of her most precious gifts: the freedom to choose, with dignity, the male companionship best suited to her.

Q. Does alcohol have a place in social relations between men and women?

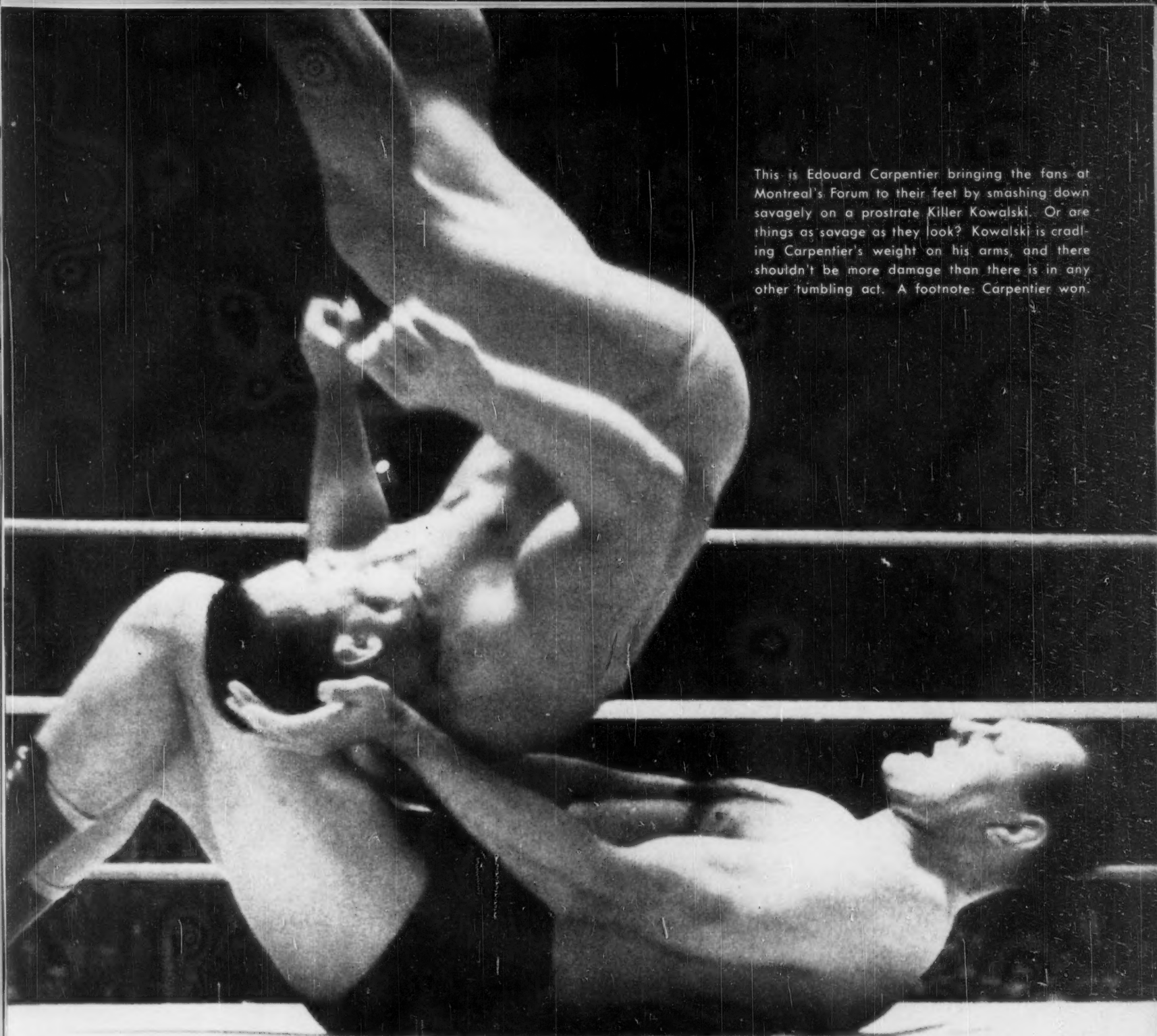
A. I think so. Moderate drinking helps strip away the hostile attitudes that so often exist between the sexes. When a man and woman have a leisurely drink together, the edge of hostilities is blunted, misunderstandings are bridged.

I recall the magazine advertisement that suggested that champagne at breakfast might be an effective remedy for a commonplace complaint: early morning discord between man and wife. This was not the hair-of-the-dog treatment. Alcohol was simply being recommended in the place of sedatives, tranquilizers or even psychotherapy. Whether or not we approve of this use of alcohol, we can't deny that the anxieties of our age may broaden its usefulness for relaxation or even for sheer pleasure.

I should add, however, that there's something more than anxiety and hostility in the modern emotional climate that impedes a warm and friendly relationship between the sexes. A tenderness taboo exists.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

GIORGIO LOLLI, MD, interviewed here by Maclean's associate editor Sidney Katz, is one of the world's leading authorities on the social effects of alcohol. He recently founded the International Centre for Psycho-Dietetics, New York and Rome.



This is Edouard Carpentier bringing the fans at Montreal's Forum to their feet by smashing down savagely on a prostrate Killer Kowalski. Or are things as savage as they look? Kowalski is cradling Carpentier's weight on his arms, and there shouldn't be more damage than there is in any other tumbling act. A footnote: Carpentier won.

IN WRESTLING all the Indians are chiefs

Mordecai Richler meets Eddie Quinn—the ringmaster of roughhouse in Montreal and half the east—and his hired hands, who work their way up in the organization until it's their turn to be champion

On July 28, 1939, the following item appeared in the Montreal Gazette:

FORUM WRESTLING TO RESUME AUG. 8

At a meeting of the Montreal Athletic Commission, yesterday morning, Eddie Quinn, of Boston, was granted a matchmaker's license as representative of the Forum in succession to Jack Ganson. . . . (Quinn) was given

permission to go ahead with the arrangements for his first big show on August 8. . . . Yvon Robert, formerly recognized locally as heavyweight champion, will appear in the inaugural program. . . .

Apparently Quinn intends to have no traffic with the "noble experiment" which was Ganson's swan song locally: that of a return to straight, scientific wrestling. Quinn stands solidly behind rip-roaring rassling with all the frills. He is not even daunted by the plethora of "champions" that infests the mat landscape. . . . Referring to Ganson's attempt to take the fun out of wrestling, Quinn said, "The public will not fall for that pink-tea stuff."

Quinn, who used to drive a taxi in Brookline, Mass., has not looked back since. Today he not only promotes all the wrestling matches at the Montreal Forum but, as he says, "I got most of Canada, Boston, thirty percent of St. Louis, and fifty percent of Chicago. Things have gone pretty fast in the last twenty years."

So fast, in fact, that Quinn has recently netted as much as a quarter of a million dollars a year from his activities. He has made wrestling the No. 2 spectator sport in French Canada, bucking hockey (the leading attraction), baseball, TV, and, this year, a provincial election.

Quinn necessarily travels a good deal, and he's a difficult man to catch up with. His offices, Canadian Athletic Promotions, are in the Forum. The first time I called there were two men seated in the outer office, Larry Moquin and somebody named Benny. Moquin, who books the wrestlers for Quinn, used to be a famous performer himself. He was a semi-pro football player when Quinn discovered him. Benny, a greying, curly-haired man-of-all-jobs, reminded me of the horseplayers I knew as a child round the Main.

Moquin and Benny were playing gin rummy. Ten-dollar bills changed hands often. The phone rang a couple of times and Moquin, his tone belligerent,



Killer Kowalski admits to Richler that he may act like a madman, but adds: "Am I mad? I earn more than \$50,000 a year. I've built up a personality. That's what I sell."



The grand sachem in the office of champions, Eddie Quinn, is a Bostonian who's risen to the top of the heap in wrestling. He works Montreal, Boston, and Chicago.

Kowalski looks pained here, but he points out that wrestlers seldom want to hurt each other. Once, however, he accidentally ripped off the ear of a colleague.

WRESTLING *continued* . .

said, "He's gone fishing. Yeah." Once Benny answered the phone, held it, and looked quizzically at Moquin. "For God's sake," Moquin said, "he's gone fishing."

Actually, I was waiting for Norman Olson to show up. Olson, one of Quinn's publicity men, had arranged to meet me at Quinn's office. The first thing he said after he came in was, "Are you here to knock us?" I told him no. Olson's a fat, swarthy man with a little black mustache. He's in his early thirties. "Eddie isn't here," he said.

"He's gone fishing," I said.

Olson laughed. "Aw, Eddie's in the pool. He's in the pool all day. On the phone. His phone bills come to two thousand dollars a month."

Quinn lives in the Town of Mount Royal, one of Montreal's more affluent suburbs. His swimming pool holds 38,500 gallons and cost him more than twelve thousand dollars. Olson got him on the line and all at once the office jumped to life. Everybody wanted to talk to Eddie, who had just come in from Chicago. "How's the Irishman?" Olson asked with a little laugh. There was a pause. "Sure," Olson said, intimidated, "I'll fix it."

Moquin, a copy of the New York Daily Mirror in his hands, grabbed the phone. "This is the office of champions," he said. "Yeah, I read Parker. Trouble is we're all chiefs here, no Indians."

Dan Parker, the Mirror's sports editor, had made a sarcastic remark in his column about Quinn's having one World's Champion wrestler in Montreal, another in St. Louis, and a third in Chicago.

"Parker doesn't like Eddie," Olson said to me. "There's more to wrestling than meets the eye. We've got all kinds of people coming here. I know one psychiatrist who never misses a match. It helps him work off tensions, he says. All day people tell him nutty things. At night he comes here. It relaxes him."

Olson was of the opinion that wrestling, like golf, had a great therapeutic value. "The immigrants come here," he said, "because it makes them feel good inside to see the Anglo-Saxon, the blond guy, get it. The French like it too, you know. It's a release for

them." He told me that television had given the sport a big boost. One-hour television shows in Detroit and Chicago, he said, outdraw all other sports. Before television, Killer Kowalski and Yukon Eric drew only fifteen hundred dollars at the gate in Chicago, but after three months of appearing on studio shows with a small invited audience, the same two performers drew fifty-six thousand dollars.

Quinn, Olson predicted, would begin to run studio shows out of Montreal as soon as his contract with the CBC ended. "These days," he said, giving the television set an affectionate slap, "you've just got to come to terms with the one-eyed monster. But it's killed the nightclubs, you know. Today only the walkers will bring them in." Walkers, he explained, are girls who take some clothes off on stage, put them on again, and then drink with the customers on commission. "I could tell you a lot about this town," Olson said.

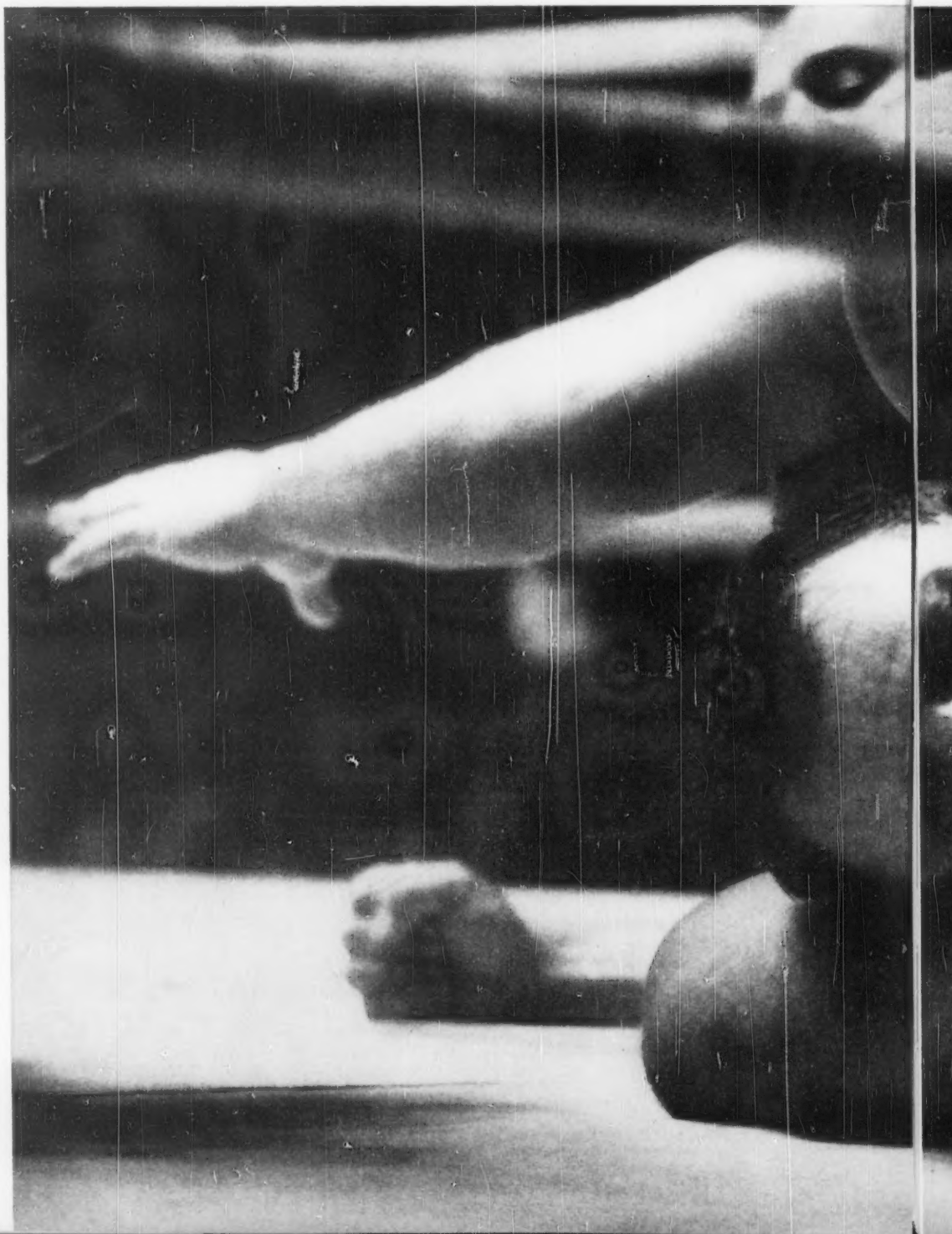
Olson gave me some wrestling magazines, tickets for the next show, and promised to arrange meetings for me with Killer Kowalski and Eddie Quinn. "Eddie's a wonderful guy," he said. "He's got a wonderful sense of humor."

In the outer office Benny and Moquin were still playing gin rummy. Moquin was losing.

"You'll like Kowalski," Olson said. "A lovable guy."

Before going to the match the next night I read up on the sport in Wrestling Revue and Wrestling News. The former, a most spirited quarterly, features biographies of top performers, action pictures, and an especially informative department called Rumors vs Fact, wherein I learned that 640-pound Haystacks Calhoun does *not* suffer from a glandular disorder (he's a big boy, that's all), that Skull Murphy does *not* rub a special kind of animal grease over his hairless head so that opponents cannot hold him in a headlock (in Skull's own words, "I use ordinary Johnson's baby oil on my head. I find it helps to prevent irritation from rubbing on the dirty canvas"), but that Princess Zelina, slave girl of the hated Sheik, *does* come from a royal family in Lebanon (her old man, living in penurious exile in London, hopes to regain his throne before long). In Wrestling News, which is actually a part of Boxing Illustrated, I was taken with a defense of girl midget wrestlers by one Buddy Lee. Mr. Lee, in a truculent piece entitled Don't Sell These Girls Short, assured his readers that those "pint-sized pachyderms, Baby Cheryl, a real toughie for one so tiny, and Little Darling Dagmar, the Marilyn Monroe of the Maulin' Midgets" were a couple of sweet kids, happy with their work.

Both magazines rated Killer Kowalski as No. 3 among the world's wrestlers. This was especially



pleasing to me as the following night I was to see the Killer battle Nature Boy Buddy Rogers for the World's Championship and an eighteen-thousand-dollar winner-take-all purse.

There were, I'd say, only about four thousand people at the Forum for the occasion. They were poor people. Many of the older ones still wore their working clothes. The teenagers, however, favored black leather jackets or blue jeans. Some had their names embossed with steel studs on their jackets.

The most engaging of the preliminary performers was one Tiger Tomasso, a terrible villain who not only eye-gouged and kicked below the belt but also bit into his opponent's shoulder when aroused.

Before the main bout a precautionary net was tied around the ring. This, I discovered, was necessary. Kowalski, a strapping six foot seven, is, all the same, a most bashful performer, given to fleeing the ring when the going gets rough. Not only that. Struck the slightest blow, he tends to whine, grimace, and even plead for mercy from his opponent. But, even so, the wily Pole made short work of the golden-haired Nature Boy and won the coveted championship belt. It was a popular win with all us non-Anglo-Saxons.

The next afternoon, back in the modest offices of Canadian Athletic Promotions, Kowalski told me, "I indulge in lots of histrionics in the ring. I shout, I

snarl, I jump up and down like a madman. Am I mad? I earn more than fifty thousand dollars a year."

Soft-spoken and articulate, Kowalski told me that he used to work on the Ford assembly line in Windsor for fifty dollars a week. He was paid more than that for his first wrestling match in Detroit and, as he says, "I quickly realized I was in the wrong business." A top performer today, Kowalski wrestles three times a week, usually for a percentage of the gate, and lives with his brother and sister-in-law in a house he bought recently in Montreal. He's thirty-three, and expects to be able to go on wrestling until he reaches his mid-forties. Meanwhile, against that retirement day, Kowalski has been investing his money in securities.

"I've built up a personality," Kowalski said, "a product, and that's what I sell. Ted Williams is no different. Why do you think he spit at the crowd that day? It's showmanship. Everything is showmanship today." Kowalski bent over and showed me a scar on his head. "Last week in Chicago," he said, "after I'd won a match, my opponent hit me over the head with a chair. You think he wanted to hurt me? He wanted to make an impression, that's all."

Olson began to stir anxiously. "You're forgetting that wrestling takes a lot of natural ability," he said.

"Sure," Kowalski said.

"You've got to keep in shape."

"The most dangerous thing," Kowalski said, "are those crazy kids. They come to the matches with clothespin guns and sometimes they shoot rusty nails at us. Once one got embedded in my side." Kowalski also pointed out that young performers, taking part in their first big match, are also a threat. "They're so nervous," he said, "they might do something wrong."

I asked Kowalski if there was any animosity among wrestlers.

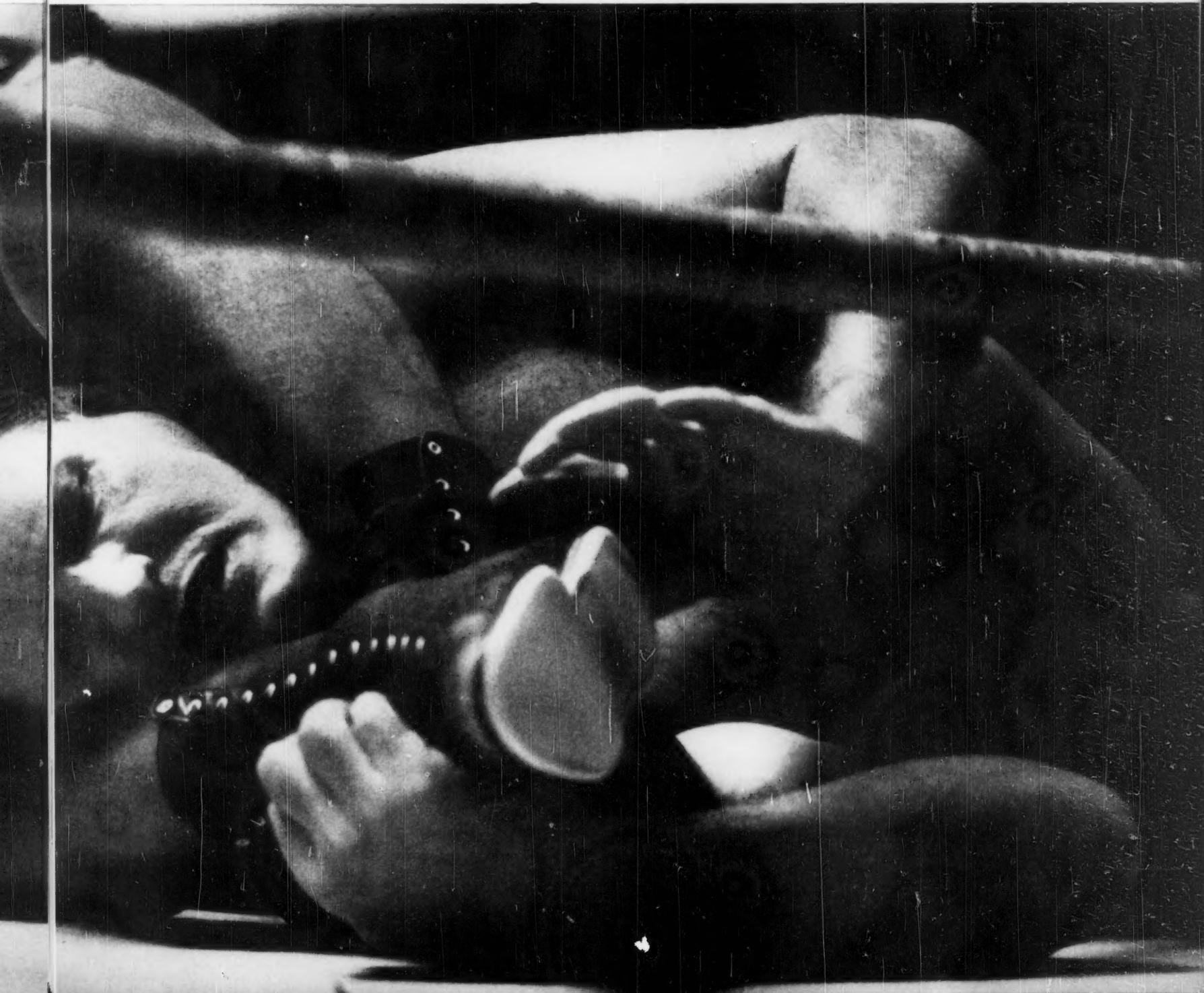
"No," he said.

"Tell him about the night here when you ripped off Yukon Eric's ear," Olson said gleefully.

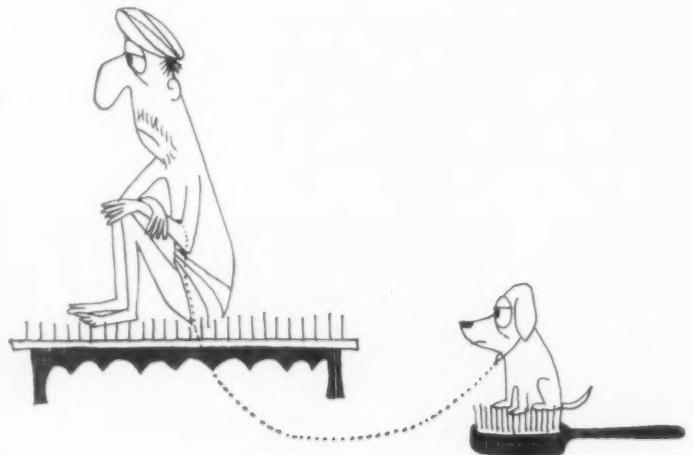
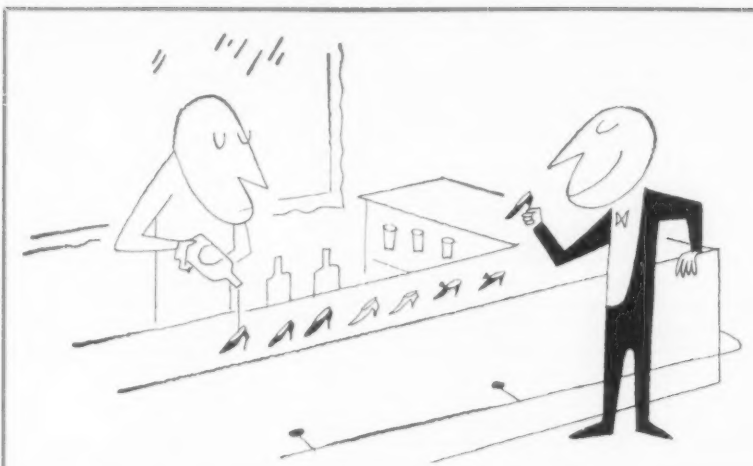
"Well," Kowalski said, "one of my specialties is to climb up on the ropes and jump down on my opponent. One night Eric slipped aside, trying to avoid me, and I landed on his ear, ripping it off. He was very upset and he fled to his dressing room. Before long the dressing room was full of reporters and relatives and fans. Finally, Eric looked up and asked for his ear. He'd forgotten it in the ring. The referee had picked it up, put it in his pocket, and by this time was showing it to all his friends at the other end of the Forum. When they got it back from him it was too late to sew it on again."

A few days later Olson arranged for me to have lunch with Eddie Quinn in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



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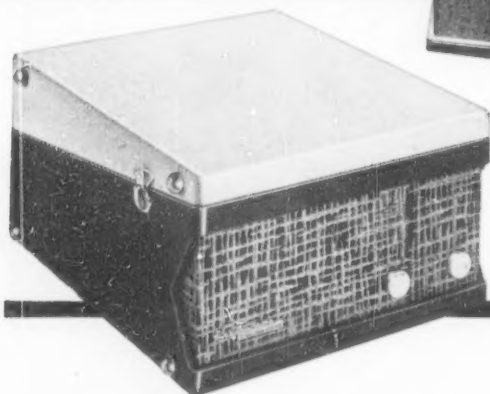
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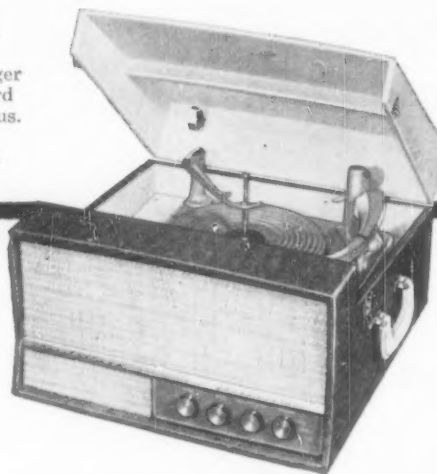
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SURPRISE PACKAGE: Noel Coward (middle) turns in one of his rare but well-done screen performances in this brisk comedy, directed in Britain by Hollywood's Stanley Donen. His role is that of a deposed and exiled ex-king living in splendor on a small Greek island. The anonymous charmer at right is one of a dozen docile house-pets in the royal ménage. Yul Brynner appears as a deported Greek-American racketeer, who gets hazardously involved with spies and assassins while he and the king are blandly trying to rob each other. Mitzi Gaynor is also prominent as the racketeer's bouncy girl-friend from Manhattan. The script, studded with rapid-fire wisecracks, is loosely based on a novel by Art Buchwald.

THE ANGRY SILENCE: The industrial tensions that were lampooned in *I'm All Right, Jack* are treated with gravity and passion in a British drama starring Richard Attenborough as the lone holdout among striking workers in a factory. He refuses to join a strike he considers unnecessary, and in retaliation he and his family are cruelly punished by his buddies. The ending is indecisive and coincidental, but perhaps easy "answers" are hard to find. Rating: good.

AS THE SEA RAGES: Despite occasional strivings toward "documentary" realism, this German-made melodrama is ludicrous without offering the compensation of being funny as well. The scene is a Greek fishing island, ruled by a one-eyed sadist (Cameron Mitchell). With Maria Schell, Cliff Robertson.

CONE OF SILENCE: The mechanical and human stresses inherent in jet-age aviation are thoughtfully explored in a British suspense story about a series of mysterious plane crashes. With Bernard Lee, Michael Craig, Elizabeth Seal.

THE CROWDED SKY: The jet age again, this time in a Hollywood opus that takes far too long to reach its exciting climax. With Dana Andrews, Rhonda Fleming, Efrem Zimbalist Jr.

I AIM AT THE STARS: Although two or three loose ends are left dangling provocatively at the finish, this is an interesting and timely story about the actual career of Werner von Braun, who calmly offered his services to Uncle Sam after several years as Hitler's top rocket scientist. Curt Jurgens ably handles the central role.

UNDER TEN FLAGS: Another unconventional German from the history books is depicted by Van Heflin, as a compassionate commander in Hitler's navy who avoided bloodshed whenever possible while sinking Allied ships in the Atlantic. Charles Laughton is the Churchillian admiral in London who directs the all-out campaign against him. Rating: good.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

The Angel Wore Red: Melodrama. Poor.
The Apartment: Romantic comedy-drama. Excellent.

Bells Are Ringing: Comedy. Good.

College Confidential: Drama. Poor.

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs: 1920s domestic drama. Good.

Doctor in Love: Comedy. Fair.

Elmer Gantry: Comedy-drama. Excellent.

Fast and Sexy: Italian comedy. Poor.

A Generation: Polish drama. Good.

Hell to Eternity: War drama. Fair.

Hiroshima, Mon Amour: French adult drama. Good.

House of Usher: Horror. Good.

Inherit the Wind: Courtroom drama. Good.

Jungle Cat: Wildlife actuality. Good.

League of Gentlemen: Comedy-thriller about perfect crime. Good.

Let's Make Love: Comedy. Good.

Light Up the Sky: War comedy. Poor.

The Lost World: Science-fiction. Fair.

Murder, Inc.: Gangster drama. Good.

Never Let Go: Crime drama. Fair.

The Night Fighters: Irish drama. Fair.

Nude in a White Car: Mystery. Poor.

Ocean's Eleven: Comedy-drama. Fair.

One Foot in Hell: Western. Fair.

Please Turn Over: Comedy. Fair.

Pollyanna: Comedy-drama. Good.

Psycho: Hitchcock horror. Good.

Royal Ballet: Dance documentary. Good.

School for Scoundrels: Comedy. Good.

Serious Charge: Adult drama. Good.

7 Ways From Sundown: Western. Good.

Song Without End: Biog musical. Good.

Strangers When We Meet: Drama. Fair.

Studs Lonigan: Slum drama. Poor.

The Subterranean: "Beat" drama. Poor.

Sunrise at Campobello: FDR biog drama. Excellent.

Time Machine: Science-fiction. Fair.

Two-Way Stretch: Comedy. Excellent.


Walk Like a Dragon: Western. Fair.

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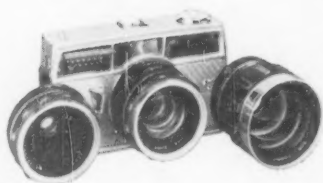


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AN-2007

In wrestling, all the Indians are chiefs

Continued from page 33

"Around here," said Eddie Quinn, "it used to be the Pope, Yvon Robert and Richard, in that order"

the Kon-Tiki Room in the Mount Royal Hotel. Quinn was already there when I arrived, with one of his referees and Olson. Quinn wore rings on both hands — one an enormous signet, the other diamond-encrusted. Chunky, with an expansive if hardbitten face, he spoke out of the corner of his mouth. "There's nothing left," he told me, "but death and taxes. They belt you here, they belt you there. I just go on to keep people working. The government takes all the money, you know." He turned to the referee. "I dropped ten thousand this morning," he said.

"You're used to it."

"That doesn't mean I like it."

"Eddie's got a wonderful sense of humor," Olson said.

"You're too fat. Hey, where's your bread?" Quinn said to the referee. Then, turning to me, he added, "We're waiting for a French chantoosie."

"She's at the hairdresser's upstairs."

"Well, go get her. We want to eat."

The referee hurried off. "Hey, what's with your name?" Quinn asked me. "Norman here says to call you Moe for short but not for long."

"Norman's too fat," I said.

Quinn laughed and slapped my knee. The referee returned with the girl, a blonde. "Meet the Freedom Fighter," Quinn said. "She was Miss Europe. She worked with Chevalier. She can't sing, either."

The referee laughed very loud.

"Say hello to Mr. Richler," Quinn said to the girl. "Hey, waiter. Another round of the same." The waiter handed Quinn a menu. "How do you order this stuff?" Quinn asked, and he made some loud unintelligible sounds that were supposed to sound like Chinese. The Chinese waiter smiled thinly. "Just bring us lots of everything," Quinn said, and then he turned to me. "You like this food? Looks like it's been through a sawmill. Hey, waiter, if you don't know what to get us just call the health board and ask them to recommend something."

"Eddie's a natural-born kibitzer," Olson said.

I asked Quinn about Yvon Robert, the most popular performer ever to wrestle in Quebec. "Around here," Quinn said, "it used to be the Pope, Robert, and Maurice Richard. In that order."

"There was only one Dempsey," the referee said, "and one Robert."

"Robert was great great," Olson said.

We talked about wrestling some more. Quinn, who has a phenomenal memory for facts, told me the exact time, take, and place of his biggest bouts. In 1959 he drew ten thousand people to the Forum with a novel attraction, boxer vs wrestler. Former World's Heavyweight Champion Jersey Joe Walcott took on Buddy Rogers, the Nature Boy. Rogers dived for the canvas immediately and seldom rose higher than a low crouch. In the first round Walcott shook the wrestler with a hard right and seemed to have him nearly out, but in the third Rogers got at Walcott's legs and Walcott quit.

Quinn's biggest gates came from the three Robert matches with the incompar-

able Gorgeous George. George's gimmicks included long curly hair that he had dyed blond and a female valet who used to spray the ring with perfume before the wrestler himself deigned to appear. Religious leaders objected to the gorgeous one's effeminate antics and brought pressure to bear on Montreal cops, and George never wrestled in the Forum again.

I asked Quinn about midget wrestlers. "The crowd loves 'em," he said.

The girl who had sung with Chevalier took out some photos of herself and handed them around. She explained she had to take the photos to a theatrical agency round the corner and asked Quinn if he would accompany her.

"Delivering pictures is Benny's department," Quinn said. He seized a linen napkin, wrote a phone number on it with a ballpoint pen, and handed it to the girl. "Call Benny," he said. "Hey, waiter," Quinn made some more Chinese-like sounds, "the bill." He didn't look at the amount. Turning to me, he said, "Shall I sign it Eddie Quinn, the Men's Room?"

I smiled.

"We must meet again and talk," he said. "Come to the pool one day. Norman will fix it."

"Sure thing," Norman said.

On the way out we ran into the girl. She told Quinn she owed the bellboy a dime for the phone call. "Here, kid," Quinn said, and he handed the boy a dollar.

"Couldn't we all walk there?" the girl asked Quinn once more.

"Walking is Benny's department. I only walk as far as elevators."

A couple of nights later I went to another wrestling match, this time at the small Mont St. Louis Gym. There wasn't much of a crowd, but those who did turn



MACLEAN'S



Caron

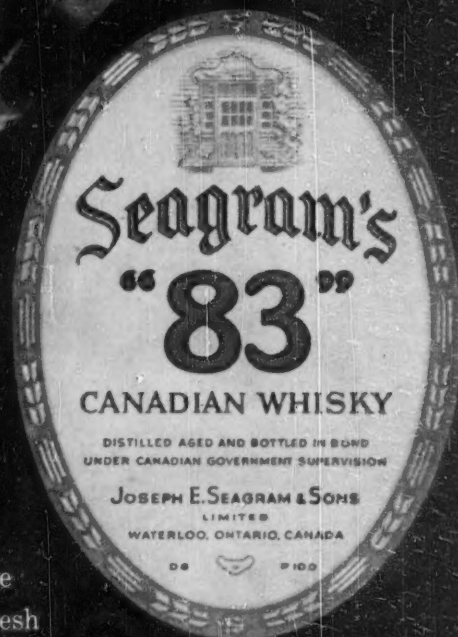
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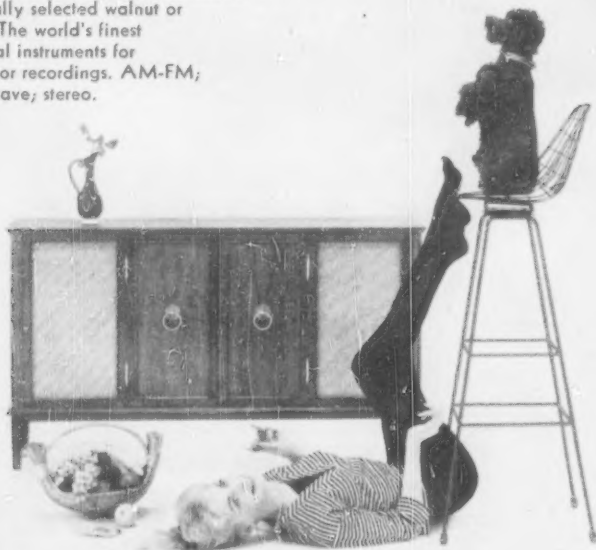


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up were fierce. There were several fist fights. One fan attempted to break a chair over Killer Kowalski's back. On the whole, though, this was an evening of pitiful performances. Wrestlers, like actors, need a big, responsive audience. Only Tiger Tomasso, by this time my favorite, put on a good exhibition. He is a dedicated performer.

I was lucky enough to meet the Tiger a week later. I met him accidentally.

I had asked Olson if, once the wrestlers started to travel on the summer circuit, I could drive with one of them to Three Rivers. Olson arranged for Ovide Asselin, a former Mr. Canada, to take me out. Asselin picked me up at four in the afternoon and we drove to a road junction, outside town, where we were to meet another wrestler, Don Lewin. While we were waiting two other cars, both Cadillacs, pulled up and out stepped Tiger Tomasso, Eddie Auger, Maurice Lapointe, and three other wrestlers who were on the card that night. I immediately went up to chat with the Tiger.

A thin crowd, a poor show

Tomasso told me that he used to work in a hotel in Hamilton. All the wrestlers used to stay there, and he began to work out with them. Finally, he went into the game. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

I explained that I was writing an article for Maclean's. Two pretty girls in shorts walked past.

"That's the only kind of article I'm interested in," Tomasso said.

Finally Lewin, a surly ex-marine, arrived, and he, Asselin, and I drove off together. Lewin was suspicious of me and wouldn't talk much. He was also extremely tired. He had worked in Buffalo the previous night and had been driving all day to make the date in Three Rivers. It was a difficult drive, and I was glad to arrive. Lewin had made it clear, too, that I would have to find other transportation back to Montreal.

There was only a thin crowd at the seedy little arena in Three Rivers and Lewin, excusably, pulled his opponent out of the ring after five minutes of indifferent wrestling, and held him there long enough to be disqualified. Moquin, the booker, arranged for me to be driven home by a young French-Canadian boy who had taken part in a tag-team match earlier in the evening. His side, the villainous one, had lost.

The wrestler had taken a bad fall and

on the drive back to Montreal he kept rubbing his back. He seemed tired too. "Tomorrow," he said. "I have to go to Hull. I'm working there."

"Don't you guys ever take a month off?"

He explained that you had to be available when a promoter wanted you; otherwise you were considered unreliable. "It's a dangerous profession," he said. "My insides are all shaken up. You take your life in your hands each time you step in the ring." He had wrestled for a long time in Florida and a Puerto Rican fan had once knifed him. "But that's a good territory," he added. "They liked me there. The worst was the west." Once, he told me, he had driven four hundred and fifty miles each way to make matches in two western cities. Four wrestlers, taking turns at the wheel, had made the trip there and back within a day. "The worst things," he said, "are canvas burns. They're extremely painful and we all get them. Sometimes they last a week, other times a month."

"I used to sell cars," he said. "I could always go back to that. I like meeting the public."

Like all the other wrestlers I met, he talked a good deal about cars. On the road so much, working in different towns three, four times a week, wrestlers burn up their cars quickly. Indeed, back home again with a quiet drink and no need to drive to Hull, of all places, the next morning, I was struck by the idea of these men constantly on the road; a network of wrestlers criss-crossing North America, taking turns at the wheel on the turnpike and the throughways, stopping here for a coffee, there for a tag match, somewhere else for a swim, avoiding territories where they are not liked, trying a villainous act in Calgary and playing the clean-cut boy in Tampa, and always searching for the promoter who can build them into stars.

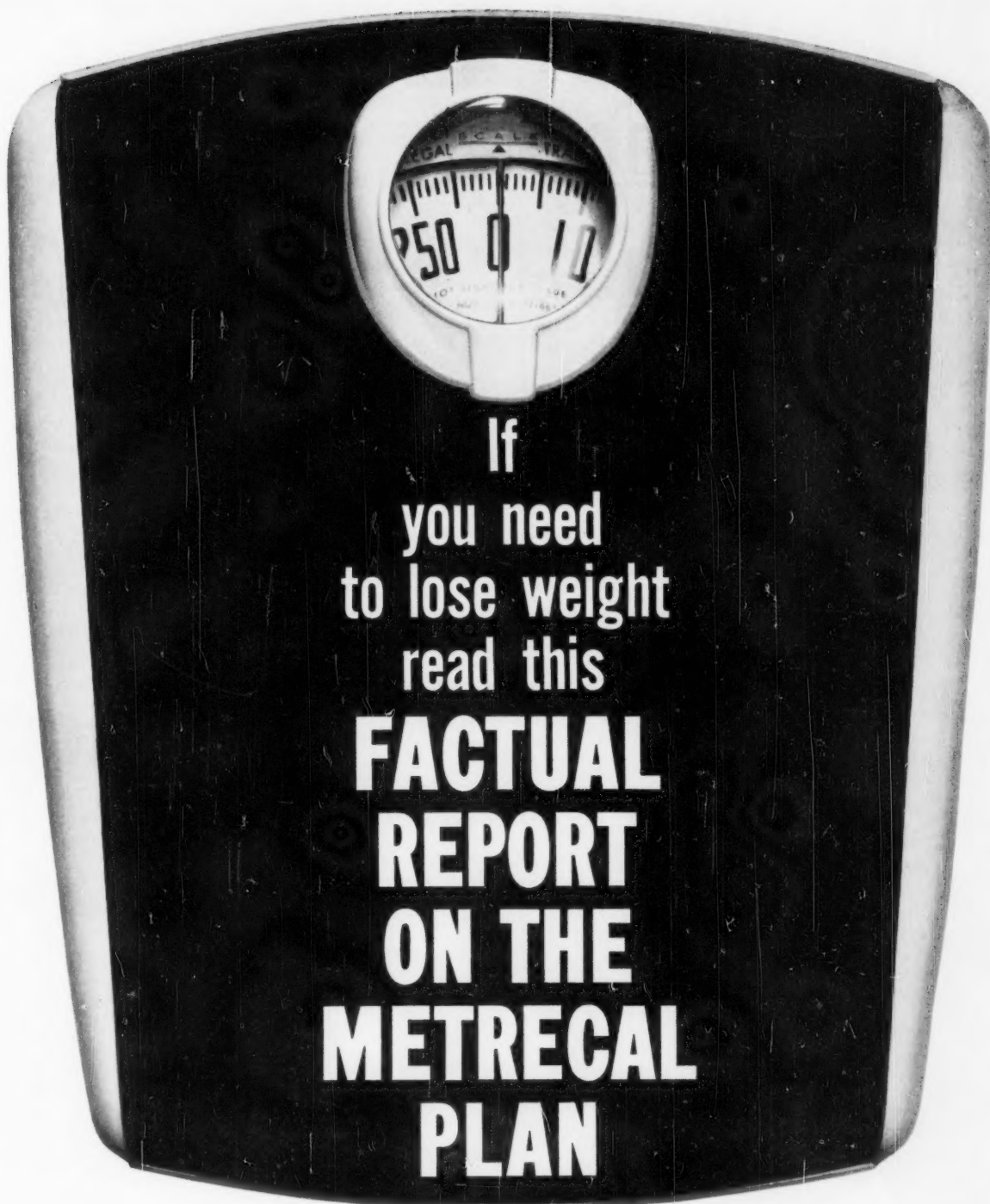
It's far too easy, I think, to ridicule wrestling and wrestlers. In many ways wrestlers provide a cleaner, better show than boxers. Because there is no book-making involved, there is little underworld interest in wrestling. Another virtue, it seems to me, is that few performers ever get seriously hurt. They can retire with unaddled brains and maybe a little money.

Nobody will ever describe my travelling companion as (to quote Olson) great. But he works harder than most for his ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year, his job is risky, and, in my opinion, he comes by his money honestly. ★



MACLEAN'S

my-fans



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Will it satisfy the appetite?

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Is it expensive?

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HMCS St. Laurent's race to rescue the enemy

Continued from page 21

When the RAF pilot discovered we were rescuing Germans, he could only say, "How bloody funny"

boat that circled above us during the operation that we were picking up enemy prisoners, and the pilot summed up our feelings neatly: "How bloody funny," he replied.

Less than a year before, the Arandora Star had been one of the most luxurious cruise liners in the world, with elegant ballrooms, cocktail bars, swimming pools and all the paraphernalia that serve to make an ocean voyage the most romantic of vacations.

When war broke out she was transformed into a troop carrier, stripped of expensive furnishings, painted a functional battleship grey and equipped to carry nearly 2,000 troops in quarters originally designed to please 400 fare-paying passengers.

At the same time the British authorities were undertaking another necessary, if slightly repugnant, act of war — the rounding up of thousands of enemy aliens who had lived and worked in England for many years without ever bothering to become naturalized.

Among them were famous chefs and maitres d'hôtel from the finest clubs and restaurants in London's West End, stage and screen celebrities and respected businessmen. As there was neither the time nor the organization to weed out the obviously innocent from the potentially dangerous, they were confined in camps until some effective screening process could be devised.

Then France surrendered and the British, faced with the threat of invasion and

subjected to the blitz, could no longer guarantee the safety of the enemy aliens in the United Kingdom.

By arrangement with our own government in Ottawa it was decided to send them to internment and prisoner-of-war camps in Canada, an arrangement that also served to rid Britain of a possible fifth column in her rear should the Germans decide to invade.

The Germans and Italians could hardly complain. They would exchange a bleak, uncertain existence in bombed, rationed and blacked-out Britain for comparatively easy imprisonment in a land of safety and plenty. Of course, to reach Canada they would have to cross the Atlantic, constantly menaced by their own bombers and U-boats.

The first 1,500 of these civilian internees were sent to Liverpool and herded aboard the Arandora Star. Normally, there would have been no particular hardship involved in the passage; but by mischance they were joined by nearly a hundred prisoners of war — Nazi merchant seamen and U-boat personnel — who were officially regarded as determined and dangerous men.

For this reason unusually stringent precautions were imposed to prevent a breakout at sea aimed at taking control of the ship. Two hundred British army guards were put aboard and barbed-wire fences were erected to confine the prisoners to their quarters below decks.

These fences were strung down both sides of the ship and across her decks.

JASPER

By Simpkins



"It's their mating call. A lot like yours, isn't it?"



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They not only formed an impregnable barrier between the prisoners and the liner's crew but also barred access to the lifeboats.

While I have no personal knowledge of what took place before she sailed, I have since learned that she became an escape-proof floating prison camp. Apparently, her captain protested strongly to the military authorities in Liverpool that the barbed wire would make a death trap of the ship if she were torpedoed.

His protests must have been unavailing, if prophetic, because the Arandora Star sailed independently for Canada on July 1, 1940, relying on her speed and constant zigzagging to avoid U-boat attack.

That same day, U-47, commanded by Kapitänleutnant Günther Prien, who nine months earlier had startled the world by penetrating the British Home Fleet anchorage at Scapa Flow to sink the battleship Royal Oak, was returning to her Biscayan base after a three-week Atlantic patrol. Prien's only remaining torpedo was defective and his crew worked on it all night in the hope that it could be put to good use before they reached harbor. At 4 a.m. on July 2, the torpedo was repaired. Two hours later, Prien brought U-47 to periscope depth for his dawn check around the horizon.

To his astonishment, a liner was steaming smack into the crossed hairs of his periscope lens — and she was alone.

He wrote in his official report: "We were in a perfect position to attack with our last torpedo. I prayed it would work. After I gave the order to fire we waited, counting the seconds. They slipped by with painful slowness . . . Then suddenly, right amidships, a column of water rose above the target's masthead and immediately afterwards we heard the crash of the detonation. In great haste, some lifeboats were launched and hundreds of heads bobbed in the water . . . we retreated underwater."

As dawn broke that day, the 15,305-ton Arandora Star was steaming at fifteen knots about a hundred miles west of Northern Ireland. It was a perfect summer's morning with a cloudless sky, brilliant sun and a light southerly wind — if you had to be torpedoed you couldn't wish for more ideal conditions.

Most of the prisoners, the guards and the liner's crew — in all about 2,000 men — were still asleep. Then U-47's last torpedo crashed through the thin steel hull on the starboard side and exploded in the engine room. It was exactly 6.15 a.m.

Two minutes later the engine room was flooded to sea level, the main generators were out of action, the ship plunged into darkness and all communications had broken down. Bulkheads buckled under the weight of water, which poured through the ship in pursuit of frantic prisoners scrambling up iron ladders toward the boat deck.

According to reports, their flight came to an abrupt halt at the barbed wire. The front ranks were pushed against the fences, which they tried to tear down with their hands. In those first few terrible minutes five hundred men died in their bunks, while dozens more, overwhelmed by panic, thrashed at the wire and became hopelessly enmeshed.

At this point the British guards behaved magnificently, hacking down the fences with bayonets and channeling the prisoners to the deck where the crew were trying to launch those lifeboats that had escaped damage.

Here there was more chaos as the prisoners, in sight of possible safety, tried to take control of the boats. Not knowing how to handle davits or rope falls,

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they merely brought about the destruction of more boats and the loss of their occupants. Of the available lifeboats, only ten got away with about sixty men apiece.

The liner's crew threw about forty rafts over the side and shouted to the prisoners to jump after them. The internees, numbed and afraid, refused. At 7.20 a.m. there was no longer any choice. The Arandora Star lurched heavily to starboard, tossing hundreds of prisoners into the sea, and then slid slowly beneath the surface.

Not quite a hundred miles to the south, the St. Laurent was part of a destroyer screen protecting the British battleship Nelson, bound for the Mediterranean. We picked up the stream of SOS messages from the Arandora Star and I wondered if the Nelson would detach a destroyer to the liner's assistance.

I had my answer at 11 a.m. when we were called up by the flagship and told to proceed to the scene with utmost dispatch. We turned away from the fleet and headed northward to what I thought would be just another search for a handful of survivors. It would take us two and a half hours at full speed to reach the position last signalled by the Arandora Star, and I was sure other ships would be there before us.

Some time later, a Sunderland flying boat came in sight and flashed the news that the sea ahead was littered with survivors. The pilot told us he had been circling the area for two hours, dropping ration kits, first-aid outfits and cigarettes and matches in watertight bags. He offered to direct us and we headed to a point on the horizon where he began circling again.

Black blobs floated aimlessly

Few who served with me in the St. Laurent will ever forget the fantastic sight that greeted us at 1.30 p.m. As I gave orders to reduce speed, the engines ceased their throbbing and the vast silence of the Atlantic closed in about us. Only a gentle swell disturbed the surface of the sea. On the horizon a bank of creamy clouds towered skyward like some distant range of snow-covered mountains. No other ship was in sight. There was nothing, only a huge circular patch of black, oil-covered water about three miles in diameter in which hundreds of black blobs floated aimlessly in the dazzling sunlight.

We were appalled at the number of blobs in the water, hundreds of them, seemingly lifeless, weighed down and blackened by thick coatings of heavy fuel oil. Wreckage was everywhere — cabin doors, deck chairs, tables, bundles of clothing, even empty suitcases washed from the liner while still empty because their owners had died before they could be filled.

The rafts were empty, but clinging to their sides were more blobs. I learned later that the survivors were too weak to lift the weight of their oil-sodden clothes into these rafts.

I ordered our four boats away and spread my officers along the decks to supervise embarkation of the living. There would be no time for the dead. Ropes and scramble nets were slung down our sides and the immense work of rescue began. I had no idea how many could be saved; nor did I know how many the St. Laurent could take and still remain afloat as a fighting ship.

Whatever had to be done, we had to do it quickly. We would be at slow speed, sometimes stopped, and therefore a sitting duck for a U-boat. Our asdic opera-



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Firestone "TOWN & COUNTRY"

tors maintained a constant all-round sweep as I nosed the St. Laurent slowly into the oily waters among the survivors.

A few yards away to port a long wooden bench, of the kind liners provide on deck for passengers, floated upside down. Sitting on it, close together in a row, were three men, hunched forward with their heads bent down toward their knees. They were covered with oil — perched there for all the world like three sleeping black owls.

Tiny ripples of water fanned out from our bows, rocked the bench slightly, and

the three figures toppled forward and vanished. We did not see them again.

Beyond the perimeter of the oil patch lay the lifeboats, herded together. One was a motorboat and it spluttered toward us with the others following under oars. When it pulled alongside the prisoners were too weak to climb our scramble nets and our own men had to clamber down, place ropes round their shoulders and heave them inboard.

By the time the motorboat was empty, the other boats arrived. The awful business of pulling each man aboard was

taking longer than I had anticipated and I was concerned at being stopped for so long — a tempting target if a U-boat should feel inclined to attack.

The state of the survivors hampered us further on deck. Oil seeped from their clothes and spread over the decks so that it was difficult to maintain a footing. Some of the survivors were fully dressed, others wore overcoats over pyjamas, but in each case the man had to be stripped and his clothes thrown overboard.

Many had swallowed large quantities of fuel oil; it clogged their throats, mak-

ing breathing difficult. They could barely speak and we had no doctor aboard, only a sick-bay attendant. Efforts to clean the oil from their bodies were pretty unsuccessful because it is almost out of the question to give a man a strenuous rub-down when he is dying of oil asphyxia-tion.

One of my officers had some five-gallon kegs of rum brought on deck and tried giving a mugful to each survivor as he came over the side. This made them sick and the result was an even worse mess on deck.

About a hundred had been pulled aboard before word reached the bridge that we were, in fact, saving the enemy. I asked about the men manning the Arandora Star's boats, then returning to help our own boats, and I was told they were members of the liner's crew. Although in not much better shape than the prisoners, they worked splendidly, making trip after trip among the seemingly endless groups of blobs.

I noticed that most of the survivors were elderly men, incapable of withstanding the rigors of shipwreck for prolonged periods. They were much too weak to swim and they had been kept afloat by their cork lifejackets. The Atlantic can be bitterly cold, even in summer, and these men had been immersed in it for at least seven hours.

The only one who climbed aboard by himself stood erect on deck and demanded to see the captain. He was brought to the bridge and introduced to me as a Major Dury, second-in-command of the British guards. He explained what had happened aboard the Arandora Star and asked that those of the "most dangerous" prisoners of war who might have survived should be confined under guard. The result was that our No. 1 boiler room became an impromptu jail packed with forty-odd prisoners of war with an armed sentry outside.

The rescue fell into a logical pattern. While the lifeboats fished amid the wreckage for survivors, I took the St. Laurent on wide asdic sweeps around the area before returning to stand by as close to the lifeboats as possible.

All officers and men, myself included, emptied lockers, suitcases and kitbags of every article of personal clothing and distributed it among the shivering survivors. There was not nearly enough. Four men died during the night and their bodies were removed to a gun platform.

Meanwhile the messdecks were overflowing. The officers' quarters came next — ten to a single cabin, seventeen to a double and more than sixty in the ward-room. Then the cooks started to ladle out hot, meat-filled stew, using tin mugs, plates and every conceivable container. A murmur ran through the ranks of the survivors. How, they asked each other, were these Canadians able to produce so fine a stew in so short a time for so many people? Half a dozen Italian chefs made their way to the galley and volunteered to help. They gaped at the rows of pots filled with chunks of meat. It was all quite bewildering to them.

In no time at all the story was put about that we had performed a second Miracle of the Loaves and the Fishes. None of us disillusioned the survivors by telling the truth. Early that morning our refrigeration gear had broken down and without it our entire supply of fresh meat would have gone bad. I had given orders for it to be cooked and the galley staff had filled every pot and pan they could find. It had been simmering merrily ever since.

By 4 p.m. the St. Laurent was beginning to feel dangerously overloaded. If anything was to cause a panicky dash

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from one side of the ship to the other, she might capsize. All living quarters were crammed; even the boiler and engine rooms had taken their share, and the less fortunate survivors sat or lay in ranks along the upper deck.

Only the dead and wreckage remained in the water. The Sunderland, which had stayed with us throughout the afternoon, signalled that he was returning to base and we began a last search of the area.

This was nearly finished when the British destroyer Walker arrived with an offer to take some of our survivors. I rejected the proposal because the transfer would have meant another long delay in the area and the enemy could not be expected to leave us alone much longer. In addition to this, the survivors needed medical care urgently; many lives would depend on our getting back to harbor quickly.

Had we been attacked by aircraft or U-boats we could not have fought our ship. Movement on deck was downright dangerous, with men packed tight from

ready to sign armistice terms with anyone. As they prepared to go ashore they were inspired to signify their appreciation to the ship and could think of no better way than several choruses of *There'll Always Be an England*. Somehow, the bayonets seemed less menacing.

The army counted 861 survivors and when they were all ashore I made a painful inspection of my ship. She was in a dreadful state. Shore-based working parties, accompanied by about twenty Scottish charwomen, tried to make our living quarters and messdecks habitable

again. Weeks passed before we were rid of the stifling smell of oil and vomit.

Much to our surprise we received an early expression of thanks from the Italians. On September 17, 1940, they sent a message to Ottawa through the Brazilian Embassy in London asking that their "profound gratitude be conveyed to the officers and crew of the Canadian destroyer St. Laurent . . . for all they did in their endeavor to save the shipwrecked . . ."

An unexpected and pleasant postscript came seventeen years later. In November

1957, Rear-Admiral Bernhard Rogge, the regional commander of the German defense forces, told visiting Canadian officers of the new St. Laurent at Kiel that the German president, Dr. Theodor Heuss, wanted him to thank the officers and men of the old St. Laurent.

"Only by the brave and unselfish work of the crew and the ship's command," he said, "and in spite of the danger from German submarines, could 861 German and Italian shipwrecked people be saved. The German nation . . . will not forget this rescue operation. . . ." ★

why
do
you
have
to work,
mom?



Günther Prien, U-47's captain, sank liner and drowned many of his countrymen.

stem to stern and the decks themselves covered with a mess of oil and filth. Ropes were slung to prevent the weaker survivors from slithering overboard with the rolling of the ship, and then I stopped all traffic on the upper deck.

I had to remember that although our passengers looked harmless enough, they were still prisoners. At dusk sentries were placed at strategic points throughout the ship and the only men allowed to move about freely were our sick-bay attendant and two enemy doctors—Dr. Ruhemann, a German, and Dr. Otvos, an Austrian. Exhausted as they were, these two worked throughout the night until all our medical supplies were exhausted.

I had signalled my expected time of arrival to Greenock and when we docked at 6.30 a.m. the next day we found the military authorities were taking no chances. What looked like a whole regiment lined the docks with bayonets fixed. This obviously ludicrous situation developed into pure comedy with the sound of singing from the wardroom.

One of my officers had been comforting the prisoners there throughout the night with a jar of rum. Now they were



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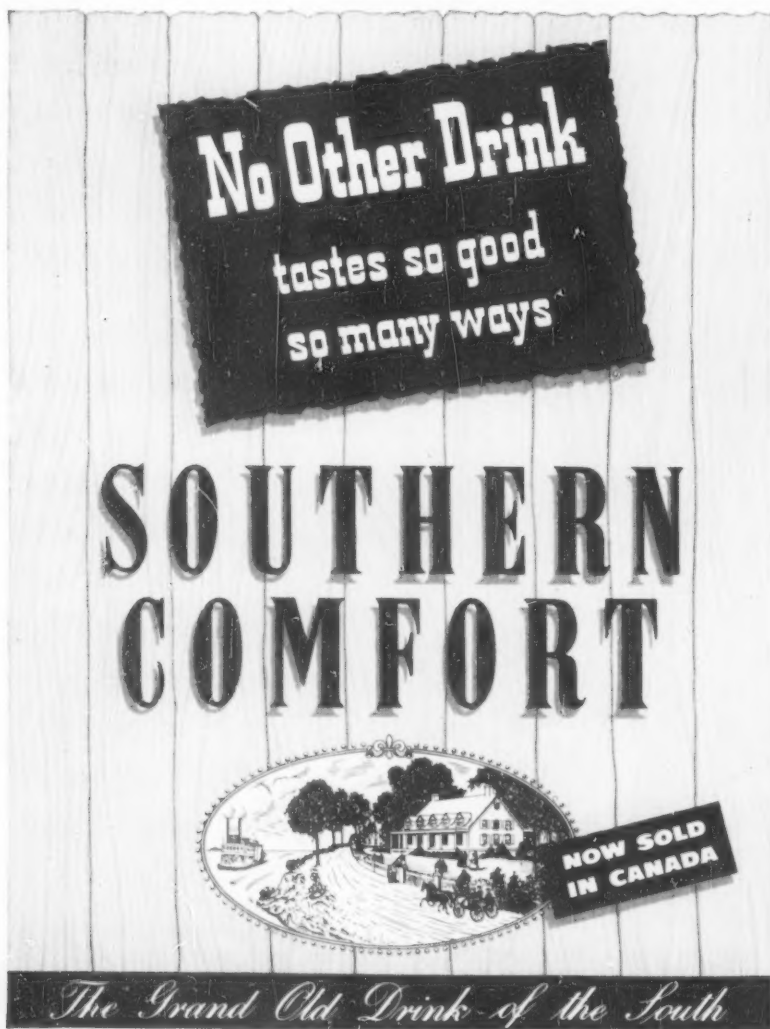
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Biggest little man in low-cost housing

Continued from page 29

He set off for Japan with a \$500 letter of credit and, to pay expenses, a suitcase of rabbits' feet

Fienberg is forty-three, the son of Lithuanian immigrants. He was born and raised in a lower-class Jewish neighborhood in Toronto known as the Ward.

"In those days an immigrant was so grateful for the chance to live here he worshipped the country. He wanted to give it something. Today the attitude is 'Where's the job?'"

While camping one summer at Jackson's Point on Lake Simcoe with some other youths, he spotted the first of a long line of business opportunities — a vacant hotdog stand. He and a school friend, Al Waxer, made a deal to rent it from the owner, an Italian named Battaglia. They had refreshments put in on consignment, and, the first summer, the two boys cleared \$150. They talked Battaglia into building and equipping a bigger refreshment stand. In the next few years, they began clearing \$1,000 each during their summer holidays from Harbord Collegiate, and Fienberg, still in his teens, started hitchhiking around nearby Toronto resort areas looking for more vacant hotdog stands. He opened up twelve. He got students to operate them for him at fifty percent of the profit.

"The hungriest students were the medical students. I've got one of the highest records of sponsoring medicine in Canada. A lot of these people now rent offices in my building."

"I used to hitchhike around with a paper sack picking up the money. Monday morning I'd go to the Bank of Montreal at Manning and College streets. This is how I got established with the Bank of Montreal."

Fienberg started hitchhiking to New York and Chicago to buy novelty merchandise for his stands — rabbits' feet with key chains, postcards of Royal Canadian Mounted Police, souvenir cups and saucers. He stayed at the YMCA for fifty cents a night, paid cash in advance for his merchandise, and had it shipped to an office at Adelaide and Simcoe Streets in Toronto that he rented for \$15 a month under the name of American Distributors and Importers. He also began

wondering why he was paying \$1,000 to get \$500 worth of Japanese-made merchandise from the United States into Canada, and decided it would be a lot smarter to buy it in Japan. One day he went to the Bank of Montreal and asked for \$500 loan, got it without hesitation in the form of a letter of credit, packed a suitcase full of rabbits' feet to pay expenses, and started hitchhiking in the general direction of Japan.

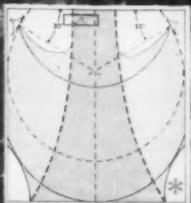
"I finished up at Banff Springs. How the hell I got up there I don't know. I spent a couple of days there swimming. It wouldn't have taken much to make me go into the hotel business."

Part of Fienberg's sales talk, when peddling his rabbits' feet to cigar-store operators, was that by buying from Fienberg who was already there with the rabbits' feet the purchaser avoided freight charges. The argument seemed to work: when he hitchhiked the rest of the way to Vancouver and boarded a collier to Japan, he still had his letter of credit intact. He claims that because of his experience in cooking hamburgers he got a berth on the freighter as short-order cook.

He went to Nagoya, an industrial city west of Tokyo, and found the kind of pottery shop he had in mind, but instead of buying \$500 worth of merchandise he bought the shop, which was operated by one family. Fienberg still has a photograph of himself sitting on the floor in a kimono with a remarkably handsome Japanese family, and looking remarkably handsome himself. He showed it to me but when I reached for it, my fingers closed slowly on air and he was putting it away.

Back in Canada Fienberg, as the newly formed Oriental Importing Company, began importing not only pottery from his own pottery shop but also from other Japanese potters, and, as the newly formed Metropolitan Supplies, selling it to Woolworth's. In the meantime, he had done so well with his refreshment stand at Wilcocks Lake that the owner asked him why he didn't buy the twelve adjoining





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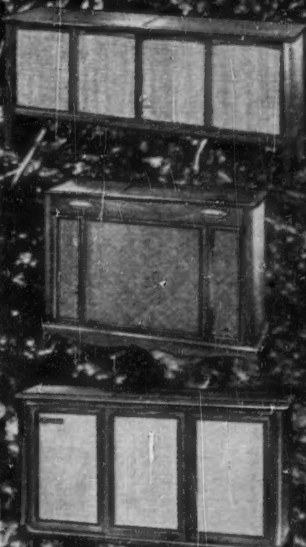
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*Conventional stereo can be heard to best effect only in centre section. But RCA Victor Total-Sound Stereo, with extension speakers, extends area of excellent perception to fill virtually the entire room, as shown by overall pattern.

ing cottages and country villa and pay for them through the rent he collected. Fienberg made the deal without having to put up any cash, and operated the cottages so successfully that the same man asked him how he'd like to buy an apartment house on Vaughan Road in Toronto on the same basis. Fienberg bought it for \$100,000. He had added to his chain of refreshment stands by now; still in his early twenties, he owned: (1) American Distributors and Importers, (2) Metropolitan Supplies, (3) the Oriental Importing Company, (4) a country villa, (5) sixteen refreshment stands, (6) a pottery in Japan, and (7) an apartment house.

"By this time I'd learned to do business in hundreds of thousands of dollars. I could see that all it required was a little ambition. I bought another apartment house at Woodbine and Queen, for \$100,000. I still have it. I keep it as a memento."

When the Liquor Control Board of

Ontario planned to move from the premises it rented at Church and Lombard streets in Toronto, Fienberg bought the building for \$65,000 as a warehouse for his pottery. The Liquor Control Board changed its mind and decided to stay, and the original owner of the building, Fienberg says, offered him \$150,000 for it. He sold it and later appeared at a hearing of the Income Tax Appeal Board, held in camera ("Which I didn't even know what was meant, in camera"), to appeal a tax ruling on his profits. Judge Fabio Monet, looking at the youthful Fienberg and listening to a recital of his acquisitions, said (according to Fienberg): "How the hell would someone give you a building for nothing? This story is getting more farfetched all the time." Nevertheless, Fienberg was successful in his appeal; the profit was ruled to be a capital gain, and he received a rebate cheque for \$58,900.

By this time he had become interested in real estate. He took a correspondence

course in appraising, and when making appraisals for mortgage companies watched building operations. He paid particular attention to the inefficiency he saw on jobs.

"I'd speak to builders asking them why there was no pre-cut lumber. A carpenter takes a two-by-four ten feet long. All he needs is eight feet. He takes out his saw and cuts two feet off."

Another thing Fienberg noticed was that although the owner shelled out for mortar, the bricklayer's assistant mixed as much as four in the afternoon as he did at eight in the morning; when the whistle blew, he just dug a hole and buried what was left. About concrete blocks Fienberg says, "Water, whether you believe it or not, will try to find an opening and if it can't find one will create one. It will go through seams. I asked myself 'Why not make a block the length of the house?' In Regency homes the whole basement is poured. You can't ever get a wet basement. It costs \$150

more than concrete block for each house, but it's waterproof."

By 1950 Fienberg had his own construction company, a fairly small operation named JDF Builders Ltd. Subsequently he bought Hollaway Construction Company Ltd., a business with a production of forty to eighty houses a year, and began trying out some of his economy ideas. In 1955 he joined three other construction companies in forming Consolidated Building Corporation.

Fienberg has endless theories about building. An inveterate traveler, he has notes in his head about the average size of lots in San Francisco, building methods in Tokyo and Madrid. He has an extraordinary memory, and can repeat whole conversations held at meetings (though he has a habit of getting people's names wrong). He is also a spellbinding salesman. One time a real-estate agent who was handling properties for Consolidated at Richmond Hill made the excuse for a poor period of sales that it was Christmas time; Fienberg went out to the subdivision and sold twenty-seven houses himself. Part of the secret of his success as a salesman, according to those who know him, is that he feels he is doing his customer a good turn. One associate trying to analyze his technique said, "You don't feel that Fienberg is a rich guy. The poorer the customer is, the more humble Fienberg is. He sells himself to everyone, including himself."

Although speaking to an audience makes him damp with nervous perspiration, he's an excellent speaker and a talented actor. When he unleashes his energy on a group of lagging real-estate agents, he reaches a level of sound and profanity that has anxious office workers running to close doors and windows. He insults his audience, asks them what he's doing there wasting his time on them, tells them the answer is simple, it's a weakness on his part. Then having reduced them to cowering bundles of guilt, he starts to rebuild them as salesmen. He tells of being out for a stroll with his children on a Sunday morning, of meeting a kindly cottager who invited him and his children in for a glass of milk, says you've never met such nice people, raises his voice to hurricane strength and yells, "Why shouldn't these nice people have nice homes?"

Once Hagon came into Fienberg's office at a time when Fienberg was trying to convince him how well Consolidated stood with the Canadian government. Fienberg looked up from what was ostensibly a long-distance call, beckoned Hagon to a seat and went on presumably chatting with the Prime Minister. In the ensuing conversation he turned down an appointment as Minister of Building, suggested Hagon for the job, smoked his cigar and carried on high-level negotiations for about twenty minutes. Hagon listened spellbound, almost, but not completely, convinced that Fienberg either had a shill on the other end of the line or had worked out some new way of holding down the phone hook.

At one point during my own interview, I asked Fienberg why there was a certain amount of suspicion that some of the newspaper stories about him were calculated publicity releases. "If you get your head above the crowd," he said, "there's a certain amount of animosity."

Whatever his enemies may say or think, Fienberg has built a lot of good houses and sold them to a lot of people who are happy about the deal. Fienberg told me, "I will personally give \$100,000 on your behalf to any charity you name if you can disprove anything I've told you." As far as I'm concerned, it's a safe bet. ★

HOME 26
VISITORS 27

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We adopted a negro continued from page 22

At first we thought we'd get an Oriental child from the agency. But they offered us Ricky

group, those of mixed race, placement has hardly moved forward at all. In 1957 ten were placed, in 1958 ten, and last year eighteen. Betty Lavers MacLeod was the worker particularly interested in these children and she spoke to us about them. Those with dual heritage are the hardest to settle because they don't fit in either society. Mrs. MacLeod said that many of the cutest and brightest children in the agency's care belonged in this mixed-race group. Most of them get sent from foster home to foster home, and although many of them are good homes the changing upsets the children, who never get much security and often end up on the street, angry and bitter or else completely defeated.

At that meeting, Hank and I met other members of the Open Door Society. Besides the Cowans there were two other English couples. The Edgars have adopted three white children, one part-Oriental girl named Tacey and a part-Negro baby boy, Matthew. The Parents have one son of their own, Paul, as well as an adopted boy of Puerto Rican parentage, Ricky, and a Eurasian foster child, Ellen.

Hank and I spent a lot of time discussing things with them, and made our decision. The next step was a private interview with the social worker. She told us that the agency has found that infant adoptions are more successful than placement of older children. We had thought of taking a youngster of about five or six. Then she came out and made what they call a home study to see if we would be suitable parents. It was quite nerve-racking because I could see that her experienced eyes were missing nothing. When it was over, though, it was reassuring to know that we had passed muster as a suitable home. Well, then we said we'd like to have an Oriental child, and we

wanted a boy. We were thinking of my mother, who is a South African and might find it easier to accept an Oriental than a Negro.

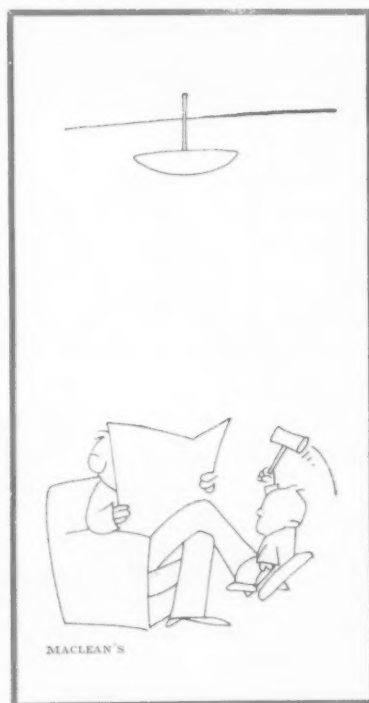
It was May then, and I said I thought August would be a good time for the baby, after I got the kids back from camp and so on. Just two days after that the agency rang up and said they had our baby.

Hank and I went down and saw Ricky for the first time. Instead of Oriental he was part Negro, and instead of six years old he was a baby of ten months. Hank took to him right away and when we took him home in the taxi it was funny how those two seemed to make friends right from the start. We brought him home on May 13, and I guess that will always be a big day for us. His birthday came two months later, but it didn't seem anything like the day we got him.

He had no toys, nothing

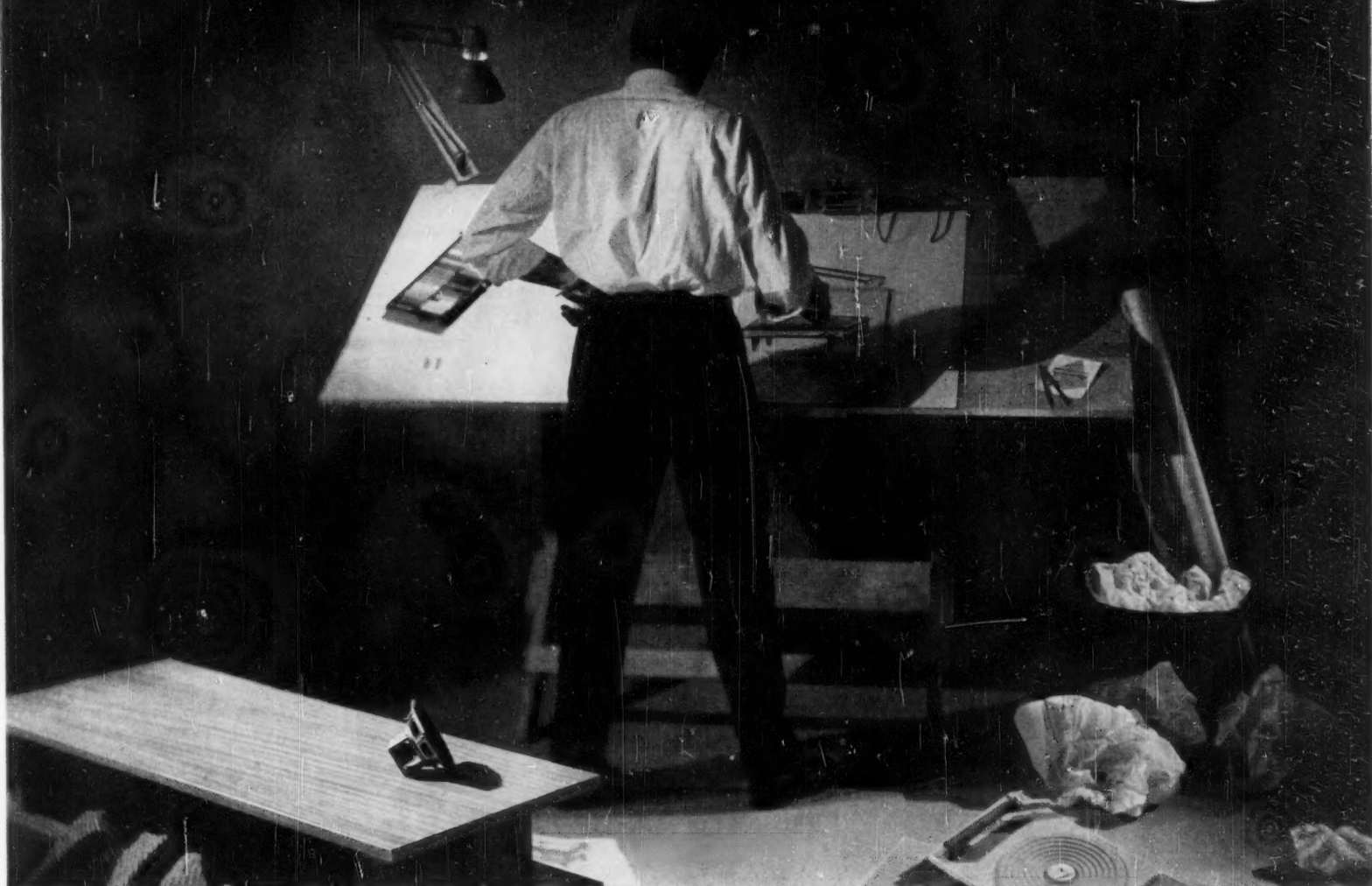
Our girls liked him right from the start. It is better that he should have been a baby, instead of an older child. We have come round to agreeing completely with the agency about this. Neither of the girls is the least jealous and both of them love looking after him, especially Gaye. He was showered with gifts, more than either of my girls ever got. He had no toys, nothing, when we got him, except the clothes he was wearing, and Hank wouldn't let me put those on him.

He is strong and good-natured and I would say medium dark-skinned — about the color all of us knock ourselves out all summer trying to get, someone said. He does seem happier now than when we got him. He had a sad little look then, probably from going from one home to another. He used to clutch his bottle as if



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it was the only thing that had any permanence for him. He's stopped doing that now. Also he used to eat terribly slowly, almost listlessly. The girls eat much faster, of course, and now he is rushing through mealtimes to keep up with them. I have him on baby foods and some of our food. Soon he will be eating what we do. The only one in our house who does seem a bit neurotic about his arrival is Ike, the cat. He has broken out in an awful rash and mopes around feeling sorry for himself.

We have been very lucky with our

neighbors. Most of them have gone out of their way to be kind to Ricky. Those that don't agree with us have said nothing. The first day I took him shopping was an ordeal. I have to admit it. I braced myself for stares but it was not as bad as I had thought. In fact, a number of people in Steinberg's stopped me and said what a beautiful baby.

This is real suburbia here and I must say I love it. There are about a hundred families living in these three apartment courts and we all belong to the Dorval Gardens Club—that big clubhouse down

by the water. It's marvelous. We have swimming and boating for the children in the summer and skating in the winter and bridge and chess for us in the evening. My husband was president last year and I'm secretary for the coming year. We have a good group here, no trouble-makers. Hank is a Polar Bear—you know, they go in swimming all year round. We're both a bit crazy, I guess. I'm an outdoors girl and have always been an avid Guider. I'm a leader and teach swimming at the Guide camps here in the summer. I took Ricky with me in

July and wondered how he'd get on. I needn't have worried. I had more than enough offers for baby-sitting and at last someone suggested I tell the campers his story and they were fascinated. Later Hank joined us and we went to our private camp and Ricky was wonderful and adjusted perfectly to camp life. Funny, I don't very often try to picture him when he grows up but when I do I can see him in a bright green Cub's uniform. In the Scouts he'll be right at home.

I'm not a very churchy person. We go to the Anglican church down the road but not very regularly I'm afraid. So many of our Sundays are taken up with camping and so on. But at least I haven't had the experience of one of the families in the Open Door whose minister told them he thought they were doing an unwise thing.

I am an only child. Hank's mother and brothers are living in Ontario. Both our fathers are dead. My mother was a little upset when we got Ricky—it's understandable. But as Hank says, people's attitudes are bound to change when the Negroes in Africa start taking more responsibility. White people who have seen them doing only menial work will see them in a new light. I don't know. I think the trend is certainly going that way. But the funny thing is that I don't notice Ricky's color. He just seems a person to me. As far as race goes, he is really pretty mixed—part Portuguese, part West Indian, part Anglo-Saxon. People ask funny questions though. Someone said: "Can he speak Portuguese?" and somebody else: "Will he fade?"

We'll let him choose

As for being accepted by the white community, he stands just as good a chance here as with the Negro community, who have their own views on mixed race. The head of the Negro Community Centre here is Buster Clyke, a fine man with his MA in social work from McGill. He has endorsed the Open Door Society even though I know he thinks we are taking on trouble. He and his wife have both said they think the kids are lucky and stand a better chance than those who are sent from one foster home to another. Right now that is the only alternative open to them. It seems worth giving it a chance.

Negroes in this city don't go in much for adoption. They have a sort of fear of it, the way whites did twenty years ago, according to Mrs. McCrea. Also they feel it may hold them back, financially, while they are struggling to raise their standard of living.

We plan to tell Ricky all about his ancestry and how we got him. As for meeting other Negro children, if it comes naturally, fine. We will not go out of our way to force this. I know that at least one couple who have adopted a child of mixed race, the Parents, believe differently, and a McGill professor who has adopted Negro children makes a point of taking them to the Negro Centre so they can meet people of their own color.

When it comes to dating, what will happen? This is what everyone asks. Ricky will have to choose his own friends. Buster Clyke believes these things work themselves out. Mrs. McCrea has seen children grow up and deny their color and others live with it and marry within it. It seems to depend on the individual.

Montreal is a fairly good city about discrimination, in some ways, although when it comes to employment it could be a lot better. As my husband says, this is the town that first accepted Jackie Robinson and now Negro ballplayers have become famous. Ricky looks more like a football player though. Hank says he



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In the east, parents balk at adopting Negro babies; in the west, at Orientals

might some day be a second Herbie Trawick on the Alouette line.

We had good friends at the University of Toronto, Cathy and Lee, who were Negroes. Hank and I went to their wedding in Toronto and we were among the twenty or so white people in a crowd of about four hundred. I remember thinking it was the first time I knew how it felt to be a minority. Lee is a dentist and we felt so upset when he had to leave the country to get his degree. They're in Glasgow now. Both Hank and I would love to see them and if they were here we'd have a lot of questions to ask them about situations and problems that Ricky will have to face.

But I sometimes think that everyone has a problem of some sort and it always seems enormous to the person concerned. I used to worry terribly about my height. I'm 5 foot 11 — over 6 feet in heels. When I was in my teens it was an awful problem. In Toronto they had something called the Tip Top club when I was at college. I don't know if it's still there. I met Hank there. He is 6 foot 3. You can't imagine what a relief it was to go into a room where you could look up to people, especially for dancing.

Ricky's problems of course will be much greater. He probably won't have trouble where he's known but he will always be an oddity when he goes to new places. The Open Door Society believes it is even more important for children of mixed race to have happiness and security at home to help them face the frustrations they are bound to meet in later life.

For our own girls there will also be some adjusting. But they shouldn't get any more teasing at school than they might for a brother or sister of their own that was different in some way. I hope we can help put them in the right frame of mind to handle it. Part of it will be in not being too touchy about quite ordinary remarks. For instance Cynthia Cowan told me that one day two little boys in her block came and told her they didn't like Kathy, her part-Negro adopted daughter. She immediately thought it was because of her color and had to stop and figure that maybe it was just that they didn't like her anyway. And another day she heard the children chanting: "Bobby is an Indian, Bobby is an Indian" — well he looks a bit like a Red Indian child with his straight dark hair and dark skin. But he didn't mind the teasing and so she forgot it.

I think we were the first Canadian-born couple to take a child of mixed race since the Open Door started. But since then a lot of children have been placed. In 1959 only eighteen were adopted during the entire year. This year there were twenty-three up to the end of June. But it still leaves almost 100 children without homes — in a part of the country where children are in demand.

The Open Door influence seems to be spreading though. There is even one German woman in Montreal who has written back to Germany to a magazine there, telling what the Open Door is doing and urging something of the kind for the homeless children of mixed race over

there. I know we have been in touch with families in British Columbia and Alberta, and one in Ottawa, who have taken children of mixed race. The problem varies from place to place. In Montreal and the Maritimes, it is the part-Negro children who are hard to place. On the Prairies it is Indian children and on the west coast, Orientals. Some agencies don't believe in placing children of mixed race. Some-

times such children are adopted and, if they're fair-skinned, allowed to pass for white. We don't agree with this at all. But if prejudice is such a regional thing, some people have suggested moving the children from the area in which prejudice exists to one in which it doesn't — in other words move some of the Oriental children east and the Negroes west. Expensive maybe — but maybe no more so

in the long run than having a lot of unhappy kids grow up into delinquents.

It is true that the agency in Montreal is giving out its most sparkling babies first. It is only natural — just as in the old days only the prettiest white babies got adopted. But these children are such an unknown quantity. No one can tell how things will turn out. All we feel is that giving them a home is better than the alternatives at present open to them. And in the meantime we have Ricky. We wouldn't change him for anything in the world. ★



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"At Frobisher, a government official told us that drink is wrecking the Eskimos who work in town"

flying, we reached Frobisher Bay, a military and civil airbase on Baffin. A chill wind stung our faces as we walked across the tarmac. On a nearby beach thousands of small icebergs glinted in the artificial light of the town. Despite the lateness of the hour the airport lounge was packed with parka-clad Eskimos and whites who watch the arrival and departure of aircraft rather as southern country folk go down to meet the trains. Among the crowd was a young white construction man who played a fiddle, and a hunchbacked Eskimo who danced to his tune. Both were drunk. Eskimo children, some in native attire, some in trashy city kids' garments, stared wonderingly. In the coffee bar were a number of plump bespectacled U.S. Air Force desk men, some sturdier Canadian students obviously up on summer construction jobs, and several bearded giants who looked like the bad guys out of Charlie Chaplin's movie *The Gold Rush*.

There are two thousand permanent residents at Frobisher Bay, most of them civil servants, military men or construction workers. The Canadians live in aluminum or wooden huts lining rubbish-littered unpaved streets. Although the married women make the interiors bright and cosy, the general aspect of the Canadian section is depressing. It compares most unfavorably with the American section. Here U.S. Air Force men live in a handsome three-story building that resembles a city apartment block.

We checked in at the East Coast Lodge, a shanty-like hotel operated by Alec Gallacher, a thirty-nine-year-old Scot who aims to become the E. P. Taylor of the Arctic. He charged Lathom and me twelve dollars a night each for sharing a room that leaked during a rain-storm. We slept in narrow iron cots and in the morning made our first hesitant acquaintance with indoor chemical plumbing. At noon the Rustic Room, the inaptly named cocktail lounge, was full of whites and Eskimos. Some would stay there until midnight.

A melancholy introduction

A government official told us that drink is wrecking the Frobisher Eskimos. They receive the same wages as whites, live in packing-case hovels on the fringe of the town, and have plenty of cash for benders. Because they cannot hold their drink they frequently are thrown out of the Rustic Room and present to the tourist a sad spectacle.

A score of Frobisher's prettier Eskimo girls are bathing daily, using heavy make-up, wearing sexy clothing, and hanging around the cocktail lounge waiting to be picked up. All in all, Frobisher is a melancholy place for a tourist in search of the clean vastness of the Far North.

On Friday afternoon the Misses Gilliatt and Hind, and Lathom and I, piled thankfully into a Canso, an amphibious aircraft operated by Nordair to make

charter flights out of Frobisher to outlying Arctic settlements. We flew low, westward and upward, over steadily rising ground that in black and white would have suggested the dreary backside of the moon. But the emptiness and monotony were relieved by gorgeous colors. The dome-shaped rocks glowed under the sun in every tint of brown and grey. Hundreds of mountain tarns shaded down from surface hues of milky green to great depths of midnight blue. Sheltered hollows were carpeted in green and silver caribou moss. Here and there, in patches of brilliant scarlet, purple, yellow and white, grew exquisite Arctic flowers.

Under azure skies we flew over a great breeze-whipped bay stippled by dazzling blue and white icebergs, undulating pancakes of amber seaweed, and foam-polished knobs of orange rock. On some of these rocks old bull walrus lolled in the sun, protected from the wind by the surrounding close-packed bodies of a dutiful harem.

Three hundred miles out from Frobisher Bay we sighted Cape Dorset, a collection of gaily painted frame houses and snowy white tents clustered around a proud flagpole flying the Canadian ensign. Nine miles across the bay another flagpole marked a much smaller tented camp. This was Telek, set in a bowl in craggy hills that reminded me of the Western Isles of Scotland. The Canso put down in a sheltered inlet. Two big outboard canoes, manned by smiling Es-

kimos and a brawny, handsome white man, scudded out to meet us. The white man was Jim Houston, the regional administrator, under whose guidance the Eskimos are trying to make a success of Telek.

As they ferried us ashore the Eskimos talked excitedly and Houston, who speaks their language fluently, grinned at me. "They've already christened you Kalunakotak," he said. "It means 'the tall one with the receding brow'." I felt a little anthropoid. But I cheered up when we followed Houston into a big white dining tent and accepted a welcome drink of Scotch with ice cubes. The water, served from a pretty pitcher, was fresh from an Arctic stream and made the most delicious highball I've tasted in years.

The tent had a stout wooden floor, dove grey benches, a big dining table, and a circle of plastic and aluminum garden chairs for lounging. It was warmed by an oil stove and lit at dusk with bright oil mantle lamps. Next door stood the kitchen tent, fitted with running water, a modern sink, and a gleaming white refrigerator and stove fueled by propane gas.

My sleeping tent, high enough for a tall man to stand upright in, was furnished with a wooden cot, a thick underblanket, an inflatable mattress with a clean white pillow, a mantle lamp, a warming stove, and a washstand containing a basin, soap, a nailbrush and towels. Its floor was of soft green caribou moss.



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A well-scrubbed Eskimo boy, smelling of Lifebuoy, brought hot shaving water to my tent. Other Eskimos carried my rifles, rods and bags up from the beach. Their wives, in sealskin boots and gay parkas, with extra-big hoods for the protection of the babies they carried on their backs, stood in the distance, against a row of staff tents, smiling shyly.

The Eskimos working at Telek perform with great efficiency and enthusiasm the functions of bellboys, porters, chambermaids, cooks and guides. They receive daily wages from the funds of the co-operative.

As we dined that evening on steaks cooked by a young Eskimo woman and served by her fiancé, a young Eskimo in hornrimmed glasses, I realized I was living as comfortably as any wealthy white hunter on safari in Africa.

Houston told us a little of what he's learned about the Eskimos during twelve years' residence among them. He does not share the theory that the primitiveness of Eskimo life is a scandal and should be changed by means of an economic and educational crash program. He says: "You've seen what's happened at Frobisher Bay." He believes in building up the Eskimos' economy on traditional lines and that this can best be achieved by enabling them to earn the money to buy more guns, ammunition, boats and tents and so increase the hunting kill. He wants to see the brighter children receive a better education in their own land and eventually become equipped to take over the technical positions now held by white men.

"If we are going to populate the North," said Houston, as we ended our conversation, "the best foundation for that population is the Eskimo community."

Naked in the Arctic

That night, on Houston's advice, I slept naked in my bedroll. The greater air space between skin and covering, he said, retains the body's heat better than a tight thick layer of night attire. Much to my surprise I was cosy. During the night, however, I had to go outside. I decided it would be too tedious to get dressed, so I dashed out in the nude. I yelped as a strong breeze and thirty-degree temperature snapped at my vitals, and raced back to bed shouting expletives. But once in my bedroll again, I glowed like a wiener in a bun and slept like Rip Van Winkle.

Next morning we embarked for seal hunting in two open whaleboats, each crewed by two Eskimos. I had a .22 rifle and a .303. Light and heavy rifles are essential for seal hunting at sea. With the light rifle you try to hit the seal about the head. With the heavy one you try to hit him toward the after part of the body. The idea is to wound him with the rifles, not to kill him. If you kill him at long range he'll sink. The kill is made at short range with a harpoon attached to a long caribou sinew line and a float.

After half an hour of sailing along a noble coastline in brilliant sunlight one of the Eskimos in my boat shouted "Ugjuk!" At about three hundred yards we saw the head of a great bearded seal bobbing like a football on the surface. "Must weigh half a ton," said Houston.

Following Houston's instructions the riflemen in both boats fired their .22s for a near miss. We got what we wanted. The bullet splashes scared the seal and he dived. The Eskimos then drove our boat over to the point at which he'd vanished. Now we knew that he'd have



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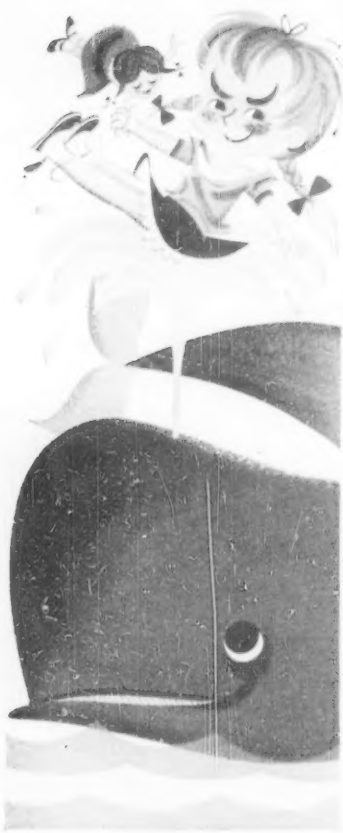
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"The Eskimos fire at anything that moves, even seagulls . . . but, they're not brilliant shots"

to come up for air again somewhere within about three hundred yards. In a few minutes he bobbed up. Once more we fired to miss, and to force him under. "Now," said Houston, "he'll be short of air and come up at shorter range." Houston was right. Once more we fired .22s and I was among those who got a hit below the head. Down he went again. He kept coming up nearer and nearer to the boats and making quick flashing rolls. We fired .303s for body hits. I think I scored two myself. Suddenly he came up near the other boat and was at once harpooned by an Eskimo. In great excitement the Eskimos towed him to shore to butcher him.

I was entitled by my shooting to a part of the pelt but I refused it. All seal meat shot by white hunters must, quite rightly, be given to the Eskimo, who stashes it away for the winter. Our ugjuk would keep several families in meat for many weeks, provide three or four pairs of fine sealskin boots and yield enough oil to keep an igloo warm through the cold season.

It took a little over an hour to get that big seal. The shooting was by no means easy because of the seal's bobbing and the boat's rolling, the constant need to change rifles according to the target presented, and the great care we had to take in observing safe angles of fire. Until he was harpooned and killed I've no doubt that the seal suffered from lack of air and wounds and I felt that there was about the sport a degree of cruelty. But my scruples were quieted by the Eskimos' need for the meat, and by their delight in collecting so big a kill. Shortly afterwards, by similar methods, we shot a netchek, or small jar seal.

It is more exciting than shooting deer. The hunter fires not one or two shots in a day, as often happens in deer hunting. The frequent but brief appearances of the target, the early long ranges, and the unsteady foothold cause dozens of misses. I fired more than a hundred rounds that day, most of which were misses. The Eskimos were firing too and though they were good shots they were not, to my surprise, brilliant. I reckon our two seals cost thirty or forty dollars in ammunition alone so the meat, leather and oil were not cheap.

The Eskimos fire light rifles at everything that moves, including seagulls and sea pigeons on the wing, and look upon the ammunition expenditure rather as we would look upon a reasonably good capital speculation. Houston told us that seagulls make a good dish if they are cooked slowly.

On our way home we slid quietly into a small fiord and, as the Eskimos had anticipated, surprised a flock of swimming eider duck. We took up the .22s. A white man is not supposed to fire at eider but I broke the regulations. If the Eskimos were going to shoot at them, and if the Eskimos needed them for food and feathers, why shouldn't I help out? At about fifty yards we opened fire on the sitting duck. They were not easy targets—just a tiny bobbing head and neck. Some flew away. Some dived. But some seemed frozen by shock to the surface. These were our prey. We got seven in about sixty seconds.

"We'd have hit a lot more if we'd had shotguns," I protested. "We'd have got a dozen of those in flight. Why don't the Eskimos use shotguns?" Houston said: "It's just never occurred to them.

And I reckon the ammunition would be too bulky and expensive anyway."

The Eskimos kept the seven duck for themselves, although I was drooling for a taste of the flesh. That night, however, they gave us, as a special treat, a little seal meat. It came in small steaks, about three quarters of an inch thick, with half an inch of succulent fat around the rim. It looked like beef but tasted unlike any other meat I've eaten, and not a bit fishy. It had an enrapturing flavor of its own. The Eskimos take some of the meat by boat and lay it down in caches on the trails up to the winter caribou hunting grounds two hundred miles away. It is so tender that on the winter trail they eat it raw.

Next day, when we set out across the bay for char fishing, we saw a rich Eskimo who owned a schooner. With his wife and his young concubine, with many children and many other relatives, he was unloading about thirty tons of walrus meat on a smooth rock. There the



"I think I've found your trouble."

clan was butchering the walrus for ivory and dog food. It was a gory finale to two or three weeks of hunting but the scene had a certain elemental splendor to it.

Later we passed many small islands and on some of them saw scores of emaciated husky dogs. Many Eskimos put their dogs on islands for the summer and feed them only once or twice. The dogs have to live on a scanty catch of jellyfish pawed up from the shallows. As our boat coasted along the islands the hungry dogs followed us along the beaches, leaping over rocks, splashing through pools, and yelping in hope of food. As we sailed away without feeding them they gathered on a final vantage point and howled like enraged guttersnipes who've been refused a handout. At this time of year an Eskimo going ashore to give the huskies a small feed of walrus meat must watch his step. If he stumbles and falls among the dogs they'll kill him instantly and devour him. He's safe only as long as he stands up, looks them in the eye, and deals out the customary kicks. A husky's is truly a dog's life.

Soon we came upon the Waldingham Castle, a British freighter that was standing off Cape Dorset and preparing to unload by barge a year's supply of building materials, gasoline, canned food and Hudson's Bay Company stock. When

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our Eskimos saw the freighter's crew their eyes bulged. The seamen were Pakistanis. Houston gathered from the Eskimos' conversation that this was the first time they had ever seen brown men who were not of their own race.

Rosemary Gilliatt wanted to take our Eskimos aboard the freighter to get pictures of equatorial and polar races meeting in such a strange environment. The prospect of climbing forty feet up a monkey ladder against the heaving sides of the ship did not appeal to me. But when Miss Gilliatt took off up that ladder I, despite awful feelings of vertigo, felt bound to follow. We got the pictures, and if they were a bit over-posed and commonplace you may put down their deficiency to the stress of Miss Gilliatt's courageous climb. The first officer of the ship told us that the Pakistanis had been signed on at Chittagong, in one of the steamier parts of their hot country, and had never been to the Arctic before. They were so anxious to get away that they'd volunteered to do double shifts on the unloading. The Pakistanis gave the Eskimos a pail full of a dish that astonished them by its flavor — Madras curry.

Next we sailed to a river, up which we went in a canoe. We made two portages, and finally we fished for char. I caught three, which weighed a total of sixteen pounds. The sport is almost as good as salmon fishing. The char don't fight so hard, but for my money they taste as good as Atlantic salmon.

Harpooning is for Eskimos

Up this river we had afternoon tea in a little brown tent with two young marine biologists who were spending the summer studying the habits of char. They had discovered that char don't die after spawning, and some live up to thirty years. Char are so numerous here that even when they are not feeding you can often catch them by snagging them. The Eskimos scorn rods. They use nets or harpoons. I tried the harpoon but was unsuccessful. For one thing I couldn't see the char as well as the experienced Eskimos. And when I could see them I found the water deflected my aim in a most frustrating manner. It's rather like trying to pick one's teeth when using a mirror.

From the char-fishing area we took a long walk over a headland toward Cape Dorset. On the way Houston pointed out several sites occupied by a different race of Eskimo more than two thousand years ago. These Eskimo had not developed the dog and sled. But they did something the later Eskimo didn't. They built round stone houses.

In the soft moss covering the stone houses we dug for an hour or so and came up with stone skin-scrapers, bone needles, bits of bows and arrows, and other tooled artifacts we couldn't identify. By one ancient site there was a small pool. The bottom was two feet deep in walrus skulls, whalebones and other chunks of bone that had been thrown away by Eskimos twenty centuries ago. Houston said: "Canadian archaeologists haven't scratched the surface up here. Some day they'll come and learn a lot."

And so, on a Sunday evening, we came to Cape Dorset. Half a dozen white families live there in frame homes furnished much like suburban bungalows. Houston's own two-story house, which cost the government forty-five thousand dollars to build, even has a bathroom with running water. But the running water doesn't work in winter because the plumbing freezes.

The kitchen looked like any other mod-



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ern kitchen, its appliances being worked from electricity generated by gasoline motors.

The lovely Alma Houston is a heroic hostess. In summer she is always coming home to find an RCMP officer, a construction man, a government scientist, a pilot, or some other caller, patiently waiting for a drink, a meal or a cup of coffee.

Among the poppers-in on our Sunday were the local Anglican missionary, the government first-aid man, the Hudson's Bay Company factor, an Italian carpen-

ter belonging to a construction team, and a teacher who takes the Eskimo children in summer classes.

We went to inspect Houston's biggest single contribution to Eskimo economic development—the Art Centre. It looks, as Lathom said, a bit like the inside of a YMCA, but the carvings and prints displayed were well worth inspection. I bought, for twenty-five percent less than city prices, an owl by Tudlik, the greatest of the carvers. Now that he's old and blind he carves by touch, yet in every animal and bird figure he turns out there

is a hint of his famous subtle whimsy.

Tudlik was too ill that day to receive visitors but I called at the tent of Kiakshuk, another ancient, whose specialty is carving the flat faces of stone and making stencils out of sealskin for prints. I bought three of his prints, one for an art-expert friend, who was delighted. We chatted haltingly through the interpretations of John, the Houstons' eight-year-old son. Kiakshuk's furniture was little more than a collection of eiderdown quilts, bits of old packing cases, stoves, lamps, chisels and knives. Despite his

seeming poverty, he had about him the serenity, dignity and courtesy of the artist who's gained confidence with age and success.

Later Houston told me: "The co-operative draws many thousands of dollars a year from its art work. We have so many orders from dealers it is impossible to fill them all. Only the very old men practise art all the time. The others do it between hunting and fishing. They just sit around and carve at night when they are chatting. Nearly every man in the community can turn out carvings that sell. It's an inherited gift and so far the primitive tradition remains unspoiled. As the Eskimos become more and more exposed to southern influences they may lose some of their traditional style. So anybody buying the works today is making a solid investment."

I walked back to the Houston home through the tented Eskimo village. The men were all down on the beach unloading cargo from the freighter. In some of the tents I caught glimpses of women scraping the fat off sealskin or making sealskin boots. One or two were making cloth parkas with sewing machines. Their conditions were frugal. But they all looked happy. Furthermore all were much cleaner than I had expected. There was no stench about the village except in the vicinity of a number of chained huskies. The children look fit and played vigorously much as other kids do.

When a white woman disembarked from an open boat in which she'd made a five-day voyage from Lake Harbor, two hundred and fifty miles to the east, the entire village turned out to greet her. She embraced many of the Eskimo men and women. She was a nurse who had once been stationed in Cape Dorset and was returning on a visit because she loved it.

The only things in Cape Dorset that offended me were three plastic igloos. They had turned a dirty yellow in the summer sun. Some government experts, apparently, feel the plastic igloo makes an economical year-round home for the Eskimos. I think they make a tawdry stain on an aspect of grandeur.

The next day, Monday, we had to leave, a little earlier than we had anticipated. As September begins the freeze-up threatens and there is a six- to eight-week period when float aircraft cannot land on the sea and wheeled aircraft cannot land on the ice.

"You'll have to go," said Jim Houston apologetically, "or risk staying here until November." If I'd been rich, unemployed and single I'd have stayed, but I am none of these things.

The air fares, accommodation, food, boat rentals, ammunition, and the gifts one gives to the Eskimos instead of tips, put up the cost of a week's stay at Telek to a thousand dollars a person, starting from Montreal. A party of ten could make the trip for eight hundred dollars a person. It's worth every penny to those sportsmen and their wives who can afford it.

If you want to go next summer write to M. P. McConnell, Tourist Development Officer, Northwest Territories Tourist Office, Kent-Albert Building, Ottawa. He's a government-paid agent for the Eskimo enterprise, and will supply you with all the information you need regarding transport, clothing, cash and other matters.

Any further recommendation required is provided by the case of a well-heeled, youthful New York couple named Ann and Peter Allatt. The Allatts were in the first party to visit Telek in 1959. They returned in 1960. And they decided to stay for a year. ★

isn't it
time
you tried
the Rum
in the
Raffia?



GILBEY'S GOVERNOR GENERAL RUM

Complaints about the dangers get nowhere — race drivers enjoy having a spectre in attendance

The narrow road seems to close up to a mere path as you put your foot down... You go faster and faster until it seems you are aiming the front of your car at an incredibly slim target. Now and again the music of the wind changes into a swish as you pass through a village."

During the 1955 Mille Miglia, a thousand-mile race around the Italian countryside and mountains that Moss won in a Mercedes, he outraced planes sent to photograph him. He was traveling over blind hillbrows at a hundred and seventy miles an hour and through villages at a hundred and fifty. His navigator later spoke of "that awe-inspiring narrow margin that you enter just before you have a crash, unless you have the Moss skill."

It is within this margin — Moss recently described it as "going through a 130-mph corner at 131 mph" — that exultation lies. Sometimes the private glee is so obvious that spectators share in it. It was during the 1953 French Grand Prix, when a 23-year-old Englishman, Mike Hawthorn, raced for sixty laps side by side with Argentina's veteran Juan Fangio, five times a world champion. Their cars were so close the drivers could read each other's dials; on the straights, they grinned joyfully at one another. Hawthorn won by inches, the first British driver to win the French Grand Prix in thirty years.

At Le Mans, 82 spectators died

Spectators, unhappily, also share in many of racing's disasters. The worst in history occurred in 1955 at Le Mans, when a heavy, rolling, burning Mercedes slashed at better than a hundred miles an hour into a dense crowd; eighty-two died along with the driver, and Mercedes quit racing. Mille Miglia, called the Race of Death because of its gory record of thirty deaths and a hundred injured, was cancelled after 1957 when the Ferrari of the Marquis Alfonso de Portago blew a tire and plunged into a cluster of villagers, killing ten. Portago, whose craving for danger restlessly led him from Olympic bobsledding to riding in the Grand National steeplechase, amateur bullfighting and mountain climbing, was cut in half by the car's hood.

The Mille Miglia was almost reinstated this autumn, with stiff safety regulations and restrictions on the speed. Drivers were so indifferent to a less dangerous race that it had to be cancelled. The macabre preference for near-destruction that seems to be part of racing was also illustrated two years ago, when the ruling body of world racing, the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile, announced that 1961 Formula One Grand Prix cars must be less powerful, in the interest of driver preservation. The hottest protests came from drivers; they had been hoping for faster cars.

Despite precautions and regulations that make racing in Canada as safe as the nature of the sport permits, no one doubts that drivers will die on the new tracks. But, since the drivers themselves rather enjoy having a spectre in attendance, shocked complaints have even less effect than the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animal's protests against bullfights. (The bull's preferences, after all, are not made known.)

Dismay over racetrack fatalities is unlikely to discourage the sport for two reasons, only one of which is the drivers'

inclination to prefer a challenge that is total. In addition, the multi-million-dollar automobile and accessory business regards racing as a vast sales promotion, despite the fact that racing on this continent seems to be in the hands of amateurs

— car clubs promote the races, stewards and starters are unpaid volunteers, inexpensive bricabrac is given as prizes.

"North American sports-car racing is evolving as a professional sport," says David Ash of West Nyack, New York,

the world's leading MG driver until his recent retirement. "It's hypocrisy to pretend it is amateur. It's time racing came out in the open and admitted it would die without the support of manufactures."

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Robert Thomas Allen writes vividly about the Bay, the seafood, the beatniks and the breathtaking variety of a great and tangy port in

HOLIDAY WEEKEND IN SAN FRANCISCO

In the next **MACLEAN'S** On sale November 22

When an MG won at the Sebring track in Florida, 13 MGs were sold that Monday morning in Toronto

the performance of the few \$20,000-\$40,000 Grand Prix cars they issue every spring has a direct bearing on the sale of the firm's thousands of sports cars and family sedans. "When Porsche wins," grinned Dr. Helmut Albrecht, sales promotion manager in Canada for Volkswagen, which distributes the Porsche here, "even Volkswagen owners drive in victory."

This year Porsche shared honors with Britain's Cooper in the three championship classes; accordingly the waiting list for Porsches in the United States is a year long. Sales of British cars jumped in the early 1950s, when they started to win on international tracks. The Duke of Edinburgh once congratulated Stirling Moss for a British win, commenting "it dresses the shop window." When an MG driven by Ed Leavens in London, Ont., won at Sebring in Florida on a Saturday afternoon in 1957, thirteen MG's were sold Monday morning in Toronto. And in 1958, when an Austin A-40 won the Winter Rally in the Toronto vicinity, sales of Austins jumped forty-five percent the following month. "That's not coincidence," remarked British Motor Corporation's Ian Paterson.

Car manufacturers in Europe therefore scramble each autumn to hire leading drivers for the following season's factory team; the better the driver, the better the sales demonstration. The procedure emerging in Canada is that car dealers purchase racing vehicles, make them available to promising drivers and foot the bills for mechanics and parts. Peter Ryan, for instance, owns his RS-60 Porsche but the expenses are partly underwritten by a Toronto Volkswagen dealer. Another Volkswagen dealer bought a twin Porsche RS-60 for Francis Bradley, a thirty-three-year-old Toronto bus driver, who thus was enabled to duel all summer with Ryan for the championship. The pool of sponsors widened last season when the R. M. Hollingshead

Company, maker of such products as chrome cleaner and waxes, bought a nine-thousand-dollar Lola for driver Boris Janda.

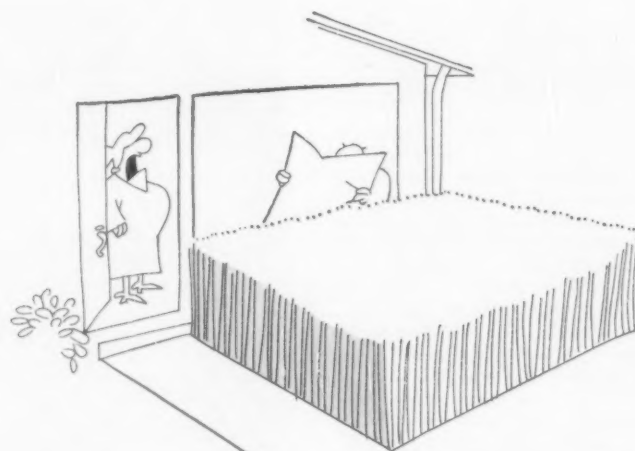
Some forms of help are as quiet as British Motor Corporation's gentleman's agreement to provide a free replacement for any BMC car part damaged in a race—a gesture that cost a hundred thousand dollars last year. Others are as noticeable as the Sunoco trucks that loom in the infield on racing day like nursing mothers, surrounded by a litter of rasping, hubcap-high racing cars that get free fueling.

Dealers and manufacturers acknowledge the perambulating salesroom aspect of racing, but they prefer to emphasize piously that racing has improved the breed. Fuel injection, they point out, originated with German racing cars, disc brakes with the English. Pioneer experiments with four-wheel brakes, balloon tires and superchargers were carried out on the Indianapolis 500 track.

"About the only parts of today's cars that weren't tried out first in racing," a driver commented recently, "are the soft upholstery, the hi-fi radio and the Martian antenna."

The urge to race cars, whatever the peripheral benefits, is almost exactly as old as the automobile itself. In 1894, a scant four years after the birth of the first French motor car, proud owners organized the Concours de Voitures Sans Chevaux, from Paris to Rouen, eighty miles away. Almost every horseless carriage in France entered, a total of nineteen, and citizens stared as they clattered through the streets. The winner, six hours and forty-eight minutes later, was a De Dion Steamer, stoked throughout by a perspiring fireman, shoveling coal and steered by a tiller.

The United States had its first race the year after, in 1895. High-wheel one-lungers, equipped with buckets of water to douse overheated engines, drove from Chicago to Waukegan and back. A two-



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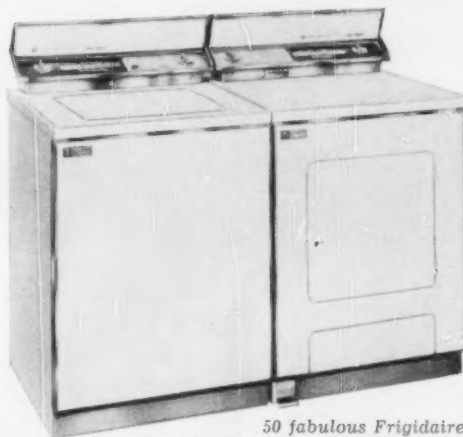
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4) Frigidaire Washers, and Dryers, cost as little as \$2.61 a week! Does any other make offer so many quality features for so little?

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5) Frigidaire Dryers, and Washers, are a product of General Motors — a name you *know* you can trust. Can that claim be made for any other make?

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6) Frigidaire Dryers have an automatic "No Heat" cycle for fresh-fluffing your clothes. Do all models of other makes have a "No Heat" cycle?

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7) Frigidaire Dryers have new Automatic Dual Cycle Selector to provide "Automatic" or "Timed" drying. Do all models of other makes?

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8) Frigidaire Dryers are 27" wide — the same width as matching Frigidaire Washers. Do other makes have exactly matching pairs in every price range?

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cylinder Duryea, recklessly overpowered, won ahead of a Benz single-cylinder.

Racing fell into disrepute in Europe in 1903, when a Paris-to-Madrid road race had to be stopped at Bordeaux, a ghastly trail of wrecked cars and mutilated victims in its wake. It was revived in the Twenties in its present form, a tiny, touring Olympics with the nationality of the manufacturer identified by the car's color, green for the British, white for Germans, baby blue for French, red for Italians. They perform under stimulating conditions: The 17.6-mile course at Nurburg-

ring, Germany, has a dizzy total of 176 corners and a curve in Sicily, on the brink of a cliff falling straight to sea-washed rocks, has come to be known to British drivers as Coffin for England Corner. European designers understandably put much effort into evolving a suspension that would cut down body sway on such corners, a feature beloved to modern sport-car owners.

The North American sports-car craze hit shortly after the war, when returning servicemen brought a few home as souvenirs. Sports cars, belching emphatical-

ly, became way-in for status, way-out for conforming nonconformists. A cult developed, complete with mutually congratulatory handwaving, a jargon of tachometers, drifting in corners and over-revving, women passengers languidly bored behind dark glasses and doughty all-weather male drivers in squashed cashmere caps. A roadhouse gathering place in Northport, Long Island, cleared out the music in the jukebox and put in race noises. Sounds of Sebring is a favorite: "Man, listen to that Ferarri," groans a boy in a beard.

Production of sports cars by the world's largest manufacturer, British Motor Corporation, shot from 900 in the first year's output after the war to 79,000 last year. Canadians in 1959 bought 3,000 sports cars, ranging in price from \$1,875 to \$10,000; some 14,000 are now registered in Canada.

The sports-car boom was felt first in the country's only three car clubs, Toronto's British Empire Motor Club—founded in 1928 mainly by motorcycle owners anxious to organize picnics—Montreal's Sports Car Club and Ottawa's Light Car Club, now known as the Motorsports Club of Ottawa. Together, they had about 250 members in the late Forties and, like the men who owned steamers in 1894, their natural instinct was to find racing room. In 1951, they formed the Canadian Automobile Sport Committee, the ruling body in Canada.

"Our first interest was in holding rallies," recollected James Gunn, Ontario Region CASC chairman. "Husbands and wives could go in them together and the cars didn't need any special equipment. We laid out the routes on highways and back roads—all driving to be within the speed limit, of course. It's precision, navigation, endurance that counts. But after a while some of our members wanted more excitement."

The clubs began hunting for bargains in abandoned airport leases. The first official race in Canada was in 1950, at Edenvale, 100 miles northwest of Toronto. People drove all the way from Montreal, just to look at the cars. The CASC found itself in a membership explosion; the orig-

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, 1960

inal three clubs bloomed to forty-five and clubs are still joining at the rate of six to ten a year. They are concentrated in Ontario and Quebec, with a western region in the process of forming. British Columbia enthusiasts are part of the U.S. West Coast Sportscar Conference.

Races at Harewood, near Port Dover, which just finished its seventh season, are sponsored by multi-member Toronto clubs such as the founder BEMC, which now has 500 members, but the wonder of racing is a 30-member club, London Automobile Sport Club, which for the past three years has been sponsoring three races a summer on a weedy old airport near Goderich, Ontario. One member of the London club, Ed Leavens, is the only Canadian to set a world speed record.

Its original four members borrowed \$4,000, leased an airport, named it Greenacres and called for volunteers to fence it and chop with axes the thousands of half-tires that rim the track. In 1958 and 1959, the club sponsored six races and lost money on every one. "It's a high-risk sport, all round," Globe and Mail racing reporter Bill Wordham once observed. LASC pulled itself out of debt ingeniously by staging the biggest car show in the country, London's International Auto Revue, which last year displayed 130 cars ranging from an Isetta to a Rolls-Royce.

"We made a profit in 1960," reported the club's publicity director, Bill Arab, proudly. "Two hundred dollars. We're thinking of building a road course next. We'll work out the financing as we go along."

Ontario's projected road course, Mosport Park, cost \$30,000 for its 450-acre site and needed another \$75,000 for grading and building the 2.4-mile track, pierced by three tunnels to facilitate in-field traffic. Car-club members raised the money for the land by buying shares at \$25 apiece and the money for the track came from the sale of debentures. "It'll be a frosty Friday if the shareholders get it back," one club executive remarked cheerily. "I've written mine off."

The track will be available for participating clubs' races; profits, if any, will be plowed back into the sport, probably to provide cash prizes for winners. The new track is expected to raise the proportion of money races; last summer, Ontario had only two, both underwritten by breweries.

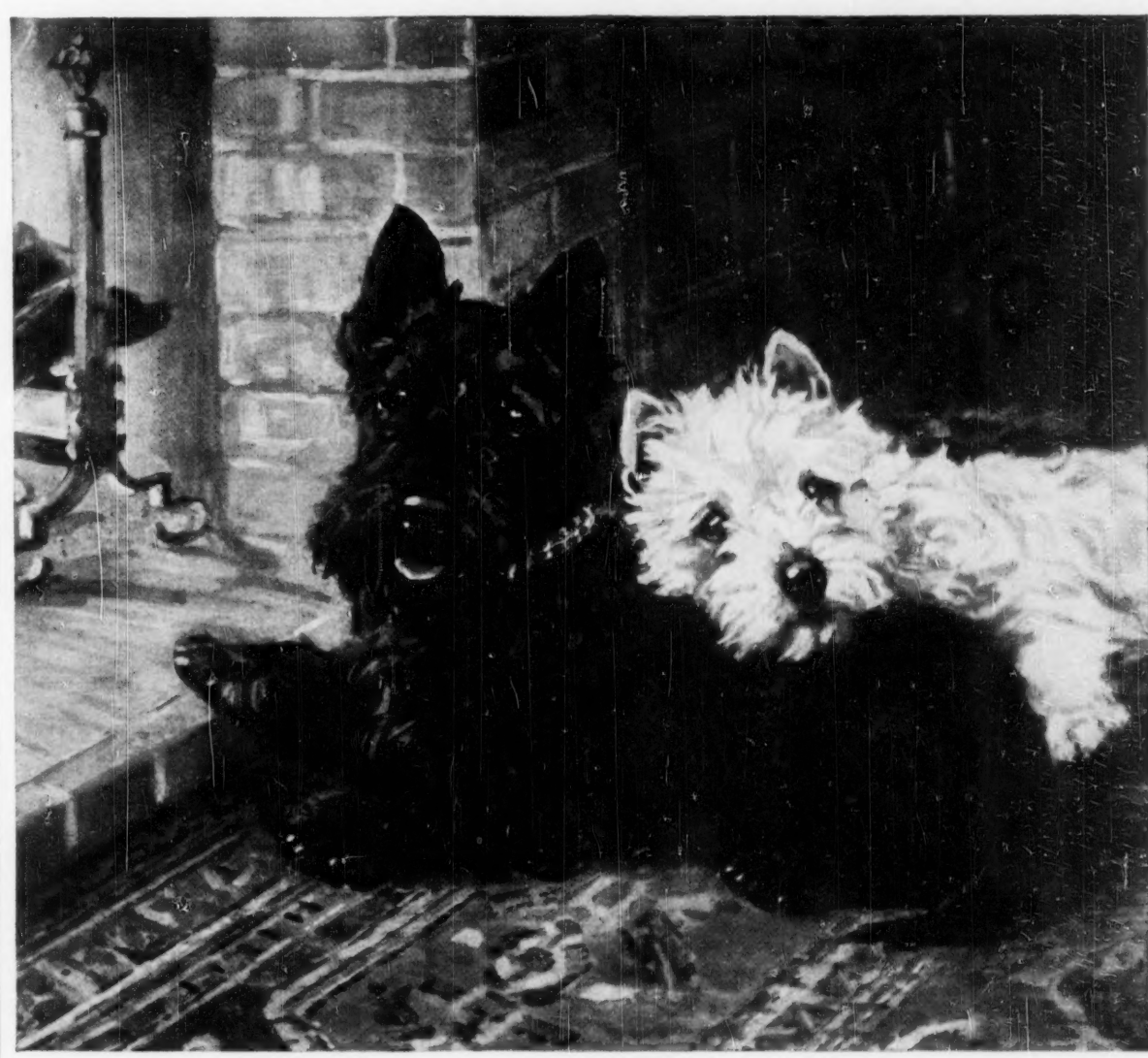
"It's an upper-middle-class sport, almost like yacht racing," commented Bill Wordham. "These drivers have to be willing to spend about six hundred dollars, at a minimum, during a racing season in order to win a ten-dollar trophy."

The cost is brutal. Some of the three-thousand-dollar racing engines have to be rebuilt every three races. The cheapest racing tires cost forty dollars apiece and their life expectancy, on back wheels, is less than six hours. One Corvette owner bought forty tires last summer. Peter Ryan's expenses the first summer he raced were ten thousand dollars; in the summer of 1960, he said, they would be more than double that.

"When he sent in his application to us at Greenacres for the first time," recalled Bill Arab, "it was on Mont Tremblant Lodge stationery. We figured he was a bellboy there or something."

Ryan's mother, widow of the flamboyant American millionaire Joseph B. Ryan, owns and operates Mont Tremblant, the most expensive and luxurious resort in the Laurentians. Her only son is able, literally, to buy whatever he fancies. When he was seventeen, he watched a man building a racing car in a Montreal machine shop. "Will you please make me one?" he asked politely.

"Are you serious?" asked the man.



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Ryan was, and proved it with a deposit a few days later. "It wasn't much," he says uncomfortably. "The car was only worth about three thousand."

The car had been started when Ryan's attention was distracted by a crisis. By dint of training so fiercely that he regularly missed the first four and five months of high school, Ryan had become a superb skier and was looking forward to representing Canada at the Winter Olympics. He was advised, however, that he was ineligible, because of his U. S. birth. He was devastated by the news, and his subsequent failure to qualify on the U. S. Olympic team. Racing appealed as a comforting alternative.

"The car I ordered still wasn't ready, so I heard about a Porsche 350 that was for sale and bought it instead," Ryan explained.

He took it to Lime Rock, where hawk-faced John Fitch, now in his forties and a racing driver all his adult life, gave him a two-hour lesson for fifty dollars.

"Racing driving is the most difficult thing in the world," a jet test pilot once said. Fitch shows beginners the elements of finding the truest line around a corner, sits stonily beside them as they discover how a car feels just before it rolls—and sometimes endures the icy horror of an actual roll. Reflexes have to be faster than thought—a racing car in full cry travels seventy feet while a message is getting to the driver's brain. It was discovered, for example, that Stirling Moss brakes five times as fast as an ordinary driver.

"You should know," Moss wrote, "to an inch the most effective point for braking and for acceleration." Races are ordeals of judgment and stamina. During a Grand Prix at Aintree, for instance, Moss estimated that it is necessary to change gears twenty times a lap, making eighteen hundred gear movements in a ninety-lap race—one every six seconds for three hours. During the Monaco Grand Prix, drivers brake more than a thousand times. All this, while flickering at speeds up to a hundred and eighty through a herd of other cars.

Ryan was entranced. He returned home and, to his mother's dismay, practised thunderously on the private roads of the Mont Tremblant property. During his first race, at Greenacres in 1959, he excitedly shifted to the wrong gear and burned out a three-thousand-dollar engine. "I nearly cried, sitting there watching the others cars go around," Ryan recalled.

It was a shaming experience that still mortifies. Ryan had the engine rebuilt and went back to racing. This year he bought the RS-60 Porsche and he has already ordered an RS-61, a car that may cost close to fifteen thousand dollars, for next season. He lives well. After the final race at Goderich this summer, he planned to play host at a celebration banquet. Accordingly, he rented an entire motel for his guests. When he decided to enter his Porsche in California, he arranged for a company mechanic to accompany him for a month, at his expense.

Ryan has a disarming frankness about the advantage his wealth gives him. "There are lots of better-qualified drivers in Canada, but because of a lack of funds they have no chance to develop," he remarked shortly after winning his championship. "I know how lucky I am to have the kind of backing that allows me to do what I like."

You might get killed, a friend remonstrated.

Ryan shrugged negligently. "When your number comes up," he observed mildly, "you're going to get it. But meanwhile, you're enjoying yourself." ★



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The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne)—discovery of a famous scientific institute.

Now this new healing substance is offered in *suppository or ointment* form called *Preparation H*. Ask for it at all drug stores—money back guarantee.

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"Whenever I get an attack of arthritis I've always found that DOLCIN gives me complete and lasting relief from pain," says George Appleton of Toronto.

If you've suffered from crippling, painful attacks of arthritis, as Mr. Appleton has, begin today to follow his advice! DOLCIN tablets have helped thousands of Canadians to quick, lasting relief from arthritis, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, bursitis, and muscular pains. Get DOLCIN tablets today from your druggist.

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FASTEETH, an improved powder to be sprinkled on upper or lower plates, holds false teeth more firmly in place. Do not slide, slip or rock. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. FASTEETH is *alkaline* (non-acid). Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.

**A medical diagnosis
of the links between
alcohol and sex**

Continued from page 30

Q. Can you explain what you mean by the term "tenderness taboo"?

A. In our society there is a widespread taboo against expressing warm and tender feelings toward another person. Most of us have a powerful craving to express and receive expressions of love but we repress it, partly through a conditioned fear of being rebuffed. The tenderness taboo creates inner loneliness and turmoil — unpleasant feelings that can be temporarily relieved by the use of alcohol.

Q. How do you explain such a widespread taboo on tenderness in our present society?

A. As we become more highly educated, we seem less able to react, emotionally, in an uninhibited way. We are the products of a system of education that uses the scientific approach. In other words, we look at things with an air of detachment, of objectivity.

For many years now, mothers have been dependent on scientific books on child raising to help them rear their children. This is worthy of praise if scientific knowledge does not muffle warm feelings. It is too bad when, instead of responding in their own way to situations involving their children, mothers become nothing more than purveyors of somebody else's ideas on how to bring up children.

Teachers tell me that parents don't want to be told that their children are kind and gentle and affectionate. They want to hear that their youngsters are able and intelligent so that they can later compete in the professional or business world. Competition is often the antithesis of tenderness.

Under the influence of alcohol, many men and women educated in this vein find they can wake up to life — they can feel tender emotions for another person and express them. This result may, in time, lead to excesses with alcohol.

Q. Does alcohol have a place in sex relations?

A. By soothing anxieties and fears, alcohol, in moderate amounts, may encourage physical and emotional closeness between a man and a woman. In these circumstances, it neither stimulates nor lessens desire — it only removes some obstacles to the fulfillment of a desire already present.

I'd like to make it clear that this par-

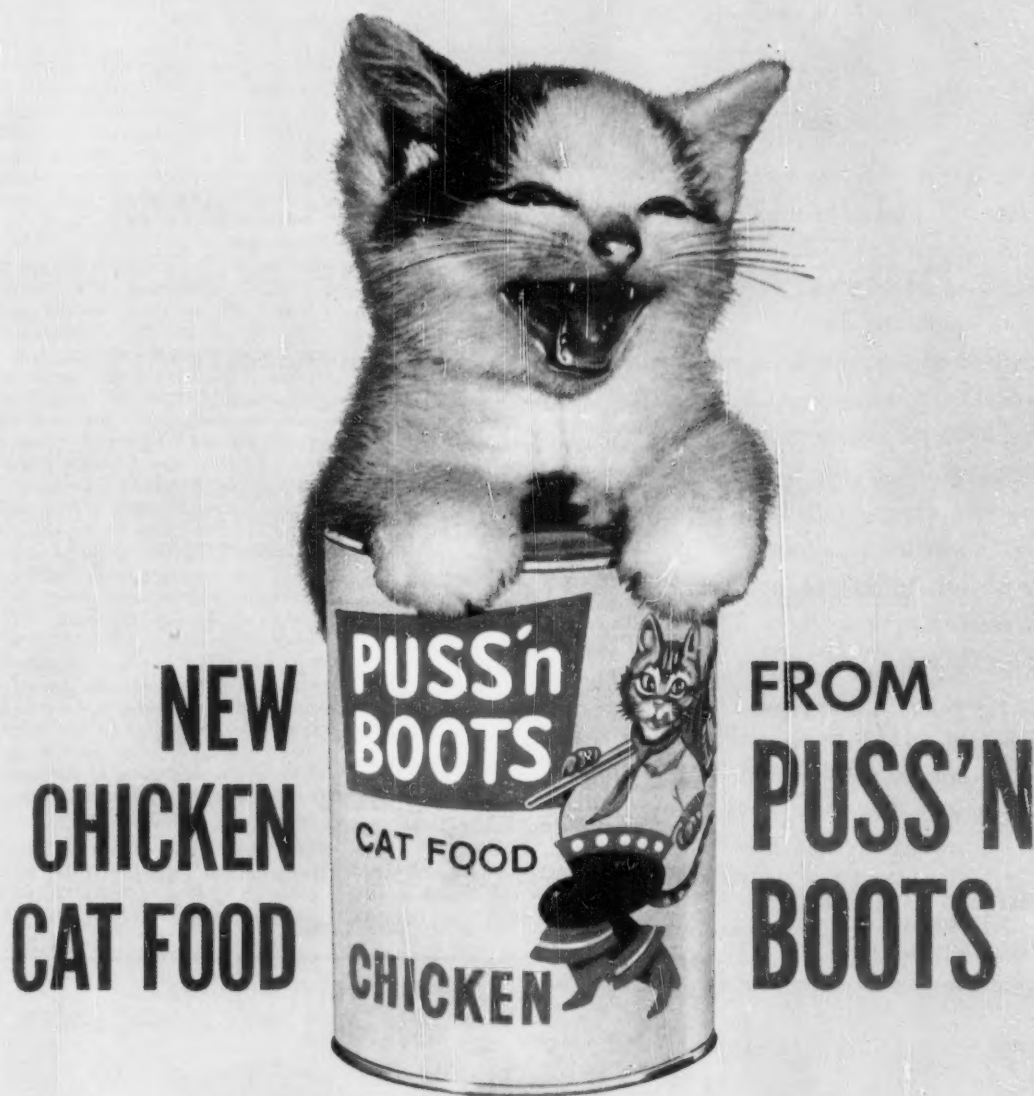
SOTTO VOCE

*By the time we're given
credit for not
Speaking hastily out,
The truth of the matter
may be that we've got
More to be silent about.*

THOMAS USK

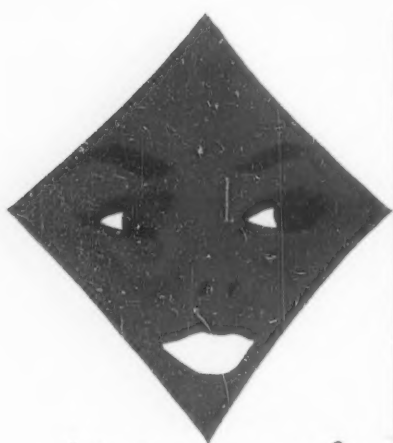
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**Look for NEW Chicken Puss 'n Boots in the bright new yellow label,
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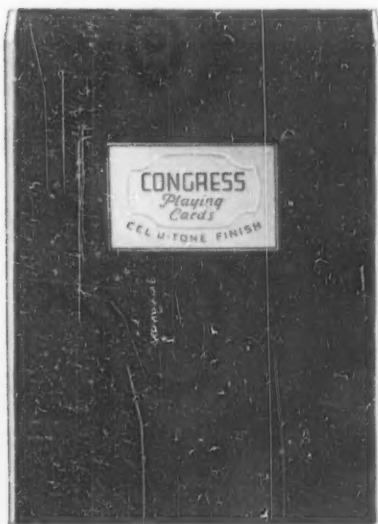
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A wonderful gift for a card-playing friend

In Canada and the United States, the search for fun has brought us to the "Friday-night trespass"

ticular use of alcohol is recommended only when it applies to a legitimate sexual union. In such cases, the use of alcohol favors a quality of love that has a meaning much deeper than mere sexual union. I also think that this use of alcohol should be temporary and experimental. It should prove to the individual that he or she can express tender feelings, and what's more, once expressed, these feelings can be reciprocated.

Alcohol and sex are an explosive mixture. Unhappily, alcohol is all too frequently used in an unhealthy way for sexual purposes.

Q. Can you describe some of these unhealthy uses?

A. Alcohol should not be used as a religious-ethical anesthesia, that is, to give the individual courage to engage in sex activities not acceptable to him or her while sober. Many women alcoholics I've known first started drinking to overcome religious and ethical prohibitions. It doesn't work. The relief is only temporary. When the drunkard sobers up, he or she is sharply stung by conscience.

On a more practical level, large amounts of alcohol are not compatible with a satisfactory sexual performance. Heavy drinking renders a man wholly incapable; for a woman who's been drinking heavily, the sex act becomes loveless, aloof, detached and perfunctory.

There are other unhealthy uses of alcohol in relations between the sexes. Sheer violence is one; it expresses the desire to overpower other people physically. There is also the drinker's unrealistic overestimation of his own charm and resources. Then there are the fantasies of the middle-aged, mildly inebriated woman who views herself as a seductive siren, and the mistaken judgment of the woman or man who believes she or he is brilliant and witty and the centre of attraction.

Q. What is the relationship between alcohol and homosexual behavior?

A. There appears to be a significant connection. The person with homosexual drives, when inebriated, often performs acts his conscience would forbid him when sober.

I would suggest that people with homosexual tendencies shouldn't drink at all if these tendencies are to be kept in check.

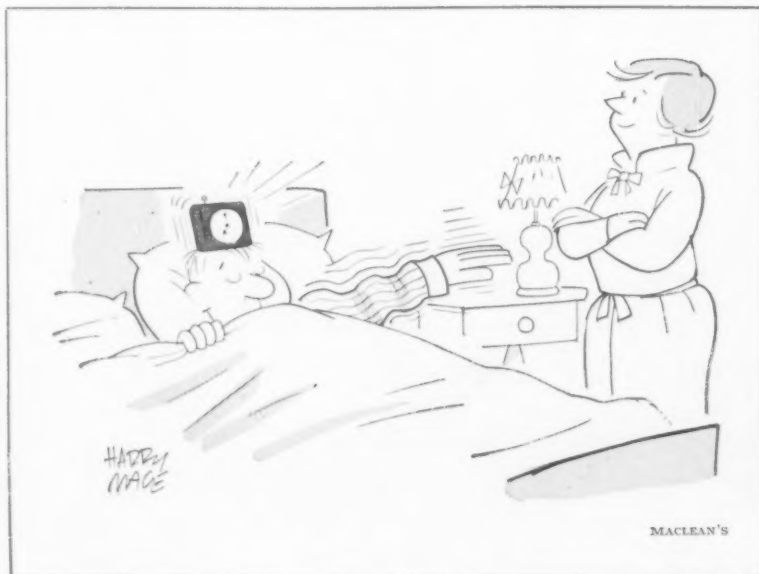
This advice is particularly of value to young people who nurse only latent homosexual inclinations. During the uncertain teenage years, the youngster is anxious for acceptance and thirsty for prestige and power. The homosexual world may appeal to him as a brilliant spiritual brotherhood or sisterhood of the chosen few where some of his aspirations may be realized. Thus, he may gladly pay the initiation fee, and, to alleviate the guilt that goes with it, drink heavily. Alcohol also strengthens the homosexual's belief that he is being accepted. Young men and women on the brink of adulthood should be aware of these dangers.

Q. In discussing sex and alcohol, you have used the expression "Friday-night trespasses." What do you mean by this?

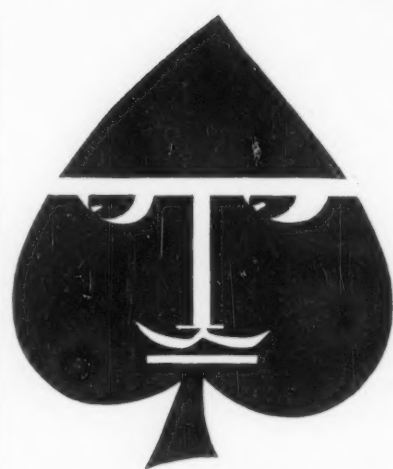
A. In Canada and the United States, the weekend is the time set aside for fun. It is a festival, celebrated fifty-two times a year. The festivities usually get started on Friday night. Usually, the two sexes celebrate together. Often large quantities of alcohol are consumed. Fun is desperately sought after as an escape from the vexations and frustrations of a hectic week. Given enough to drink, the celebrants trespass into the land of inebriety. It is a land where everything is clear and simple. One is capable of simultaneously experiencing diametrically opposite emotions. A drunk can feel secure and in danger, feel meek and grandiose, feel attracted to people of the same and opposite sex. All the pairs of opposites that can't be reconciled in sobriety find their pleasurable fulfillment in inebriety.

It is not my intention to offer a blanket condemnation of the Friday-night ritual. Moderate drinking on these occasions promotes companionship between the sexes and offers relief from the drab chores of the workday week. The overwhelming majority of drinkers who, once in a while, take too much alcohol do not represent serious medical, psychiatric or social problems. However, there's a real danger for the minority who become seriously inebriated, week after week. This may be the beginning of the dangerous descent into the abyss of alcoholic addiction. ★

This discussion is based on Dr. Loll's book, Social Drinking: How to Enjoy Drinking Without Being Hurt by It; World Publishing Co., 1960



MACLEAN'S



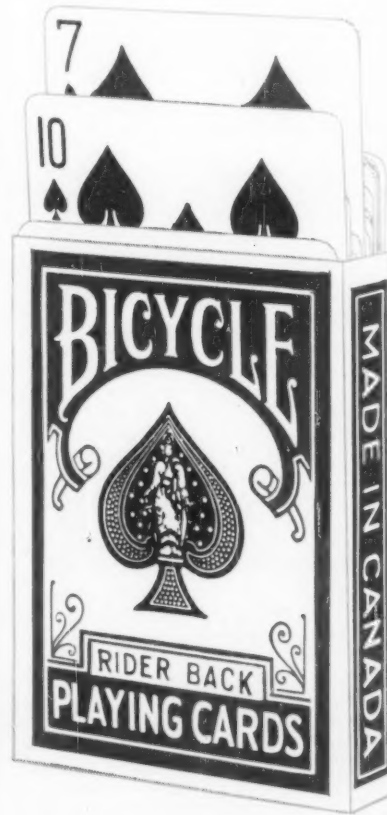
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The card players' favourite for more than 75 years

The rich are coming out of hiding

Continued from page 19

dedicated for three generations to gratifying the selective appetites of Montreal's more discriminating rich as well as the exacting tastes of world visitors, has never had it so good. His private credit system, which estimates the capacity of his upper-bracket clientele to pay with the accuracy of a Dun & Bradstreet rating, includes three thousand names. Revealing this glowing symptom of success, he said recently: "It makes one think the rich have come out of hiding."

In some ways, right across Canada, they *have*. But it would be wrong to say that the basic behavior of the really rich has changed. It hasn't. The established aristocracy of wealth — the so-called old families — still live more decorously than dangerously. A new resort in Jamaica, Frenchman's Cove, operated by Grainger Weston, eldest son of the multi-millionaire merchant Garfield Weston, offers peace and privacy to "eminent millionaires" at two thousand dollars a week for man and wife. Grainger's big pitch is quiet and concealment. "We don't offer dancing girls," he says. There are no bars, radios or TV. This retreat is populated largely by the long-wealthy folk of Canada.

Fifteen times as many as in 1935

What *has* changed drastically, however, is the ranks of the rich. Never in the history of this country have there been so many *nouveaux riches* and almost-rich. Never have so many Canadians succeeded in such a hurry, and never have they spent money so willingly and wantonly. In contrast to the thousand people who reported incomes of more than twenty-five thousand dollars a year to the Department of National Revenue in 1935, fifteen thousand said last year they'd earned that much and considerably more. That was double the number of ten years ago and six times that of 1941. The figure is going up every day. The average income of these suddenly-rich last year was fifty thousand dollars.

This new horde of *nouveaux riches* has kicked out of its plate-glass picture windows most previous notions on how the wealthy should get rid of their money. It was a minor scandal among the very well-to-do in the 1920s when Commander J. K. L. Ross, the Montreal sportsman, bankrolled two racing stables in Canada and the U. S. and freighted his flamboyant friends in a private railway car to Saratoga, Pimlico and Churchill Downs to watch them run. "Vulgar display," was the popular reaction of his companion tycoons.

Today, such shenanigans no longer raise an eyebrow anywhere. Last year Max Bell, the Calgary oil and publishing millionaire, flew a party of his friends to London to watch one of his horses, Blue Sail, perform in the Derby at Epsom. The fact that Bell picked up the bill for the trip, for a week's stay at the Ritz, for the Rolls-Royces that transported his friends to any place their whim dictated, passed almost unnoticed. If the junket attracted any attention at all, it was because Johnny Longden, who has ridden more winners than any other jockey in



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*New Champion "Plug-Scope" checks your spark plugs
right in the engine — reveals their condition on a
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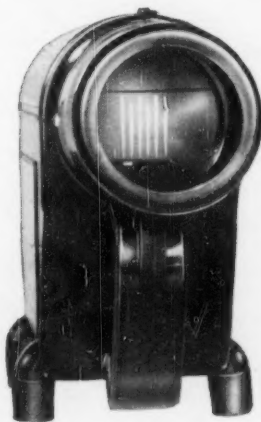
Worn spark plugs fail to ignite the gas you paid good money for. They cause misfiring that makes starting difficult, pickup sluggish and gives poor performance all around.

Yet, up to now, there was no quick, easy way to check for worn spark plugs right in the engine.

Today, the Champion "Plug-Scope" changes all that. This new portable, electronic spark plug tester will check a whole set of plugs in about the same time as it takes to clean your windshield . . . without removing a single plug! And you can see the results with your own eyes.

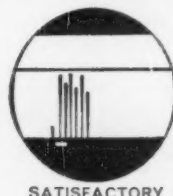
This electronic "Plug-Scope" test *costs you nothing*. Yet it can save you dollars on your gas bill, and trouble on the road.

The very next time you stop in to see your serviceman, ask him for a free electronic spark plug test with the Champion "Plug-Scope". And for full power and economy all the time, change plugs every 10,000 miles.

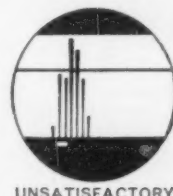


Here's the picture

Here's what you see when you look into the business end of a Champion "Plug-Scope". Those bright, vertical lines are called "traces", and there's one for each cylinder in your engine. If the traces go above the horizontal red warning line, your plugs need attention. If the traces stay below the line, your plugs are all right. It's as simple as that.



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history, went along to ride Blue Sail and finished tenth.

In the era of Ross, half a dozen Canadians had their own private railway cars and traveled hitched to the rear of regularly scheduled trains. They were known as the notorious rich, but by today's standard they might well be going by pushcart. Scores of Canadians today travel in their own planes, costing up to a million dollars and piloted by crews whose combined salaries might cause Commander Ross to sell off half his horses. At Dorval, outside Montreal, Timmins Aircraft is a booming industry devoted entirely to servicing and flying such private planes. The cost: \$150 an hour to operate, and they land and take off almost every minute.

Such aircraft are among the new wealth symbols of this country, which are changing swiftly and replacing such old symbols as substantial homes, glossy cars and fancy yachts.

One of the foremost wealth symbols today is travel, and the knowledge that comes with it. This insistent clamor to see the world and explore little-known parts of it has created a mushrooming industry: the travel agency. Claire Wallace, a writer and radio commentator who pioneered an agency that arranged offbeat trips to hard-to-get-at places about five years ago, now has a staff of seven and is expanding further. "Canadians travel more than anyone," she says. "They don't ask how much it will cost. They just tell us where they want to go, when they want to leave and how long they'd like to keep going."

As a symbol, the Cadillac's passé

On a whim, three Toronto housewives each parted with \$3,500 for a "Livingstone Safari" through darkest Africa. They asked to attend the wedding of Haile Selassie's daughter in Ethiopia and they did. While Belgian whites struggled to get out of the Congo a few months ago, scores of wealthy Canadians were swamping travel agencies with requests to go there. "Last year, it was Russia and China," says Miss Wallace. "Where there's trouble—that's where they seem to want to go."

The swimming pool has also usurped the Cadillac's place as a symbol of wealth. Builders installed more than three thousand indoor and outdoor pools across the country last year and expect to build six thousand this year at prices up to \$35,000, although average cost is under \$10,000.

But today's new rich are also inclined to be fancy—and often imaginative. Alphonse Gagnon, a Quebec dime-store magnate, built a home in the shape of a pillbox in Chicoutimi and then sank a nine-foot-deep aluminum "fish tank" in the basement so he could "snorkel." Around the pool edge he has pogo sticks and bicycles for additional exercise for himself and his friends.

A Toronto sound-equipment manufacturer, David Gilmour, has not one but two pools in his backyard—on a split level—not fifteen minutes from his office. A lighted fountain splashes in the centre of one and spills its waters into the other, to the strains of hi-fi music. Complete with Japanese teahouse, the pools, according to the contractor, cost more than \$30,000, but they only just managed to keep pace with the creation of a Toronto lumber merchant, Miroslav Fillo. Beside his swimming pool he's built a games room and steam baths, under one roof. He's steam-heating the whole establishment and plans to sweat and swim all winter.

Canadians like this pair seem to be losing the old Canadian fear of flair. That hair shirt the rich have endured for gen-



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erations — "vulgar display of wealth" — still has to be worn, but it doesn't itch much any more.

Chiefly responsible for the change has been a new type of tycoon, who in most cases has accumulated his millions adventurously and suddenly. One arresting example is Adrien Miron, of Montreal, fifty-five-year-old leader in a family of six brothers — Gerard, Raymond, Arthur, Vincent and Gilbert, who is youngest at thirty-five.

They inherited a modest construction business from their father Emile and force-fed it into a giant. They built munitions factories, textile mills, cement plants, roads. They launched their own supply firms. Suddenly, in July, Miron et Frères, by now one of the biggest business names in Quebec, sold out for fifty million dollars to an association of Belgian companies, although the brothers still control a dozen firms on the fringes of the heavy-construction industry.

The reason for the sale was not that Adrien and his tribe wanted to quit work and have fun. The price was simply too attractive and, anyway, they had never forgone the pleasures of the very rich. Far from it, their love of exciting and expensive living has become almost legendary in Montreal. Adrien disdains holidays in Florida or the Caribbean but often flies there on weekends in one of the family's two private planes, a DC-3. (The other is a Canso flying boat.)

A gourmet with a strong appetite for Chinese dishes, he once ordered a favorite, wan ton, in a Miami restaurant. Unable to get it, he phoned Ruby Foo's, which he patronizes regularly in Montreal, and had his Chinese dinner flown to Miami and prepared and served — with wan ton — in his hotel suite.

A \$50,000 trailer for the stables

Five years ago, Adrien began to take an avid interest in harness racing, a fast-growing sport in Montreal. Characteristically, he had to be champ. He began to buy standardbreds. Today he has a stable of twenty-six, a breeding farm at St. Augustin, Que., and he owns a pacer, Tie Silk, and a trotter, Champ Volo, acknowledged to be among the best in their classes on the continent.

When his horses are running on New York tracks, Adrien often flies down in his private plane for an evening to watch them. He hangs around the stables in a \$50,000 trailer he had outfitted with TV, a bar and lounge, where he plays gin rummy and swaps lies and horse talk with other owners or his stable hands.

There is a striking contrast between this new tycoon, who pampers his impulses and displays his successes, and the old tycoons like Sir Herbert Holt. This giant, the richest Canadian of all, lived for decades in murky obscurity in a Montreal mansion, shunning pomp. He walked to work or was driven in a vintage Rolls-Royce. He never owned a private plane or a yacht. Today, he is becoming more and more a mildewed image of wealth.

Today the rich are apt to have less and throw it around more, like Toronto businessman David Rush, a millionaire at 38.

In his brief career Rush has controlled eighteen manufacturing or business concerns. He has sold most of them and is currently buying more. Getting rich quick, he has backed prize fights and TV performers. He built a \$125,000 beach cottage on Lake Simcoe, an hour's drive from Toronto, "because my wife hates mice." The former "cottage" on the site was old and a mouse ran in one day, frightening Mrs. Rush. The new place has foundations two feet thick that go eight

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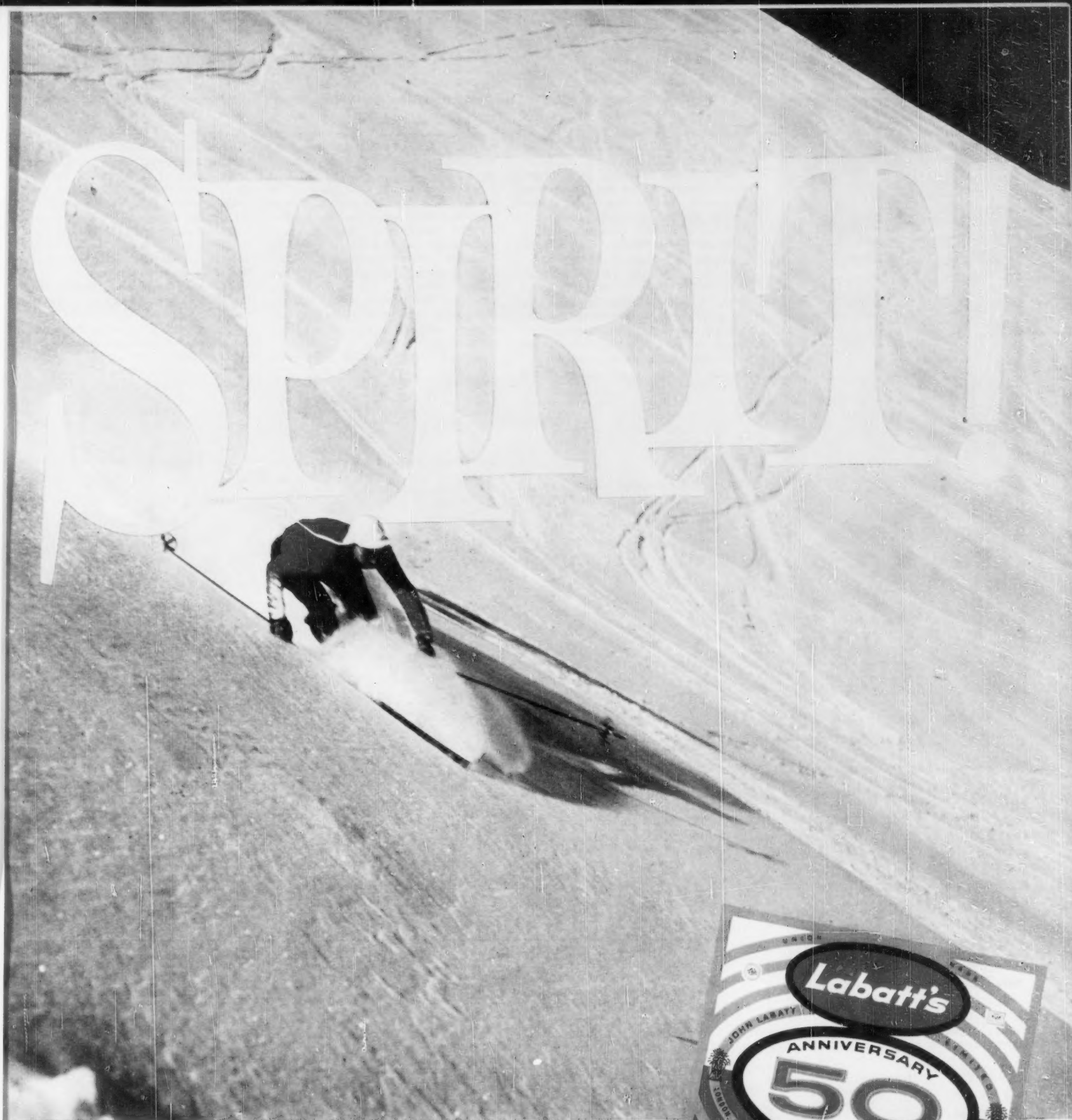
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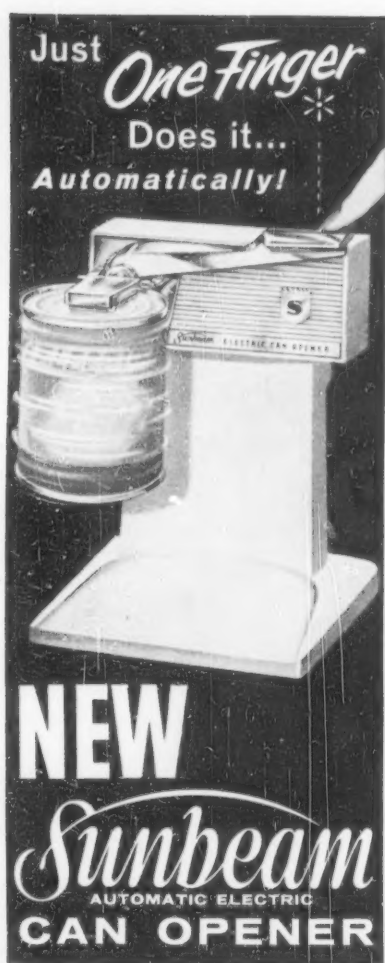
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A \$50,000 sable coat for an oilman's wife, and ermine for the racetrack

feet down. "Mice couldn't get in with pneumatic drills," says Rush.

He planned to move to California after disposing of his business holdings in Canada, but his son, Gary, decided against the University of California and in favor of Queen's University at Kingston, Ont., for his studies. Rush scrapped plans for a villa in California and is building a \$250,000 "colonial mansion" in Toronto's swank Bayview area.

Nor is flamboyant spending any longer the prerogative of a fortunate few. Nowhere is this spelled out more clearly than in the women's fashion industry, which in this country has climbed from nowhere in money-making to the stratum of millions. One Montreal fashion authority, Marion Foltz of Holt Renfrew, says there are perhaps twenty-five women in Canada who replace an entire wardrobe of Paris and London originals twice a year at an annual cost of up to \$40,000.

The number is apparently on the rise. Holt Renfrew, which distributes Dior designs and is sometimes considered to be the nation's No. 1 *haute couture* establishment, moved only five years ago into a new building on Toronto's fashionable Bloor Street. Today the firm is spilling over into a fourteen-story building next door. Although a snowstorm hogtied traffic, more than a thousand paid five dollars apiece to see a showing of Dior, Balenciaga, Balmain, Givenchy and other imported originals in Toronto's Royal York Hotel last March.

High-fashion houses like Holt Renfrew guard the identity of their well-to-do clients much as the RCMP guards Igor Gouzenko's but are not at all reticent about prices, such as the \$50,000 tag on a Russian sable coat recently sold to the wife of a Calgary oilman. The women themselves are far less inhibited. When one young and wealthy matron received an ermine coat as a gift from her husband she phoned Lillian Foster, a Toronto Telegram fashion columnist, to report the good news.

"Where can I wear it?" she asked. "Wear it to the racetrack," Miss Foster replied, with intended malice. She was shocked next day to find the lady had taken her advice.

Perhaps nowhere have the rich come out of hiding with greater alacrity and impact than in the preparation for and performance of marriage rites. Weddings are a vital and profitable commercial enterprise. After love sets in, bridal consultants such as Claire Dreier, who in thirty-two years has stage-managed more than forty thousand weddings for the T. Eaton Company, take over, with the help of florists, caterers, decorators, vintners, the clergy and local members of the International Beverage Dispensers & Bartenders Union.

The last man in this lineup is the bride's father who, to avoid being called a cheap-skate if he's well-to-do, pays a standard five thousand dollars for the works. But five-thousand-dollar weddings today are run-of-the-mill, according to Miss Dreier and the consultants for other leading merchants. Now the sky's the limit.

Samuel Bronfman, multi-millionaire distiller and one of Canada's richest men, took the lid off in 1949 when his daughter Phyllis married Jean Lambert of Paris in Montreal, and made a fortune for Ontario florists. The Bronfman home was festooned with fifteen thousand lilac blooms plucked by fourteen men the day before and transported by chartered TCA plane from Windsor. At the ceremony, two growing lilac trees framed the bridal

couple. Bronfman's bill for everything was reported to be a hundred thousand dollars.

No one in Canada since has matched the Bronfman effort, but medals for valor could have been pinned last June on four Toronto fathers who tried. Within a week millionaires M. J. Boylen (mining), James F. Crothers (machinery), William Jay Gutterson (pharmaceuticals) and Isadore Rosenthal (electronics) gave away their tulle and bejeweled progeny and, by the time the IBM machines had stopped clicking the total damage was estimated at \$250,000.

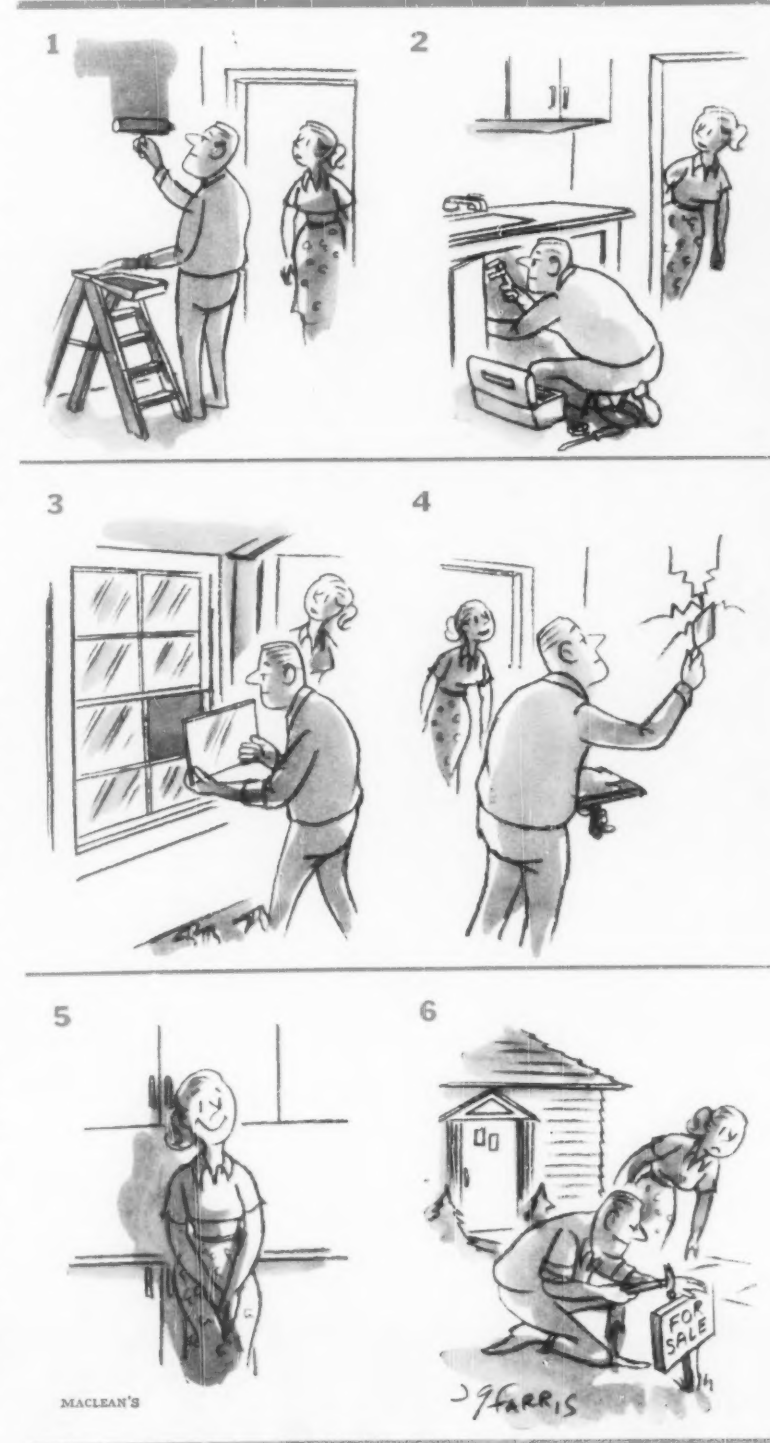
Stunned guests watched productions that film-maker King Vidor might have envied. The Toronto Star described the Rosenthal rites as "the wedding of the decade." An entire year's growth of 2,500 Lester Hibbard roses (pink-beige) from

the Hamilton premises of Harvey Sobel perfumed the Royal York's new Canadian Room. At more than thirteen dollars a plate, five hundred guests ate and drank for four hours with a fifteen-piece orchestra spurring them on. The bride's gown, a \$1,500 creation by Toronto designer Artibello, was roses from the waist down; peonies covered the newel posts and gardenias grew live in the urns.

"Elaborate but tasteful," bridal consultant Claire Dreier informed newspaper reporters.

"Today's rich want to be distinctive," she commented later, and others rose to the challenge.

The signal thing about this carnival of romance was that no part of it was a manifestation of idle wealth. All four principals are working millionaires, though recent ones. James Boylen, al-



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new in spirit... new in splendor for '61

though he controls a score of mining companies, still refers to himself as a prospector and lists himself as such in Who's Who in Canada and has a license to prospect.

James Crothers' time is so crowded that he shuttles between his business assignments in one of the most expensive private planes in Canada, a million-dollar Gulfstream, whose three-man crew he employs full time.

All four are characteristic of Canada's new tycoon, whose tastes and impulses are opening new channels in the nation's

spending habits and widening old ones. For one exotic example, the biggest foreign customer of a Chicago gourmet concern that turns out each year eight million dollars' worth of chocolate-coated ants and oil-roasted grasshoppers is Canada. This country is considered such a fat field for food faddism that McCormick & Company, of Baltimore and San Francisco, which collects a variety of spices and herbs from the corners of the world, will soon begin releasing them from a plant in London, Ont.

Art has also been given a tremendous

boost by the investments of the new Canadian tycoon.

Edward Cleghorn, associate director of the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, estimates that there are now a hundred and fifteen "great collections" in this country where fifteen—such as the Van Horne assortment of Old Masters—existed at the turn of the century. In addition to this, there are at least five hundred "significant collections" by Canadians, he says. An aggregate value might run into the hundreds of millions of dollars. Unlike the Rembrandt self-portrait recently

acquired by Samuel Bronfman at undisclosed cost, these paintings are not investments by the collector so much as his bet that what his eye is attracted to will prove of value.

In his beach cottage at Lake Simcoe and his home in Toronto, businessman David Rush has paintings by such masters as Constable and Turner, in addition to the works of other famous and obscure artists. No real art lover, he says simply, "They're important."

Some don't even care if their spending is charged off against income tax or not. The Ronald Grahams of Vancouver foot the bill unabashed for parties that bring a flush to the cheeks of thousands of guests a year. At one affair for the Red Cross, they had 3,000 people. Their most famous guest was Prince Philip, who skinned his Grecian nose on the bottom of their Olympic-size swimming pool, but their unceasing party schedule is usually topped by the annual birthday shindig for multi-millionaire Ronald.

This year it was Nippon Night.

Five hundred and fifty invitations were sent out, many of them to people the Grahams have met on their travels around the world. Four hundred and fifty came.

The food: The hors d'œuvre were authentic Japanese tidbits served on the patios and terrace by Japanese girls in full costume. They were: *yakitori* (bar-

LAST LAUGH

He who laughs last

At the story narrator,

Intended to tell

The same story later.

F. G. KERNAN

becued chicken); *kamaboko* (fishcakes) and *ebi no tempura* (fried shrimp). These were cooked on a Japanese grill called a *konro*. The chicken was served on bamboo sticks. The subcontract for this was handled by the Geisha Gardens, a local Japanese specialty restaurant. On hand to supervise was George Yoshimura, the Geisha Gardens' manager, and four of his girls did the cooking and serving.

The dinner menu: curried crab legs and shrimp, turkey, ham, baked salmon, jellied salads, tossed salads, brioche fingers, fresh raspberry mousse, birthday cake, and coffee.

The quantities: three 20-pound decorated spring salmon; six 25-pound turkeys; four 15-pound hams; 60 pounds of crab legs and 30 pounds of shrimp.

The help: eight bartenders and ten women cooks and helpers were hired, apart from the four Japanese girls and the Japanese manager; two commissionaires were hired to direct traffic. That makes a total of twenty-five. In addition, there was the regular Graham staff of seven.

The party began at seven o'clock. Two Japanese girls met the guests at the door and each woman guest was given a Japanese fan that Mrs. Graham had brought from Japan.

All the guests came dressed in some sort of Japanese get-up. The most famous guest, jockey Johnny Longden, came as Lord High Executioner. The members of one family came dressed in baseball uniforms, called themselves the Japanese Mounties. (Mounties is the name of Vancouver's Pacific Coast League team.)

Imagine Sir Herbert Holt in such a get-up? He'd think the rich had gone clean out of their minds. ★

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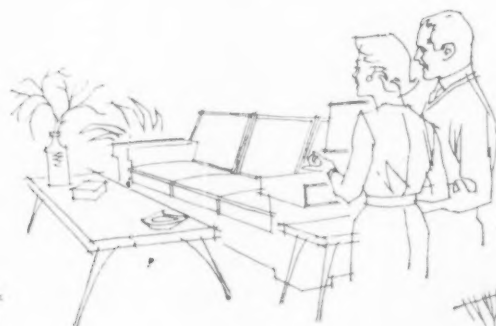
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For the sake of argument continued from page 10

"By giving nuclear arms to the Swedes, Germans or Turks, we'd lessen the danger of war"

of its credibility; the risk of nuclear war, as a consequence, is increasing. When the Americans possessed a monopoly on the atomic bomb, and were immune to direct attack, it was credible that they would carry out the threat to inflict atomic chastisement on any aggressor. Belief in this threat was diminished when the Americans quite properly declined to exploit their atomic monopoly during the Korean War. It has suffered even more through the development by the Russians of the hydrogen bomb, and missiles that could carry it to American targets. American invulnerability is a dead letter.

All-out nuclear war between the two giants would now be suicidal for both — or so close to it that neither could expect to gain anything by embarking on this course. This stark fact diminishes the possibility that war might start as the result of a direct attack by one superpower on the other.

The possibility of Soviet aggression elsewhere, however, has been increased by the unprecedented vulnerability of the United States. The Russians possess a decisive margin in conventional forces, and might now be tempted to exploit this advantage in a probe against a lesser power;

they might gamble that no American president, in order to defend Turkey or Berlin, would press the button that would lead to the destruction of the United States. The threat of massive retaliation is thus increasingly incredible and ineffective. Even the presence of American troops in an exposed country could scarcely create the expectation that any attack on it would be answered with American nuclear weapons. The Western threat of massive retaliation might at any time be put to the test and exposed as bluff; we should then be on the slippery slope to capitulation or nuclear catastrophe.

In the interest of peace and security, we must restore credibility to the nuclear deterrent. Some authorities, who believe in the feasibility of limited nuclear war, consider that the deficiency in the deterrent has been made good by the stationing in allied countries of tactical nuclear weapons under American control. These weapons range in power from very little up to that of several Hiroshima bombs, and thus greatly diversify the nuclear armory. However, if the superpowers started using any type of nuclear arms against each other, it seems improbable they would call it quits before employing their most devastating models. Because of this, the Russians might still gamble that, providing the United States itself were not attacked, the Americans would climb down rather than initiate nuclear war.

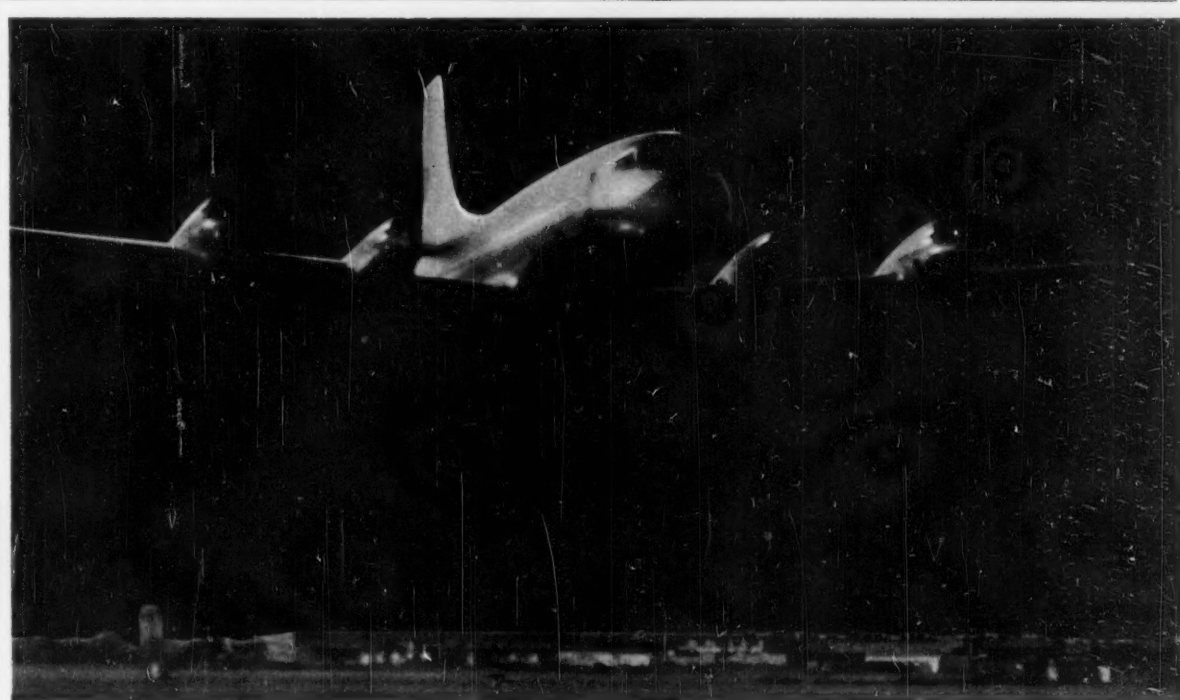
Reluctantly, I am forced to the conclusion that it is now necessary to enable more countries to employ, on their own, the nuclear deterrent. I have in mind countries like Sweden, Denmark, Germany and Turkey, which are vulnerable to Soviet military pressure.

The Russians might take the chance that an attack on any such nation would not bring American nuclear retaliation. They could scarcely, however, assume that Swedes, Danes, Germans or Turks would refrain from the use of every means at their disposal to respond to an invasion of their respective homelands. In such hands, therefore, the nuclear deterrent could regain the credibility from which it derives the capacity to deter.

Adding to the number of "fingers on the button" might increase the risk of war by accident. On balance, however, the risk of nuclear war would be lessened. Furthermore, there are means available to keep any increase in the risk of acci-

dent, or misuse, within reasonable limits. In the first place, it would not be necessary to give countries like Turkey and Germany the most potent nuclear weapons since they need not be enabled to defeat the Soviet Union singlehanded. It

would suffice if they could by themselves inflict such damage on the aggressor that the cost of even a successful invasion would be clearly excessive. The strength of the weapons to be given could be related to each country's estimated value



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IMPERIAL by HIRAM WALKER

to the Kremlin. The secret of Swiss invulnerability has not been the capacity to withstand invasion by a major power; it has been sufficient that the Swiss armed forces could make the price of Swiss real estate appear unprofitably high. Similarly, the Swedish, Danish, German and Turkish forces, if equipped with tactical nuclear weapons, would be sufficiently formidable to reduce to insignificance the threat of Soviet aggression against their countries. These weapons, on the other hand, would hardly enable them to threaten with success the Soviet Union,

or any of its protégés in eastern Europe.

Secondly, "dual control" over the nuclear weapons could be maintained until the moment of attack, or serious threat of attack; this implies that the local forces would need to be equipped with the means of delivering nuclear warheads, and trained in their use; the United States — or, better, a new Western agency — would retain the keys to the warheads up to the moment of crisis.

This would limit the "fingers on the button," apart from times of crisis, and facilitate negotiations on disarmament.

The conditions under which the keys would be handed over would be rendered explicit in advance, and provision made so that the transfer could be carried out without delay.

The stage would thus be set for effective resistance, if need be, by the smaller countries without the necessary involvement of the United States or other powers. The ability to localize a conflict would be a distinct advantage. More important, the enhanced credibility of the deterrent would greatly reduce the likelihood of any aggressive attack. It is even

conceivable that American forces could be withdrawn to the United States without its allies losing confidence. The dismantling of American bases abroad would eliminate an important source of tension.

The Russians would probably refuse to concede immunity to the Americans; they might well threaten to rain missiles on New York if control over nuclear weapons were transferred to countries with which they were at odds. This threat need not be taken seriously since, to carry it out, the Russians would have to accept the certainty of all-out nuclear retaliation on their own cities.

The proposed dispersal of control over tactical nuclear weapons would decrease the risk of war by increasing the certainty that aggression could not pay. However, it cannot be regarded as an adequate substitute for controlled disarmament, especially in the nuclear field. We must persist in our efforts to achieve this goal.

Unfortunately, even though we have made progress in the negotiations on nuclear tests, there are no grounds for optimism that an effective ban on the weapons themselves is anywhere in sight. Indeed, we may be beyond the point of no return since there seems no way of ensuring that the other side would not successfully secrete a clandestine stock of nuclear weapons. These are easily hidden. Given the degree of mistrust between the cold-war camps, this uncomfortable fact renders unlikely an effective agreement on nuclear weapons, even should both sides genuinely desire one. We dare not, therefore, rest all our hopes on disarmament.

Let the Russians fly over us

A more promising approach might be to tackle the growing risk that one side could initiate nuclear war in the mistaken belief that the other was about to launch an attack. This is a significant risk since measures designed for instant retaliation, which are necessary to make the deterrent credible, are increasingly difficult to distinguish from preparations for surprise attack — and there is still some advantage to getting in the first blow. In the era of the intercontinental missile, the time available for consultation and contemplation will be perilously short. We must, therefore, exert ourselves to prevent any misunderstanding of our intentions by the Kremlin.

It is very much in our interest to give the Russians every facility to assure themselves not only of our determination to retaliate if attacked but also of our resolve not to use nuclear weapons unless attacked. To this end, I support Major W. H. Pope's proposal, made in this column last December, that the Russians should be invited to help man the radar stations in the Canadian North. We should also invite them to inspect from the air the whole of Canada, and the United States, without waiting for them to reciprocate. Not only would this help to reassure the Russians but it could demonstrate our pacific intentions to the neutral nations. Without prejudicing our defenses, it would reduce the possibility of war through misinterpretation of our policies.

A special problem is presented by the development in the United States of nuclear-powered submarines equipped with Polaris missiles. These are most formidable craft and, because of their mobility, almost invulnerable. They increase the probability that the United States would reply to any direct Soviet attack with the devastating punishment of Russian cities. However, they could operate against our security by increasing doubts about West-

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ern intentions. We might be advised to consider the startling suggestion, made by Dr. J. G. Eayrs of the University of Toronto, that we should offer some of these submarines to the Russians to show we are not planning to employ them for a sneak attack.

Such proposals may well prove infeasible. They illustrate, however, the sort of imaginative measure required to meet the totally unprecedented and dangerous situation that confronts us.

There remains the question of the possible acquisition of nuclear arms by Canada itself. Many voices, including that of Maclean's, are urging that we repudiate any further reliance on these weapons. If the advocates of this position are prepared to have our allies abandon the deterrent, even if the Russians refuse to follow suit, I can respect their integrity while deploring their judgment. I simply cannot share their faith in Soviet restraint and goodwill.

A holier-than-thou stand is shabby

The more widespread but less readily defensible position is that Canada should totally reject nuclear arms while favoring retention of them by our major allies, at least until such time as the Russians agree to disarm under effective controls. This view implies acceptance of the proposition that Canada gains something through the possession by our friends of these frightful weapons; at the same time, we are advised to repudiate any share in the cost, risk or unpopularity caused by the Western reliance on the nuclear deterrent. This is a shabby attitude, often made worse by being advanced as the dictate of unselfish morality.

We already share in the responsibility for the adoption by the West of its nuclear strategy. Could we retain the respect of our allies, and influence with them, if we now assumed a holier-than-thou attitude toward them because they possess the weapons that alone hold in check the mighty military potential of the Soviet Union?

Maclean's, to its credit, has counseled against claiming moral superiority for Canada if we refuse to accept nuclear armament; it has also conceded a probable loss of influence with our NATO allies. Such a loss might be offset in part by a gain of stature in the eyes of the uncommitted, but I doubt it.

In any case, no gain in influence with the neutrals would be likely to compensate adequately for a serious loss of standing in the Atlantic community.

Any responsible Canadian foreign policy must, in particular, seek to maximize influence in Washington. It should do this not because the Americans are always right. If they were, we could relax and leave everything to them. Instead, we need to maximize our influence with the Americans because they are capable of being wrong, with tragic consequences for themselves, Canadians and all mankind. Influence among the neutrals is not to be despised, but it would be the height of irresponsibility to purchase this influence, and the glamor of a more detached role, at the expense of our unique status in Washington. Here, and not as one of the many would-be leaders in the neutral camp, Canada can do most to promote peace and security.

Before accepting nuclear weapons, Canada could — and should — press its allies to agree that our defense contribution be entirely of conventional forces. These are the sort we can best provide, and in which NATO is most deficient. I also question the necessity of having nuclear weapons based on our soil; the Bomarc seems clearly a case of "too little too late." Nor

is Canada one of the countries that need an independent nuclear potential in order to deter a possible Soviet assault. It is quite clear that an attack on us would be regarded as an attack on the United States, with all that that implies.

I am therefore optimistic that our allies would agree not to insist that we increase our participation in the nuclear field. However, should the alliance decide that all its forces must share in the actual possession of the weapons, and we remain a member, as we should, we would have little option but to go along.

The one convincing proof of Canadian reluctance to rely on the nuclear deterrent would be a vast increase in our conventional forces. If our allies followed suit, NATO would then be able to meet any Soviet aggression in kind; we could give up the perilous threat to reply with nuclear weapons to almost any attack, even if the attacker used strictly conventional forces. The NATO allies have more people, and much greater industrial power, than the Soviet Union; there is no excuse for our complete reliance on the nuclear threat apart from a reluctance to

accept the lower living standards that a balanced defense program would necessitate.

I have expressed disagreement with some of the views put forward by the editor of this magazine. Let me conclude by seconding his plea that the discussion in Canada of the nuclear predicament be earnest, good-tempered and realistic, and that even the politicians should be excused if they alter their stand in the light of hard fact. If there was ever an issue that called for non-partisan, dispassionate consideration, this is it. ★



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U. S. Report continued from page 12

The medical association's fear, its critics say, is that doctors' incomes will be reduced

wrongly, these people criticize the AMA stand on federal funds as being moved by a desire to limit competition, so as to hold doctors' incomes at a high level. Not so, the AMA retorts. Why, the AMA itself has set up medical scholarships and contributed funds to medical schools. The AMA says that what it really opposes is not federal grants for the expansion of medical education, but federal grants that have strings attached to them — strings with which the government might be able to bind and tie medicine.

This is a fairly convincing explanation when viewed against organized medicine's fear of government intrusion. During my visit to AMA headquarters I was handed a pound or so of literature, practically

every page of which reflected the horror doctors apparently have about being brought under control of the state. Here's a typical statement: "If the government were to buy this much hospital care (the amount involved in a comprehensive system of medical benefits for the aged) the government would soon be calling the tune. As a major purchaser, the federal government would necessarily concern itself with hospital costs. From that point, government would begin regulating and interfering...."

Here's another statement that refers to health insurance: "... the federal government would set the rates of compensation for hospitals, nursing homes, dentists and physicians; the federal government would

audit and control the records of hospitals, nursing homes and patients; and the federal government would promulgate and enforce standards of hospitals and medical care. When government at any level guarantees services which it cannot itself provide, it inevitably tends to control the purveyors of those services.... if a single government agency were to buy ten to twenty percent of all care in the nation's general hospitals, it would be utterly impossible to limit that agency's power to influence the over-all operation and management of hospitals."

Why is organized medicine so terrified at the idea of being paid by the state instead of by the patient? It offers an assortment of reasons. One of these, frequently

reiterated, is that: "The professional relationship between the doctor and his patient — the basis of all effective health care — would be severely handicapped. Government regulation would be imposed on the physician, and on the patient as well, bringing a third and intruding party between them." A second: "To bureaucratize medical care by funneling its services through the social security system would supply a 'cure' that would be worse than the disease in its ultimate effects on individual freedom and free society." A third: "We believe a federal compulsory health care system can lead only to disillusionment and to inferior medical care...."

Such quotations as the last three imply that organized medicine has the patient's welfare very much at heart. But the more cynical critics of the profession ask why a doctor-patient relationship, whatever that is, would be wrecked if the doctor collected from the government, but preserved if the doctor billed the patient for a painful sum.

These critics — and I've heard more of them since than before the U. S. election campaign — suggest that the actual reason the AMA and its affiliates dread a government health insurance plan, or any plan that would propel the state into the medical field, is that medical incomes might be reduced.

The critics, in support of the shocking suggestion that organized medicine is not uninterested in the almighty dollar, point to its attitude toward non-profit, pre-payment medical care schemes that have full-time salaried physicians. There are scores of these schemes, generally run by trade unions for their members, or by large groups with a common employer, such as civil servants. The subscriber pays the scheme a small monthly amount, in return for which he is eligible for the services of the staff of physicians and, when necessary, for hospital treatment. Schemes like this furnish low-cost protection — and compete with the physician in private practice. Presumably because the competition is resented, medical societies time and again have maneuvered to bar the salaried doctors of the non-profit medical care groups from hospitals. In Washington, a stage was reached at which the Group Health Association, operated by civil servants, lodged complaints with the Department of Justice, which successfully prosecuted the AMA and subordinate bodies under the Sherman Antitrust Act.


Yet, in spite of the AMA, the old image of the kindly doctor fighting his way through a blizzard in the middle of the night, to deliver a baby or save the life of a sick child, is a very durable one. It is one with which most of us somehow tend to associate our own physicians, even though we are likely to look on doctors, collectively, with eyes filled with distrust and unmixed by sentiment.

Ironically, the AMA, which is doing so much to shatter the kindly-doctor image, would dearly love to perpetuate it. The October issue of *Today's Health*, published by the AMA, carried an article about a kindly and dedicated rural physician. There were photographs of him making his heroic rounds in an ancient Ford, examining a patient by the light of an oil lamp, and chatting in a farmhouse kitchen.

There was no photograph of him at a political meeting. ★



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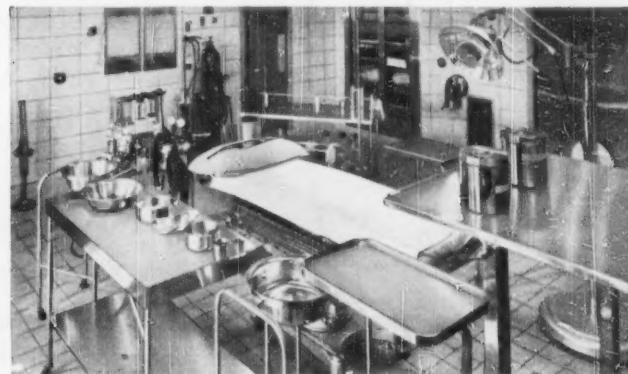
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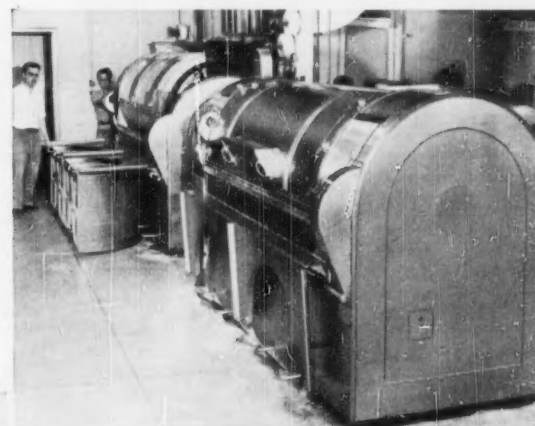
This modern hospital in Thompson, Manitoba, site of Inco's latest nickel mining development, presents a beautiful exterior with its gleaming polished nickel stainless steel window frames, main entrances and mullions contrasting with dull matte finished nickel stainless steel panels and columns. Architects: Waisman Ross & Associates.



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CANADIANECDOTE



The man with the lid on his stomach

Studying internal organs through a window in the body of a living patient is a medical technique most people would consider quite new. But a U.S. Army surgeon used it on a Canadian nearly 140 years ago — and made medical history.

The surgeon, William Beaumont, got the chance for his unprecedented observations as a result of an accident. The victim was a nineteen-year-old French-Canadian trapper named Alexis St. Martin, who worked for the American Fur Company at Fort Mackinac, on an island in upper Lake Huron.

St. Martin was in the company store one day in 1822 when a shotgun accidentally discharged, tearing a hole in his chest and stomach.

Beaumont, stationed at the fort, was called in to treat him. He found St. Martin near death but managed, after months of treatment, to heal the wound and get St. Martin back on his feet. However, the wound wouldn't close completely. St. Martin's employers were going to send him home by boat to Lower Canada, but Beaumont talked them out of it. He argued that a long trip on the lakes would probably kill a man in St. Martin's condition. But he also realized that the 2½-inch opening in St. Martin's stomach offered a chance to study the digestive system.

He persuaded St. Martin to come home with him and work at light household chores. Soon he began the first of 238 experiments that were to span an eleven-year period. In one of his reports he wrote:

"St. Martin swallowed part of a glass of water and being in a strong light favorable to internal view through the aperture, I distinctly saw the water pass into the cavity of the stomach through the cardiac

orifice, a circumstance probably never witnessed before by a living subject. ... Water ... would gush through the aperture the instant that it passed through the cardia. Food ... could be seen to enter the stomach."

St. Martin didn't share Beaumont's enthusiasm. He didn't like having to lie on his back while eating, and he grew irritable when Beaumont asked him to fast for twelve or eighteen hours in the interests of science. And acquaintances, knowing that St. Martin permitted Beaumont to remove the bandage from his mid-section, often jeered at him as "the man with the lid on his stomach."

A year after the experiments began, St. Martin left in disgust. He married in Lower Canada and sired two children. But Beaumont found him, after a search of several years, and persuaded him to move to Washington. There he got St. Martin on the army payroll as a sergeant and continued the studies. In 1833 Beaumont published his findings in a book called *Experiments and Observations of the Gastric Juices and the Physiology of Digestion*. After he retired from the army, he practised in St. Louis for several years. He died in 1853, and his memory is preserved in St. Louis in the names of Beaumont Medical College and Beaumont Street. At Fort Mackinac, a stone commemorates his experiments.

But there are no monuments to St. Martin, who returned to Lower Canada and outlived the surgeon by more than thirty years. When St. Martin died at 83, his family refused to permit an autopsy. And, to discourage anyone tempted to exhume the body, they had him buried in a grave eight feet deep.

— JOHN A. STEVENSON

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NOV. 19

"When Carl was working I canned a lot of chicken and I bought a pig. That's saved us money"

Carl, a small, wiry man who seethes with energy and is inclined to vehemence, has, as he put it, left his mark all over the province, on everything from pulp mills to supermarkets. But this year he has had only fifteen weeks' work, on three different jobs, and has earned about \$1,100. (His wages as a carpenter are \$2.92 an hour but one job, as a millwright, paid only \$1.70.) The rest of the time he has drawn \$36 a week in unemployment insurance.

"I was three months behind on the first mortgage," Carl told me, "when I got the summons to pay up or else." This he took to his union and the union's lawyers began to negotiate for him. The mortgage company suggested he borrow money to pay them. ("Stupid!" Carl snorted, as he told the story.) Then he got a few weeks' work, made one payment, and action was postponed. At the time of my visit, he was again three months in arrears.

"We've tried to sell the house, but no takers," said Carl. "I guess we're going to lose it, but I'm going to go down fighting. If they move to evict us, I'll try to rally the union to throw a picket line around the place."

How, I wondered, had they kept going on thirty-six dollars a week?

"Well, we really don't keep going," Esther Anderson replied. "We're behind on all our bills. One month we pay something on the phone bill, the next month something on the light bill. One day it's all going to come crashing down around

us." Their benefits under a medical insurance plan have been canceled because of non-payment of premiums and since then Mrs. Anderson and her youngest child have been in hospital. They anticipate a doctor's bill of two hundred dollars.

"We eat well enough," Mrs. Anderson went on. "When Carl was working I can-

the living-room window, chipped in: "Like my drapes. They're temporary, too. They've been up there for two years now."

Morgan worked at a shipyard for four years and "never lost an hour's time" until a year ago. "I came home one day," he recalled, "and said, 'Betty, I've been laid off,' and she said, 'My God, Bert, you haven't!'"

Since then he has remained on call to the yard, sometimes working for a week, sometimes for a day. At times he collects unemployment insurance, amounting to thirty-six dollars a week. Over the year his income has averaged about forty dollars a week. "That's a big drop," he said, "from the hundred and four I used to make."

One job at the yard, from four in the afternoon till eight the next morning, paid him thirty-eight dollars. "That knocked me off unemployment insurance," he said, "and so that week I wound up just two bucks ahead of the game."

The Morgans, who are in their early forties and have two school-aged children, are barely able to keep up the \$80-a-month payments on their \$9,000 home. The current taxes, \$180, are not paid and they owe \$50 on the 1959 taxes. Often they fail to meet the \$36 monthly payments on their furniture and instead pay only the interest and service charges. (Most of the families I visited who were buying furniture on time had made similar arrangements. None of them had had

their furniture seized.) In his spare time, Morgan has converted a basement recreation room into a suite, which is rented for \$50 a month. "It's been our lifesaver," he said.

As I was about to leave, Morgan said, "Don't write a sob story about us. There's lots of people worse off than us. We know an Irish family up the street with eight kids and the father hasn't worked in six months or more. My wife and her church circle have been taking hampers of food and clothing for the kids. We're well off compared to them."

In the case of Ben and Alice Taylor, a couple in their thirties, unemployment caused a reversal in the roles traditionally assumed by man and wife: she went out to work while he stayed home to do the housework and mind their three children. It almost wrecked their marriage.

A staff reduction wiped out Ben's \$240-a-month job as a warehouseman almost two years ago, at a time when Alice was expecting her third child. Seven weeks after the baby was born she became the family breadwinner, earning sixty dollars a week as a bookkeeper. Meanwhile, Ben looked for work.

"I turned this town upside down," he told me. "Upside down!"

"Once," he said, "I applied for a job as a hotel desk clerk but they wanted an experienced man. I offered to work for nothing for two weeks to get experience. No dice."

When they could no longer afford to

CHILD OF THE NIGHT

*His bedtime hour is eight o'clock,
At six we bathe and rinse him,
So that by seven we can start
To convince him.*

BETTY ISLER

ned a lot of chicken and fruit and I bought a pig. That's saved us money."

I asked Carl if he had looked for work. "I'm not home one day. Never!" he replied and, rather wistfully, he added, "I like to work. I like to work with wood."

Albert Morgan, a pipefitter, introduced me to a new expression when I visited him. "I'm TLOed," he said.

"What's that mean?" I asked.

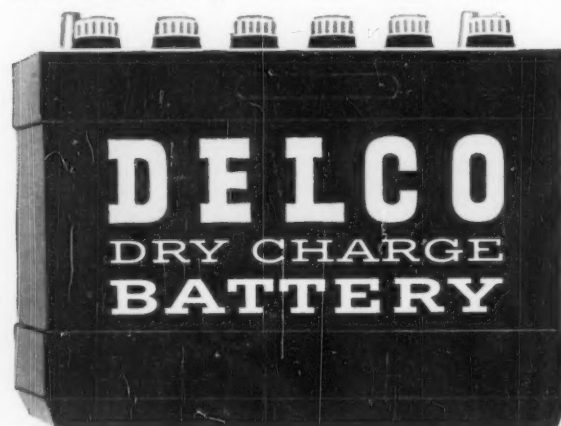
"TLO — temporary layoff," he answered and his wife, Betty, pointing toward



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hire a woman to keep house and look after the children, Ben reluctantly assumed the role of homemaker.

"Things were all backward, me at home, Alice out at work," he said. "Life is not supposed to be that way. My pride took an awful beating. My nerves were on edge. I'm not a drinking man, thank God, or I don't know what would have happened."

Eventually, they sought help from a social agency, one dealing in family relations, and succeeded in rescuing their marriage. In fact, the Taylors' story has a completely happy ending for, shortly after our meeting, Ben found a steady job, driving a delivery truck for a dry-cleaning firm.

I spoke to Ben after he'd been on the job a few days. "It's like a holiday," he said. "I tell you, it's like a holiday."

Unemployment is forcing Peter Marshall, a sixty-one-year-old carpenter, into premature retirement and is diminishing the savings he and his wife, Elizabeth, had hoped would cushion their old age.

In the last two years Marshall, a tall, raw-boned man who scarcely looks his age, has had only four months' work. In the last thirteen months he has worked three and a half days and earned exactly \$84.09. His unemployment insurance benefits expired in May.

His sole income is an annual pension of \$340 — for wounds he suffered while serving with the British Army in World War I. "Thanks to a grateful country," he says, sardonically. In the last war he again served overseas, for four years with the Canadian Army.

"Anyway, a man wants to work"

The Marshalls are not in want. They own their home, they have no debts, and they have "a few thousand tucked away." But to have to eat into these savings, which were earmarked for their retirement, embitters them.

Everything about their home — its freshly painted exterior, the well-kept garden, the meticulously clean and tidy rooms, even the smell of bread baking in the oven — seems to attest to the careful and orderly life they have lived. They have never owned a car ("felt we shouldn't spend the money"), have never bought things on time. They have no television set. Neither smokes or drinks.

"They've always said that if you worked hard and were thrifty you'd never have to worry," Marshall remarked. "Well, that's the way we've lived. Raised two children into the bargain — the girl's a teacher. So we have a house and some savings. We're not going to starve. But what will we have left by the time we're old enough for the pension?"

Reflectively, he added, "Anyway, a man wants to work. You get down in the neck not working. Last winter I dug my garden over seven times because I couldn't stand doing nothing."

There are no unemployed shoemakers in Vancouver — or so Ralph Ferguson, a truck driver, was told — and that is why, after a futile five-month search for a job, he enrolled in a shoemaking course at a vocational school.

For four years, Ferguson, who is twenty-six, worked for a trucking firm at \$250 a month. He and his twenty-two-year-old wife, Helen, have two children and were merely getting by. In May he was fired in an economy drive.

By next spring, if all goes well, he'll be a shoemaker — an employed one. In the meantime, the family's income is limited to thirty-three dollars a week unemployment insurance. Out of this must come fifteen dollars a month to pay for his course.

"If it weren't for my folks we couldn't live," his wife told me. "Our house belongs to them. We used to pay them sixty a month rent but now we get it rent free. My mother washes dishes in a restaurant to pay the taxes."

One obligation the Fergusons have not been able to meet is the \$41 monthly payment on their 1953 Ford. So far they have kept the finance company at bay by paying five dollars a month. In the meantime, they are trying to sell the car. Five of the families I visited had sold their cars and used the money to pay other

bills. The others who had cars owned them outright.

One family — a butcher, his wife, and five children — I found living in poverty.

For twenty years Jack Robertson worked in the food section of a department store. In January 1958 the store turned this part of its operation over to a national supermarket chain and discharged the entire staff. Later some of the former employees were hired by the new management, but Robertson was not one of them.

He was given \$1,900 severance pay and

\$1,500 from his pension fund. He was fifty-two at the time.

Since then he has had only five months' work. His age and a physical handicap work against him. His money is gone and the family lives on \$211.80 from social assistance. They pay eighty dollars a month rent for an old, dilapidated house that appears ready to collapse.

Robertson is a despairing, defeated man. "What do they expect a man to do after he's forty and after he's slaved his guts out for twenty years," he asks. "crawl into a hole and die?" ★

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THE MYSTERY OF THE



HAUNTED PIANO

OF COURSE, we won't divulge here the solution to the mystery. You'll have to find out for yourself in our November issue. But to tease you with a few clues, we will admit that the attractive blonde above is the heroine, the bewitched piano is hers, and her hobbies of auction shopping and furniture refinishing are also involved. But there, that's quite enough about that. Howsoever, it's perfectly all right to confess about some of the other things in the new issue of Canadian Homes that give us pride. One is a house shaped like a star. Another is a four-level garden with inspired ideas on each level. Still another is a how-to story on modern designs in quilting, of all things. Also, another Canadian Homes tear-out Guidebook: this time on how you can best enjoy a Holiday in the Caribbean.

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A MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLICATION

It's telepathy that brings Lassie home

Continued from page 20

When cats were tested in a maze, most went in the direction the experimenter "willed" them to take

Rockefeller Foundation research grant, has carried out a series of experiments with cats in which he "willed" them to eat from one of two cups containing food. Both cups could be reached by the cats only if they threaded their way through an arrangement of obstacles and baffles. In a significant majority of cases, the cats chose the cup of food that Osis chose for them in his mind and to which he guided them by thinking of that cup as they approached the maze.

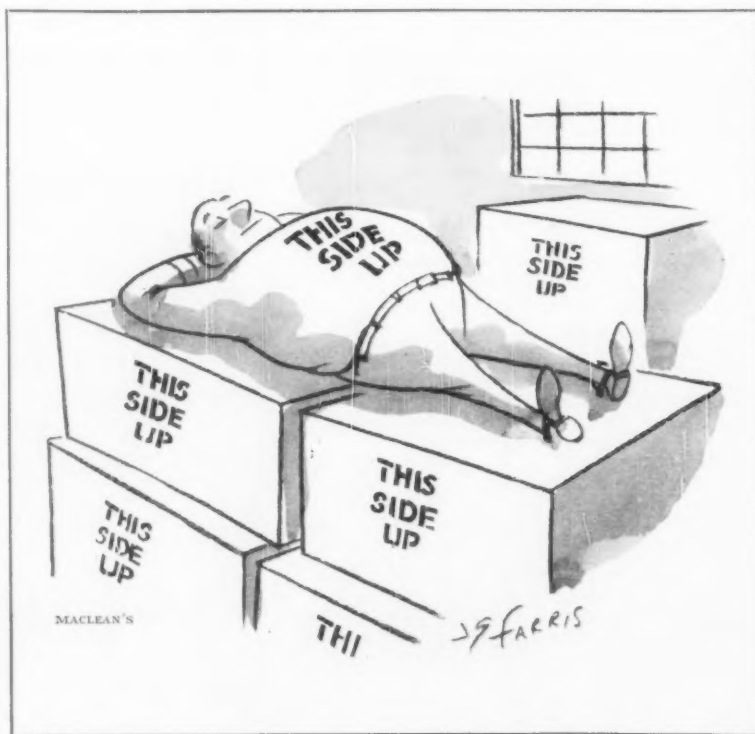
Dr. R. J. Cadoret, a colleague of Osis', obtained interesting results from ESP experiments on a dog. The dog chosen was one that had a reputation for being able to count and had been trained to answer simple problems in addition by pawing the correct number of times on the arm of the person who asked the question. This time the dog's master was instructed in ESP procedure and put the problems mentally and silently. The dog came through with a high score.

While the ESP theory requires some rapport between human and animal mentalities, the other project referred to deals with animals on their own. At Cambridge University Dr. G. V. T. Matthews, studying the mass migration of birds, is working on the theory that birds possess built-in instruments that enable them to navigate by sun and stars. The ESP advocates point out that if celestial navigation guides creatures to and from areas with which they are familiar, something more is needed to draw an animal like Bobbie or Clementine to an unknown destination. The implication is that the pet's owner, though not consciously attempting to influence it, may by the recurring thoughts he has of the distant animal be doing all that is necessary to guide it home.

Many an owner of an ordinary untalented dog is convinced that his pet possesses what amounts to extra-sensory perception. "Towser knows that I'm coming home when my car is still blocks away and goes to the front door, whining in excitement," is a typical comment. Scoffers may claim that a dog can detect the sound of his master's car beyond the range of the human ear, or become accustomed to a regular homecoming time. But how can they explain the case of Oogie, the husky?

Oogie, an expert tracker, is owned by Mrs. Lorna Jackson, of Mount Albert, Ont. He was conscripted by Toronto police, after Hurricane Hazel had devastated the Humber valley in the fall of 1954, to locate bodies in the debris. While on the job Oogie boarded at a nearby kennel. Several times Mrs. Jackson drove over to see how he was getting along and each time, when she arrived at the kennel, the proprietor had a cup of tea ready for her. He explained that he knew she was coming because Oogie had been straining at his chain for several minutes and peering intently down the road anticipating her arrival. He did this only when she was coming, and her visits were unannounced. Mrs. Jackson feels sure that people who relate similar stories of mysterious perceptive qualities in their pets have been unjustly scorned.

One of the oldest misconceptions about animal intelligence, though, is what scientists call anthropomorphism, which means attributing to animals the motives and behavior of human beings. Folk tales from Aesop to Walt Kelly's delightful Pogo have depicted animals as wise, stupid, kindly and villainous in the manner of men. To anthropologists this is a cardinal sin, since the highest animal intelli-



gence is always far short of the most obtuse human intellect.

On the other hand some scientists believe that animals have an *emotional* capacity that runs the same gamut as a human being's.

Dr. Hans Bauer, a German zoologist, sums up years of study in these words: "Animals, like human beings, can fear, hate, feel affection and disgust and homesickness, love their native environment, experience anger and terror, possess the social and imitative instincts and feel pleasure, sorrow, joy and depression." Dr. Bauer explains that terror, for instance, produces exactly the same chemical action in man and beast, the excretion of adrenalin into the blood by the suprarenal glands.

This may give cause for thought to people who maintain that animals, while they feel simple pain, do not react to man's inhumanities with feelings similar to those aroused in human beings. That a hunted deer, for example, flees only because of an instinct of self-preservation; or that a bear caught in a trap would be quite satisfied with his lot if it weren't for that pain in his leg.

None of this answers the question raised by skeptics: whether a pet's attachment to home and master springs from true emotion or a selfish awareness of the source of his meals and shelter. No one really knows the answer, because no scientific research has been done into the question. But it is a reasonable estimate that for every pet that would starve to death on an indifferent master's doorstep rather than desert him, a hundred would seek other lodgings, or, given to a new owner, would readily adjust to the new environment. It's the few that refuse to adjust, and go to any lengths to return to their original homes, that become the nine-day wonders.

The lingering mystery of migration

Yet no one exclaims over the twice-yearly continent-to-continent flights of millions of migratory birds, or their lifelong allegiance to the few square inches of the nesting site. Men have been curious about the annual migrations of birds since Pliny's time and they are still looking for the answers. Two hundred years ago the Bishop of Hereford thought that the birds flew to the moon in the winter-time. It was almost another hundred years before the riddle was approached on a scientific basis. For the past century millions of birds have been banded by thousands of amateur ornithologists. These devotees have crouched for hours in spring and autumn storms, on windy heights and in tidal swamps, to observe and record the great phenomenon. Attempts have even been made to follow the birds in aircraft, to trace the courses they take and to find how they navigate. Theories have been knocked down almost as fast as they have been presented.

Many years ago it was thought that birds found their way by landmarks. It was then discovered that in many species the young take off in advance of the parents and reach winter quarters right on the dot, where they wait for the oldsters to catch up. The cuckoo of Europe and the cowbird on this continent lay eggs in other birds' nests and never see their progeny until they all meet in southern latitudes for their winter sojourn. And landmarks would certainly mean nothing to the Alaska curlew, which flies from the coast of Alaska to the Hawaiian Islands across unbroken ocean.

It was next believed that migratory birds were somehow guided by the electromagnetic flow that envelops the earth from the south magnetic pole to the

north. Minute pieces of magnetized metal were attached to the wings of captured birds, which were then released—the idea being that the birds would be thrown off course. They turned up at their usual wintering grounds quite unperturbed.

While all this was going on, entomologists who had been studying the travel habits of insects came up with a startling discovery. A Dutch entomologist found that nearly all insects can use their compound eyes to filter out diffused light so that they can be guided by polarized light only. Light from the sun is diffused by

moisture particles in the atmosphere. By using polarized filters it is possible to re-align the lines of light to the straightness they had on leaving the sun. The compound eyes of insects act like filters, so that the creature knows its position in relation to the ascension or declination of the sun; like a mariner using his sextant, the insects can tell their latitude just by cocking an eye. At first it was thought that only the structure of a compound eye made this possible, but it has now been found that the caterpillar of the pine sawfly, which has simple eyes, follows a

course obviously taken from the sun's position.

Birds that migrate by day are not active in fog or when there is a heavy overcast. They seem to need the sun. Many birds, such as warblers and starlings, make "intention movements" just before starting their migration; they point in the direction they intend to take and make short flights in that direction and then return to the roost. But they always perch with their heads in the direction in which they will migrate, constantly fluttering their wings.

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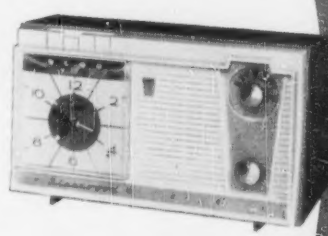


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In Germany, Dr. Gustav Kramer built large cages where starlings were confined during migration time. He found that they would go through the migration intention ritual only when they could see the sun or a patch of clear sky close to the sun. Kramer found that if he altered the position of the sun with mirrors the birds would promptly turn and resolutely point in the direction given to them by the apparent position of the sun.

From here Dr. Matthews of Cambridge has suggested that birds might use the sun to find their position in strange territory. Matthews thinks that a bird can project the sun in its mind's eye, so to speak, from the sun's observed position to the zenith. The bird then knows whether the sun is higher or lower than it is at home. Consequently the bird knows whether it is north or south of its objective and can set its course accordingly. Even if this is the case there is the problem of eastward and westward drift. This would have to be corrected in flight, and it would have to be done with a timing mechanism. Ships have chronometers; birds haven't, but they might have something else. The English zoologist J. D. Carthy suggests that there are a number of processes going on in a bird's body,

such as the heartbeat and intestinal contractions, that might act as time reckoners. Even man might have a built-in clock whose tick has been muffled by the inhibitions of centuries of civilized living. It has been demonstrated that a man under hypnotic influence, when told to perform certain actions at a certain time, will do so at the exact time even though he is not shown a timepiece.

Carthy believes that this system, which he calls bi-co-ordinate navigation, would be sufficiently accurate to guide a migrating bird to the general region of either its summer or winter home.

Birds that migrate at night are thought to maintain a direction taken from the sun just before sunset. But some birds, especially warblers, don't attempt a night flight when there is a heavy overcast or when the moon is bright. Flocks have been seen to fly about in confusion during bright moonlight and fly toward the moon, an occurrence that probably gave the Bishop of Hereford his ideas. They seem to favor moonless nights with a clear sky. The supposition that they, like the mariners and aviators of our proud age of super-science, are navigating by the stars and galaxies is too tempting to resist. ★



Mailbag

Continued from page 4

Are dogs better fed? South Africa's need

WITH A HOWL OF RAGE I leap to the arena to do battle for the English pram. (Looking for an English servant? Money isn't enough. Background, Sept. 24.) "A nanny who moved to Canada might have to wheel a plain, practical baby carriage instead of the elaborate English pram," forsooth! I am the mother of four English children — and the grandmother of one young Canadian. Never having had a nanny I did my own pram pushing, and latterly I have had the exhausting experience of occasionally trying to push the "plain, practical" Canadian baby carriage. As it has next to nothing in the way of springs, the poor baby is jolted and shaken to pieces throughout the journey. If he starts in an upright position he has to be restored to that position every hundred yards or so, and as the mechanism is too plain to have any ball bearings included in the design, the pusher has twice the work to do trying to overcome friction on a carriage half the weight of an English one. In my opinion the only reason Canadian mothers put up with such a poor engineering proposition is that they actually use their baby carriages very little. — MRS. E. V. HATTERSLEY, EDMONTON.

dog's life vs. a child's

After reading the articles How we are poisoning our food, our water, our air (Sept. 10) by Alan Phillips, I began taking a closer look at the ingredients contained in the food I was purchasing for my family. I was appalled to note the following ingredients contained in a package of instant dessert recommended for infants' "first dessert." This dessert contained sugar, calcium salt, gum tragacanth, true vanilla flavor, vanillon, rennet, ryme, color added. Compare this to the ingredients listed in a package of biscuits recommended for our canine pets: We guarantee that these biscuits are baked under the most sanitary conditions. I contain only good, clean, wholesome, nourishing ingredients and absolutely no tar, spices, drugs, preservatives or artificial flavor or color. — MRS. J. A. MOLLIG, CRANBROOK, B.C.

Pickersgill's influence

I have just finished reading Peter Newman's flattering article about me (Jack Pickersgill's third contentious life on Parliament Hill, Oct. 22). I hope he won't be unduly critical when I express my fear that one passage may be misunderstood. Mr. Newman quotes me as saying that I admitted "I had a very great opinion on Mr. St. Laurent" and that St. Laurent "had more confidence in me than in any cabinet minister or anyone else." I kept no record of what I said to Mr. Newman, but he is an honest and staking reporter and no doubt I did something like this, but my "admission" referred only — or was intended to — only — to the confidence Mr. St. Laurent showed in me with regard to all more or less formal and relatively serious things a prime minister is expected

to do. While he was learning to be prime minister, Mr. St. Laurent relied on my eleven years' experience with Mr. MacKenzie King, and I have always been proud of the confidence he reposed in my judgment at that time. The kind of confidence I had in mind is well described in Mr. Newman's next sentence, which reads: "During the 1949 election St. Laurent made a pact that he would commit himself to no appointment or public appearances that weren't cleared with Pickersgill." Assuming the word "appointments" means speaking engagements, that

statement is quite true, and it was in that kind of limited sense that I spoke of "confidence." I think that is all Mr. Newman meant to imply, but taken out of their context, the phrases he attributed to me could be misleading. — J. W. PICKERSGILL, OTTAWA.

Keppel-Jones' choice

Re Prof. Arthur Keppel-Jones' article, A South African's farewell to a land he loved but could not live in (Oct. 8): You

may be able to praise Mr. Keppel-Jones for his wisdom in leaving South Africa and express sympathy for his feelings of sorrow on doing so. I, as a South African, cannot join you. I am married to a Canadian but, if I were able to go back to South Africa, I would go today. It is not only the land I love but the people — black, white or brown. This is South Africa's time of need and no time for any who love her to leave, especially those who do not believe in apartheid. Prof. Keppel-Jones is an intellectual and perhaps not a fighter, but as an intellec-



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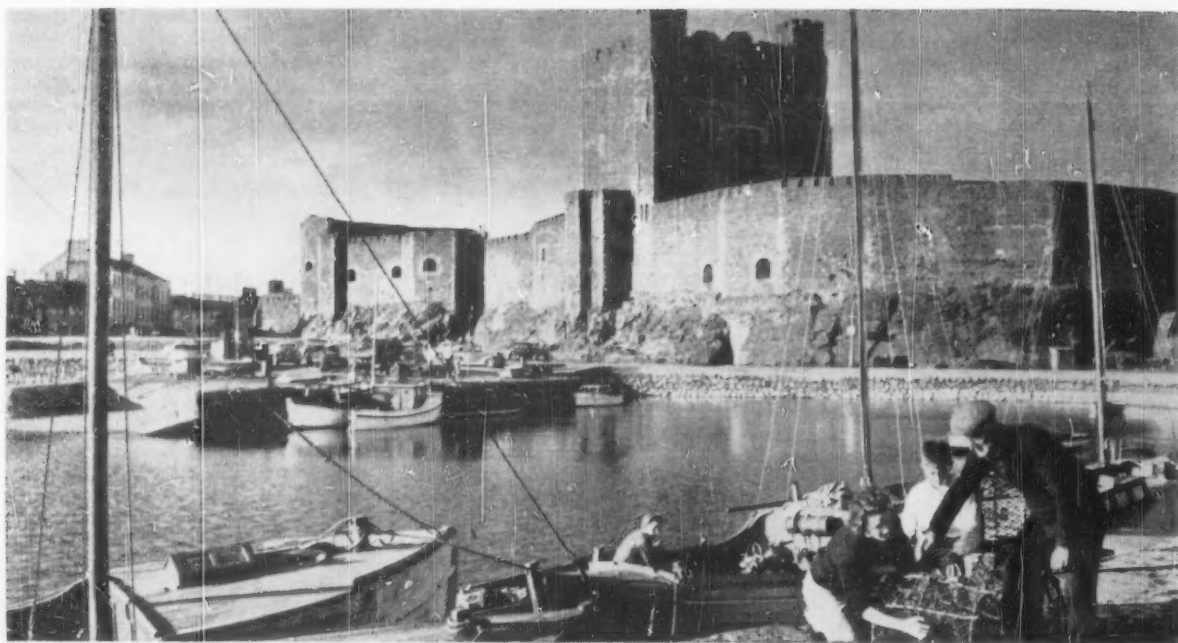
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COME TO BRITAIN

tual he knows better than most what is right and that matters must be rectified — he also knows that the majority of white South Africans are not vicious people filled with race-hatred. He knows that most act out of fear and ignorance. Perhaps Prof. Keppel-Jones feels that he does South Africa some service by lecturing to Canadians but I think he is on the whole wasting his time — Canadians are not that interested. They are good for some tongue-clacking and "isn't that terrible" but they do not seem to have the time or inclination to study the South African problem. I believe South Africa needs Prof. Keppel-Jones. I also believe he loves South Africa but wonder if he does not love his sheltered well-ordered life even more. If I misjudge him, I apologize. — MRS. I. LAMARRE, QUEBEC.

Mordecai and Marika

I have been a constant subscriber to your excellent magazine for twelve years. Having now read two articles by Mordecai Richler (Making it with the chicks, Oct. 8) and by Marika Roberts (The Canadian male is a lout in love, For the Sake of Argument, July 2) I will ignore further articles by these two. — C. E. SMITH, ROUYN, QUE.

Those quiet German cars

Judith Kranz (How much noise do we have to put up with? Oct. 8) has overlooked the fact that we buy most of our sports cars from countries with anti-noise laws of their own. For example, German sports cars and motorcycles are built to conform with a maximum sound law which sets the limit at 80 phons — a good deal quieter than Toronto's proposed 94-phon limit. An article as timely and informative as this should be free from silly prejudice. — SYLVESTER O'FARRELL, OTTAWA.

That Welsh underground

Re Leslie Hannon's Overseas Report of Sept. 24 (The Welsh nationalists' shallow underground): While I have respectfully declined every invitation to join the Welsh Nationalist Party (Plaid Cymru), I believe that in view of the present congestion of business at Westminster, a reasonable measure of devolution, within Britain, would benefit the Welsh, the Scots, and the English. That is why I joined the very large number of moderate-minded Cymry of all parties who signed the petition for a Welsh parliament. Nevertheless while thanking Mr. Hannon for his interesting, informative and readable report, may I be permitted to point out that he is misinformed on two points: (1) I am no longer "McGill Professor John Hughes." It is over six years since, under the then retiring age (65) regulation, I resigned the Macdonald Chair of Education, after twenty years of happy service. (2) It is not true that on his recent "contact tour" Mr. Gwynfor Evans, the leader of Plaid Cymru, "saw such well-known Canadian Welshmen as Leonard Brockington, the Rev. Emllyn Davies and McGill Professor John Hughes." I have met Gwynfor Evans' father, his grandfather, and his uncle (the Rev. Idris Evans, MA, of Croydon, England, my friend and former fellow-student in the University of Wales). For these and other good reasons, I hope some day to meet Gwynfor himself, a man justly and properly respected inside and outside Wales. — JOHN HUGHES, MONTREAL. ★

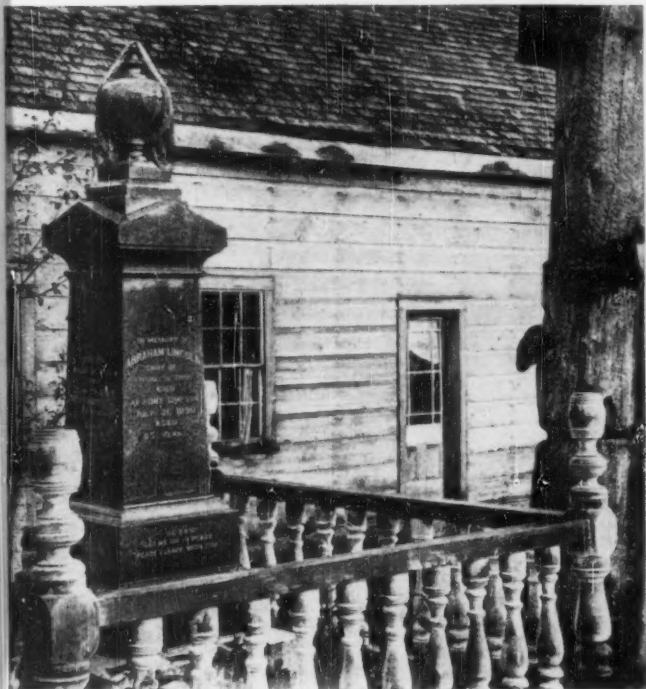
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The story behind the statue



Abraham Lincoln's Indian tombstone

If British Columbia's tourist promoters have a patron saint, he must surely be Captain John Irving, whose CPR coaster *Islander* carried visitors up the B.C. inlets around the turn of the century.

Captain John, as he was known, prided himself on his story-telling ability, and his best yarn was the one he always told when *Islander* docked at Port Simpson.

There, several years earlier, a missionary from Ontario named Tom Crosby had persuaded the Indians to become Christians and give up their paint, feathers and heathen charms. The most disturbing sacrifice they made as converts was to do away with the totem poles that had guarded the doors of their huts against evil spirits. Many of the Indians erected substitutes — tombstones, each carved with the owner's name, with blank spaces for the date of death and an epitaph.

One of the converts had been christened Abraham Lincoln. When he died, the inscriptions were completed, and the huge red marble tombstone was moved to a prominent spot on the main street, near the beach.

But Captain John had his own version of the story, and he always told it before letting his American passengers ashore.

"Most of the older natives you'll

see here were once cannibals," he'd say. "But now they're good Canadians, and they love the wonderful United States. Every Indian in this village knows the story of your great president, Abraham Lincoln. I'm telling you this so you won't be too surprised at what you'll see here."

Then he would lead the excited Americans down the gangplank and, from a safe distance, show them Abraham Lincoln's name on the tombstone.

To the curious who edged closer, trying to read the rest of the inscription, Captain John would say sharply: "Don't go too near the monument. The ground in that enclosure is almost sacred to the natives, and all they ask is that you stand at a respectful distance."

There is no record that any American tourist ever got close enough to see that the smaller inscription said:

CHIEF OF
KITSCHEESE TRIBE
DIED
AT PORT SIMPSON
JULY 21, 1890

Or that an even smaller inscription read:

ABE GOOD CANADIAN INDIAN MAN

— ANNE GARRETT



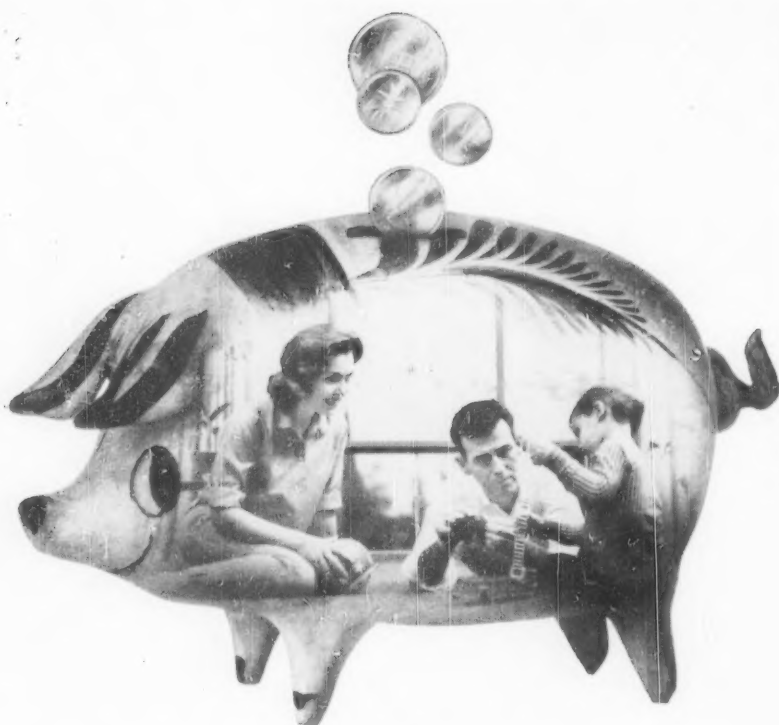
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Parade

The treat's on them

The doorbell rang and rang on Halloween night at one home in Kelowna, B.C., until the poor woman of the house had to produce the treat basket she'd kept by the door to show the visiting children it had finally been emptied. Instead of showing disappointment at their bad luck the current raiding party showed only concern, and refilled her basket themselves so there'd be loot for other kids still to come.

The most venerable traffic warning in Canada can still be read in faint print on a covered bridge over the St. Nicholas River in New Brunswick: "20 dollars fine for driving faster than a walk through this bridge."

A hustling ten-year-old businessman in Toronto who operates a profitable newspaper route listened with interest, during a night out for dinner at a pal's, to a conversation about banks and banking. The pal's father mentioned the rival claims to size and service of several of the chartered banks, but finally the visitor remarked, "I guess I'll stick to the Bank of Nova Scotia — they like dogs pretty well there."

An angler in Digby, N.S., was mighty proud when he caught a 241-pound tuna. After telling everyone about it he could hardly believe it himself, so he went back to the dock for another look at the blue-fin but it was gone. As he turned red in indignation commercial fishermen on the dock turned just about as red from em-



barrassment. They buy almost all tuna landed at the wharf and had just assumed the amateur fisherman would want to sell his, and by the time he came looking for it there wasn't much he could do about it — unless he wanted to trudge proudly home with 241 pounds of canned tuna.

When a dry-cleaning firm in St. John's, Newfoundland, announced a customer contest called "All the cash you can carry" and dumped \$1,500 in silver in the window, an Evening Telegram reporter cautiously took a photograph of the window full of money, feeling it wouldn't stay there many nights. "Why,

nobody will steal it," laughed a spokesman for the store. "It would take two men to carry the money away!" So now police are trying to find out whether it was one strong man or two weak ones who made off with the windowful, plus \$50 from the cash register.

Classified ad in the Montreal Star: "Man wanted to work with dynamite."



Must be willing to travel. Apply Beaver Construction...

An office worker in Burnaby, B.C., who parks his car in the same place every day, was furious to find his hub caps stolen. Next afternoon he found a cardboard box on top of his car, inside which were the missing hub caps and a note that said, "Sorry, but they don't fit."

There's a choosy chap in Oshawa, Ont., who went shopping for a card for his wife's birthday and found they were all either too sweet or too sick-sick except one of the belated type designed for people who've overlooked the date until too late. So he bought it and silently endured his wife's cold looks throughout her birthday and the day after, then presented her with her gift and the by-then appropriate card.

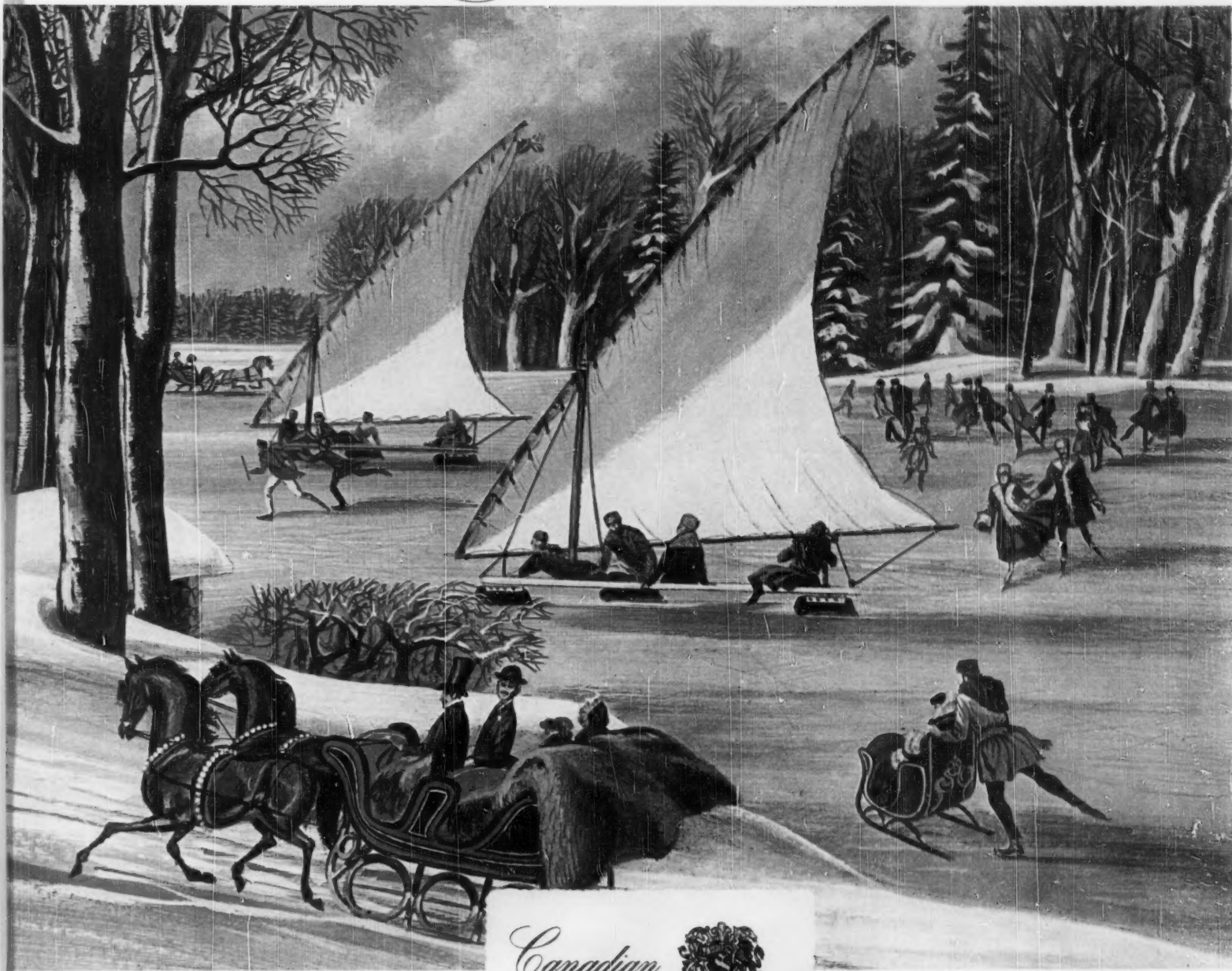
During the provincial election in B.C. the CCF issued a pamphlet attacking high electricity costs. This was cleverly designed in the form of a dummy bill from B.C. Electric to "John Q. Householder, Paymore City, British Columbia" in the amount of \$12.11, with a built-in blurb showing how much less the same amount of power would have cost in Ottawa, Toronto or Winnipeg. B.C. Electric subsequently reported that several customers had obligingly returned the bill to them with payment enclosed for \$12.11. ★

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER 19, 1960

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RECIPE: Take a center slice from a round loaf of dark or white bread. Decorate with ring of devilled ham and egg salad. Mix yellow processed cheese-spread with

softened butter and pipe along the edges with a pastry tube. Garnish with cucumber slices, sliced green and ripe olives, cream cheese, a radish. Cut into wedges to serve.

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